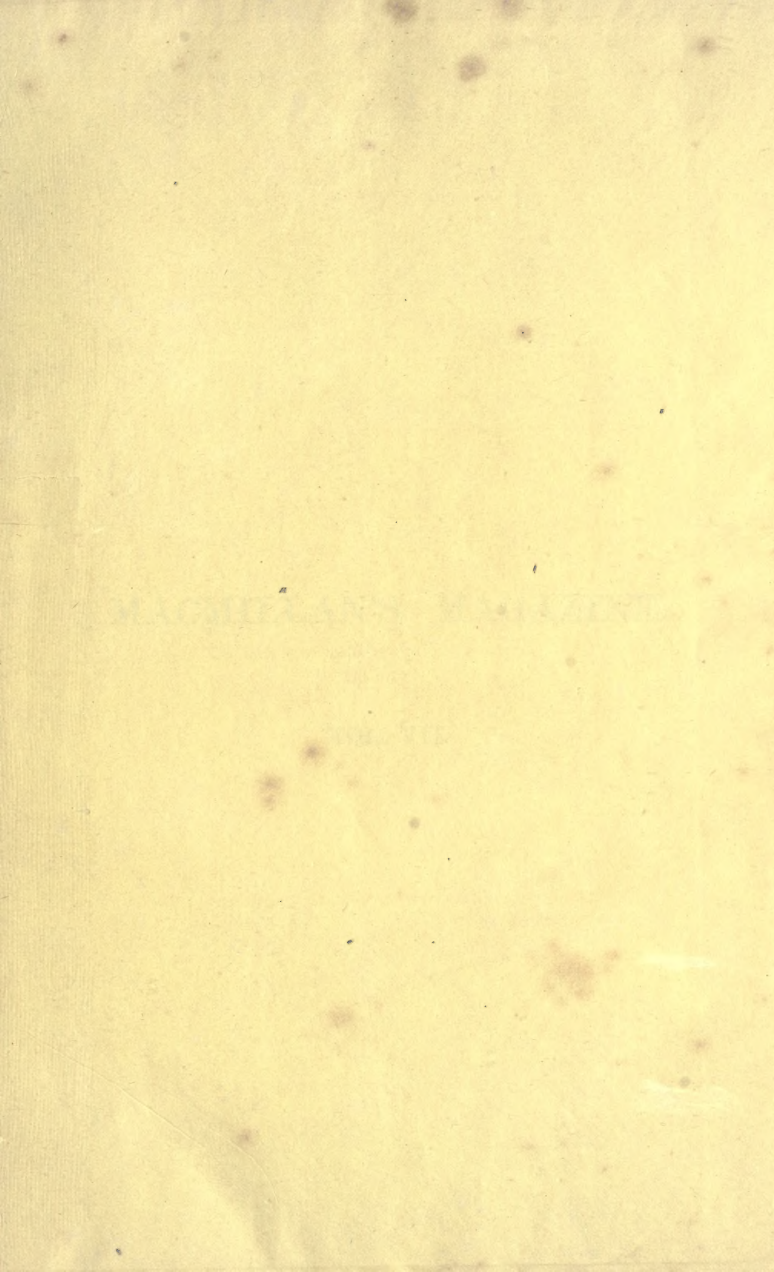




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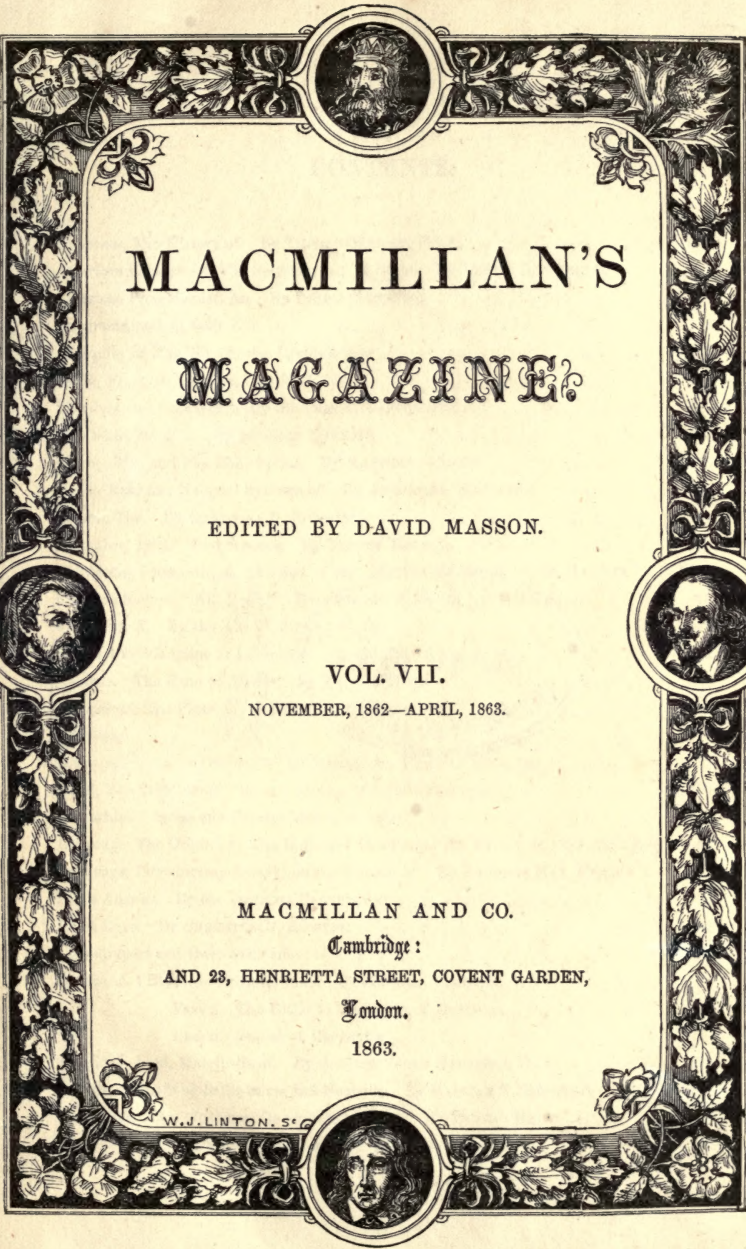
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1863.

W. J. LINTON. S^c

WILLIAM L. HALL

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

So the salmon went up, after Tom had warned them of the wicked old otter; and Tom went down, but slowly and cautiously, coasting along the shore; and he was many days about it, for it was many miles down to the sea.

And, as he went, he had a very strange adventure. It was a clear still September night, and the moon shone so brightly down through the water, that he could not sleep, though he shut his eyes as tight as he could. So, at last, he came up to the top, and sat upon a little point of rock, and looked up at the broad yellow moon, and wondered what she was, and thought that she looked at him. And he watched the moonlight on the rippling river, and the black heads of the firs, and the silver-frosted lawns, and listened to the owl's hoot, and the snipe's bleat, and the fox's bark, and the otter's laugh; and smelt the soft perfume of the birches, and the wafts of heather honey off the grouse-moor far above; and felt very happy, though he could not well tell why. You, of course, would have been very cold sitting there on a September night, without the least bit of clothes on your wet back; but Tom was a water-baby, and therefore felt cold no more than a fish.

Suddenly, he saw a beautiful sight. A bright red light moved along the
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river side, and threw down into the water a long tap-root of flame. Tom, curious little rogue that he was, must needs go and see what it was; so he swam to the shore, and met the light as it stopped over a shallow run at the edge of a low rock.

And there, underneath the light, lay five or six great salmon, looking up at the flame with their great goggle eyes, and wagging their tails, as if they were very much pleased at it.

Tom came to the top, to look at this wonderful light nearer, and made a splash.

And he heard a voice say:—

"There was a fish rose."

He did not know what the words meant: but he seemed to know the sound of them, and to know the voice which spoke them; and he saw on the bank three great two-legged creatures, one of whom held the light, flaring and sputtering, and another a long pole. And he knew that they were men, and was frightened, and crept into a hole in the rock, from which he could see what went on.

The man with the torch bent down over the water, and looked earnestly in; and then he said:

"Tak that muckle fellow, lad; he's ower fifteen punds; and haud your hand steady."

Tom felt that there was some danger

coming, and longed to warn the foolish salmon, who kept staring up at the light as if he was bewitched. But, before he could make up his mind, down came the pole through the water; there was a fearful splash and struggle, and Tom saw that the poor salmon was speared right through, and was lifted out of the water.

And then, from behind, there sprung on these three men three other men; and there were shouts, and blows, and words which Tom recollected to have heard before; and he shuddered and turned sick at them now, for he felt somehow that they were strange, and ugly, and wrong, and horrible. And it all began to come back to him. They were men; and they were fighting; savage, desperate, up-and-down fighting, such as Tom had seen too many times before.

And he stopped his little ears, and longed to swim away; and was very glad that he was a water-baby, and had nothing to do any more with horrid dirty men, with foul clothes on their backs, and foul words on their lips: but he dared not stir out of his hole; while the rock shook over his head with the trampling and struggling of the keepers and the poachers.

All of a sudden there was a tremendous splash, and a frightful flash, and a hissing, and all was still.

For into the water, close to Tom, fell one of the men; he who held the light in his hand. Into the swift river he sank, and rolled over and over in the current. Tom heard the men above run along, seemingly looking for him: but he drifted down into the deep hole below, and there lay quite still, and they could not find him.

Tom waited a long time, till all was quiet; and then he peeped out, and saw the man lying. At last he screwed up his courage, and swam down to him. "Perhaps," he thought, "the water has made him fall asleep, as it did me."

Then he went nearer. He grew more and more curious, he could not tell why. He must go and look at him. He would go very quietly, of course;

and he swam round and round him, closer and closer; and, as he did not stir, at last he came quite close and looked him in the face.

The moon shone so bright that Tom could see every feature; and, as he saw, he recollected, bit by bit. It was his old master, Grimes.

Tom turned tail, and swam away as fast as he could.

"Oh dear me!" he thought, "now he will turn into a water-baby. What a nasty troublesome one he will be! And perhaps he will find me out, and beat me again."

So he went up the river again a little way, and lay there the rest of the night under an alder root; but, when morning came, he longed to go down again to the big pool, and see whether Mr. Grimes had turned into a water-baby yet.

So he went very carefully, peeping round all the rocks, and hiding under all the roots. Mr. Grimes lay there still; he had not turned into a water-baby. In the afternoon Tom went back again. He could not rest till he had found out what had become of Mr. Grimes. But this time Mr. Grimes was gone; and Tom made up his mind that he was turned into a water-baby.

He might have made himself easy, poor little man; Mr. Grimes did not turn into a water-baby, or anything like one at all. But he did not make himself easy; and a long time he was fearful lest he should meet Grimes suddenly in some deep pool. He could not know that the fairies had carried him away, and put him, where they put everything which falls into the water, exactly where it ought to be. But, do you know, what had happened to Mr. Grimes had such an effect on him, that he never poached salmon any more. And it is quite certain that, when a man becomes a confirmed poacher, the only way to cure him is to put him under water for twenty-four hours, like Grimes. So, when you grow to be a big man, do you behave as all honest fellows should; and never touch a fish or a head of game which belongs to another man without his express leave; and then people will

call you a gentleman, and treat you like one, and perhaps give you good sport; instead of hitting you into the river, or calling you a poaching snob.

Then Tom went on down, for he was afraid of staying near Grimes; and, as he went, all the vale looked sad. The red and yellow leaves showered down into the river; the flies and beetles were all dead and gone; the chill autumn fog lay low upon the hills, and sometimes spread itself so thickly on the river, that he could not see his way. But he felt his way instead, following the flow of the stream, day after day, past great bridges, past boats and barges, past the great town, with its wharfs, and mills, and tall smoking chimneys, and ships which rode at anchor in the stream; and now and then he ran against their hawsers, and wondered what they were, and peeped out, and saw the sailors lounging on board, smoking their pipes, and ducked under again, for he was terribly afraid of being caught by man and turned into a chimney-sweep again. Poor little fellow, it was a dreary journey for him; and more than once he longed to be back in Vendale, playing with the trout in the bright summer sun. But it could not be. What has been once can never come over again. And people can be little babies, even water-babies, only once in their lives.

Besides, people who make up their minds to go and see the world, as Tom had, must needs find it a weary journey. Lucky for them if they do not lose heart and stop half way, instead of going on bravely to the end as Tom did. For then they will remain neither boys nor men, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; having learnt a great deal too much, and yet not enough, and sown their wild oats, without having the advantage of reaping them.

But Tom was always a brave, determined little English bull-dog, who never knew when he was beaten; and on and on he held, till he saw a long way off the red buoy through the fog. And then he found, to his surprise, the stream turned round, and running up inland.

It was the tide, of course: but Tom

knew nothing of the tide. He only knew that in a minute more the water, which had been fresh, turned salt all round him. And then there came a change over him. He felt as strong, and light, and fresh, as if his veins had run champagne; and gave, he did not know why, three skips out of the water, a yard high, and head over heels, just as the salmon do when they first touch the noble rich salt water, which, as some wise men tell us, is the mother of all living things.

He did not care now for the tide being against him. The red buoy was in sight, dancing in the open sea; and to the buoy he would go, and to it he went. He passed great shoals of bass and mullet, leaping and rushing in after the shrimps, but he never heeded them, or they him; and once he passed a great black shining seal, who was coming in after the mullet. And the seal put his head and shoulders out of water, and stared at him, looking exactly like a fat old greasy negro with a grey pate. And Tom, instead of being frightened, said, "How d'ye do, sir; what a beautiful place the sea is!" And the old seal, instead of trying to bite him, looked at him with his soft, sleepy, winking eyes, and said, "Good tide to you, my little man; are you looking for your brothers? I past them all at play, outside!"

"Oh, then," said Tom, "I shall have playfellows at last!" and he swam on to the buoy, and got upon it (for he was quite out of breath) and sat there, and looked round for water-babies: but there were none to be seen.

The sea-breeze came in freshly with the tide, and blew the fog away, and the little waves danced for joy around the buoy, and the old buoy danced with them. The shadows of the clouds ran races over the bright blue bay, and yet never caught each other up; and the breakers plunged merrily upon the wide white sands, and jumped up over the rocks, to see what the green fields inside were like, and tumbled down and broke themselves all to pieces, and never minded it a bit, but mended themselves and jumped up again. And the terns

hovered over Tom like huge white dragon-flies with black heads, and the gulls laughed like girls at play, and the sea-pies, with their red bills and legs, flew to and fro from shore to shore, and whistled sweet and wild. And Tom looked and looked, and listened; and he would have been very happy, if he could only have seen the water-babies. Then, when the tide turned, he left the buoy, and swam round and round in search of them; but in vain. Sometimes he thought he heard them laughing; but it was only the laughter of the ripples. And sometimes he thought he saw them at the bottom; but it was only white and pink shells. And once he was sure he had found one, for he saw two bright eyes peeping out of the sand. So he dived down, and began scraping the sand away, and cried, "Don't hide; I do want some one to play with so much!" And out jumped a great turbot, with his ugly eyes and mouth all awry, and flopped away along the bottom, knocking poor Tom over. And he sat down at the bottom of the sea, and cried salt tears from sheer disappointment.

To have come all this way, and faced so many dangers, and yet to find no water-babies! How hard! Well, it did seem hard; but people, even little babies, cannot have all they want without waiting for it, and working for it too, my little man, as you will find out some day.

And Tom sat upon the buoy long days, long weeks, looking out to sea, and wondering when the water-babies would come back; and yet they never came.

Then he began to ask all the strange things which came in out of the sea if they had seen any; and some said "Yes," and some said nothing at all.

He asked the bass and the pollock; but they were so greedy after the shrimps that they did not care to answer him a word.

Then there came in a whole fleet of purple sea-snails, floating along each on a sponge full of foam, and Tom said, "Where do you come from, you pretty

creatures? and have you seen the water-babies?"

And the sea-snails answered, "Whence we come we know not; and whither we are going, who can tell? We float out our little life in the mid-ocean, with the warm sunshine above our heads, and the warm gulf stream below; and that is enough for us. Yes, perhaps we have seen the water-babies. We have seen many strange things as we sailed along." And they floated away, the happy stupid things, and all went ashore upon the sands.

Then there came in a great lazy sun-fish, as big as a fat pig cut in half; and he seemed to have been cut in half too, and squeezed in a clothes-press till he was flat; and to all his big body and big fins he had only a little rabbit's mouth, no bigger than Tom's; and, when Tom questioned him, he answered in a little squeaky, feeble voice:

"I'm sure I don't know. I've lost my way. I meant to go to New York, and I'm afraid I've got wrong, somehow. Dear me! it was all by following that nice warm water. I'm sure I've lost my way."

And, when Tom asked him again, he could only answer, "I've lost my way. Don't talk to me. I want to think."

But, like a good many other people, the more he tried to think the less he could think; and Tom saw him blundering about all day, till the coast-guardsmen saw his big fin above the water, and rowed out, and struck a boat-hook into him, and took him away. They took him up to the town and showed him for a penny a head, and made a good day's work of it. But of course Tom did not know that.

Then there came by a shoal of porpoises, rolling as they went—papas, and mammas, and little children—and all quite smooth and shiny, because the fairies French-polish them every morning; and they sighed so softly as they came by, that Tom took courage to speak to them: but all they answered was, "Hush, hush, hush;" for that was all they had learnt to say.

And then there came a shoal of

basking sharks, some of them as long as a boat, and Tom was frightened at them. But they were very lazy, good-natured fellows, not greedy tyrants, like white sharks, and blue sharks, and ground sharks, and hammer-heads, who eat men, and saw-fish, and threshers, and ice-sharks, who hunt the poor old whales. They came and rubbed their great sides against the buoy, and lay basking in the sun with their backfins out of water; and winked at Tom: but he never could get them to speak. They had eaten so many herrings that they were quite stupid; and Tom was glad when a collier brig came by, and frightened them all away; for they did smell most horribly, certainly, and he had to hold his nose tight as long as they were there.

And then there came by a beautiful creature, like a ribbon of pure silver with a sharp head and very long teeth: but it seemed very sick and sad. Sometimes it rolled helpless on its side; and then it dashed away, glittering like white fire; and then it lay sick again, and motionless.

"Where do you come from?" asked Tom. "And why are you so sick and sad?"

"I come from the warm Carolinas, the sand-banks fringed with pines; where the great owl-rays leap and flap, like giant bats, upon the tide. But I wandered north and north, upon the treacherous warm gulf stream, till I met with the cold icebergs, afloat in the mid-ocean. So I got tangled among the icebergs, and chilled with their frozen breath. But the water-babies helped me from among them, and set me free again. And now I am mending every day; but I am very sick and sad; and perhaps I shall never get home again to play with the owl-rays any more."

"Oh!" cried Tom. "And you have seen water-babies? Have you seen any near here?"

"Yes; they helped me again last night, or I should have been eaten by a great black porpoise."

How vexatious! The water-babies close to him, and yet he could not find one.

And then he left the buoy, and used to go along the sands, and round the rocks, and come out in the night—like the forsaken Merman in Mr. Arnold's beautiful, beautiful poem, which you must learn by heart some day—and sit upon a point of rock, among the shining sea-weeds, in the low October tides, and cry and call for the water-babies: but he never heard a voice call in return. And, at last, with his fretting and crying, he grew quite lean and thin.

But one day among the rocks he found a playfellow. It was not a water-baby, alas! but it was a lobster; and a very distinguished lobster he was; for he had live barnacles on his claws, which is a great mark of distinction in lobsterdom, and no more to be bought for money than a good conscience or the Victoria Cross.

Tom had never seen a lobster before; and he was mightily taken with this one; for he thought him the most curious, odd, ridiculous creature he had ever seen; and there he was not far wrong; for all the ingenious men, and all the scientific men, and all the fanciful men, in the world, with all the old German boggy-painters into the bargain, could never invent, if all their wits were boiled into one, anything so curious, and so ridiculous, as a lobster.

He had one claw knobbed and the other jagged; and Tom delighted in watching him hold on to the sea-weed with his knobbed claw, while he cut up salads with his jagged one, and then put them into his mouth, after smelling at them, like a monkey. And always the little barnacles threw out their casting nets and swept the water, and came in for their share of whatever there was for dinner.

But Tom was most astonished to see how he fired himself off—snap! like the leap-frogs which you make out of a goose's breast-bone. Certainly he took the most wonderful shots, and backwards, too. For, if he wanted to go into a narrow crack ten yards off, what do you think he did? If he had gone in head foremost, of course he could not have turned round. So he used to turn

his tail to it, and lay his long horns, which carry his sixth sense in their tips (and nobody knows what that sixth sense is), straight down his back to guide him, and twist his eyes back till they almost came out of their sockets, and then make ready, present, fire, snap!—and away he went, pop into the hole; and peeped out and twiddled his whiskers, as much as to say, "You couldn't do that!"

Tom asked him about water-babies. "Yes," he said. He had seen them often. But he did not think much of them. They were meddling little creatures, that went about helping fish and shells which got into scrapes. Well, for his part, he should be ashamed to be helped by little soft creatures that had not even a shell on their backs. He had lived quite long enough in the world to take care of himself.

He was a conceited fellow, the old lobster, and not very civil to Tom; and you will hear how he had to alter his mind before he was done, as conceited people generally have. But he was so funny, and Tom so lonely, that he could not quarrel with him; and they used to sit in holes in the rocks, and chat for hours.

And about this time there happened to Tom a very strange and important adventure—so important, indeed, that he was very near never finding the water-babies at all; and I am sure you would have been sorry for that.

I hope that you have not forgotten the little white lady all this while. At least, here she comes, looking like a clean, white, good little darling, as she always was, and always will be. For it befel in the pleasant short December days, when the wind always blows from the south-west, till Old Father Christmas comes and spreads the great white table-cloth, ready for little boys and girls to give the birds their Christmas dinner of crumbs—it befel (to go on) in the pleasant December days, that Sir John was so busy hunting that nobody at home could get a word out of him. Four days a week he hunted, and very good sport he had; and the other two

he went to the bench and the board of guardians, and very good justice he did; and, when he got home in time, he dined at half-past five; for he hated this absurd new fashion of dining at eight in the hunting season, which forces a man to make interest with the footman for cold beef and beer as soon as he comes in, and so spoil his appetite, and then sleep in an arm-chair in his bedroom, all stiff and tired, for two or three hours, before he can get his dinner like a gentleman. And do you be like Sir John, my dear little man, when you are your own master; and, if you want either to read hard or ride hard, stick to the good old Cambridge hours of breakfast at eight and dinner at five, by which you may get two days' work out of one. But, of course, if you find a fox at three in the afternoon and run him till dark, and leave off twenty miles from home, why you must wait for your victuals till you can get them, as better men than you have done. Only see that, if you go hungry, your horse does not: but give him his warm gruel and beer, and take him gently home, remembering that good horses don't grow on the hedge like blackberries.

It befel (to go on a second time) that Sir John, hunting all day and dining at five, fell asleep every evening, and snored so terribly that all the windows in Harthover shook, and the soot fell down the chimneys. Whereon My Lady, being no more able to get conversation out of him than a bray out of a dead donkey, determined to go off and leave him, and the doctor, and Captain Swinger the agent, to snore in concert every evening to their hearts' content. So she started for the sea-side with all the children, in order to put herself and them into condition by mild applications of iodine. She might as well have stayed at home and used Parry's liquid horse-blister, for there was plenty of it in the stables; and then she would have saved her money, and saved the chance, also, of making all the children ill instead of well (as hundreds are made), by taking them

to some nasty, smelling, undrained lodging, and then wondering how they caught scarlatina and diphtheria: but people won't be wise enough to understand that till they are all dead of bad smells, and then it will be too late; and besides, you see, Sir John did certainly snore very loud.

But where she went to nobody must know, for fear young ladies should begin to fancy that there are water-babies there; and so hunt and howk after them (besides raising the price of lodgings), and keep them in aquariums, as the ladies at Pompeii (as you may see by the paintings) used to keep Cupids in cages. But nobody ever heard that they starved the Cupids, or let them die of dirt and neglect, as English young ladies do by the poor sea-beasts. So nobody must know where My Lady went. Letting water-babies die is as bad as taking singing-birds' eggs; for, though there are thousands, ay, millions, of both of them in the world, yet there is not one too many.

Now it befel that, on the very shore, and over the very rocks, where Tom was sitting with his friend the lobster, there walked, one day, the white girl, little Ellie herself, and with her a very wise man indeed—Professor Ptthmlnsprrts.

His mother was a Dutchwoman, and therefore he was born at Curaçao (of course you have learnt your geography, and therefore know why); and his father a Pole, and therefore he was brought up at Petropaulowski (of course you have learnt your modern politics, and therefore know why): but, for all that, he was as thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour's goods. And his name, as I said, was Professor Ptthmlnsprrts, which is a very ancient and noble Polish name.

He was, as I said, a very great naturalist, and chief professor of Necrobionepaleontohydrochthonanthropopithekology in the new university which the king of the Cannibal Islands had founded; and, being a member of the Acclimatisation Society, he had come here to collect all the nasty things which he could find on

the coast of England, to turn them loose round the Cannibal Islands, because they had not nasty things enough there to eat what they left.

But he was a very worthy, kind, good-natured little old gentleman; and very fond of children (for he was not the least a cannibal himself); and very good to all the world as long as it was good to him. Only one fault he had, which cock-robins have likewise, as you may see if you will look out of the nursery window—that, when any one else found a curious worm, he would hop round them, and peck them, and set up his tail, and bristle up his feathers, just as a cock-robin would; and declare that he found the worm first; and that it was his worm: and, if not, that then it was not a worm at all.

He had met Sir John at Scarborough, or Filey, or somewhere or other (if you don't care where, nobody else does), and had made acquaintance with him, and become very fond of his children. Now, Sir John knew nothing about sea-cockyolybirds, and cared less, provided the fishmonger sent him good fish for dinner; and My Lady knew as little: but she thought it proper that the children should know something. For in the stupid old times, you must understand, children were taught to know one thing, and to know it well: but in these enlightened new times they are taught to know a little about everything, and to know it all ill; which is a great deal pleasanter and easier, and therefore quite right.

So Ellie and he were walking on the rocks, and he was showing her about one in ten thousand of all the beautiful and curious things which are to be seen there. But little Ellie was not satisfied with them at all. She liked much better to play with live children, or even with dolls, which she could pretend were alive; and at last she said honestly, "I don't care about all these things, because they can't play with me, or talk to me. If there were little children now in the water, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that."

"Children in the water, you strange little duck?" said the professor.

"Yes," said Ellie. "I know there used to be children in the water, and mermaids too, and mermen. I saw them all in a picture at home, of a beautiful lady sailing in a car drawn by dolphins, and babies flying round her, and one sitting in her lap; and the mermaids swimming and playing, and the mermen trumpeting on conch-shells; and it is called 'The Triumph of Galatea;' and there is a burning mountain in the picture behind. It hangs on the great staircase, and I have looked at it ever since I was a baby, and dreamt about it a hundred times; and it is so beautiful, that it must be true."

Ah, you dear little Ellie, fresh out of heaven! when will people understand that one of the deepest and wisest speeches which can come out of a human mouth is that, "It is so beautiful, that it must be true ——?"

Not till they give up believing that Mr. John Locke (good man and true though he was) was the wisest man that ever lived on earth: and recollect that a wiser man than he lived long before him; and that his name was Plato the son of Ariston.

But the professor was not in the least of that opinion. He held very strange theories about a good many things. He had even got up once at the British Association, and declared that apes had hippopotamus majors in their brains, just as men have. Which was a shocking thing to say; for, if it were so, what would become of the faith, hope, and charity of immortal millions? You may think that there are other more important differences between you and an ape, such as being able to speak, and make machines, and know right from wrong, and say your prayers, and other little matters of that kind; but that is a child's fancy, my dear. Nothing is to be depended on but the great hippopotamus test. If you have a hippopotamus major in your brain, you are no ape, though you had four hands, no feet, and were more apish than the apes of all aeries. But, if a hippopotamus major

is ever discovered in one single ape's brain, nothing will save your great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother from having been an ape too. No, my dear little man; always remember that the one true, certain, final, and all-important difference between you and an ape is, that you have a hippopotamus major in your brain, and he has none; and that, therefore, to discover one will be a very wrong and dangerous thing, at which every one will be very much shocked, as we may suppose they were at the professor.—Though really, after all, it don't much matter: because—as Lord Dundreary and others would put it—nobody but men have hippopotamuses in their brains; so, if a hippopotamus was discovered in an ape's brain, why it would not be one, you know, but something else.

But the professor had gone, I am sorry to say, even further than that; for he had read at the British Association at Melbourne, Australia, in the year 1999, a paper, in which he assured every one who found himself the better or wiser for the news, that there were not, never had been, and could not be, any rational or half-rational beings except men, anywhere, anywhen, or anyhow; that nymphs, satyrs, fauns, inui, dwarfs, trolls, elves, gnomes, fairies, nixes, kobolds, leprechaunes, cluricaunes, banshees, will-o'-the-wisps, afrits, marids, jinns, ghouls, peris, deevs, angels, arch-angels, imps, bogies, or worse, were nothing at all, and pure bosh and wind. And he had to get up very early in the morning to prove that, and to eat his breakfast overnight: but he did it, at least to his own satisfaction. Whereon a certain great divine, and a very clever divine was he, called him a regular Sadducee; and probably he was quite right. Whereon the professor, in return, called him a regular Pharisee; and probably he was quite right too. But they did not quarrel in the least; for, when men are men of the world, hard words run off them like water off a duck's back. So the professor and the divine met at dinner that evening, and

sat together on the sofa afterwards for an hour, and talked over the state of female labour on the antarctic continent (for nobody talks shop after his claret), and each vowed that the other was the best company he ever met in his life. What an advantage it is to be men of the world!

From all which you may guess that the professor was not the least of little Ellie's opinion. So he gave her a succinct compendium of his famous paper at the British Association, in a form suited for the youthful mind. But, as we have gone over his arguments against water-babies once already, which is once too often, we will not repeat them here.

Now little Ellie was, I suppose, a stupid little girl; for, instead of being convinced by Professor Ptthmlnsprts' arguments, she only asked the same question over again.

"But why are there not water-babies?"

I trust and hope that it was because the professor trod at that moment on the edge of a very sharp mussel, and hurt one of his corns sadly, that he answered quite sharply, forgetting that he was a scientific man, and therefore ought to have known that he couldn't know; and that he was a logician, and therefore ought to have known that he could not prove an universal negative—I say, I trust and hope it was because the mussel hurt his corn, that the professor answered quite sharply—

"Because there ain't."

Which was not even good English, my dear little boy; for, as you must know from Aunt Agitate's Arguments, the professor ought to have said, if he was so angry as to say anything of the kind—Because there are not: or are none: or are none of them; or (if he had been reading Aunt Agitate too), because they do not exist.

And he groped with his net under the weeds so violently, that, as it befel, he caught poor little Tom.

He felt the net very heavy, and lifted it out quickly, with Tom all entangled in the meshes.

"Dear me!" he cried. "What a

large pink holothurian; with hands, too! It must be connected with Synapta."

And he took him out.

"It has actually eyes!" he cried. "Why, it must be a cephalopod! This is most extraordinary!"

"No, I ain't!" cried Tom, as loud as he could; for he did not like to be called bad names.

"It is a water-baby!" cried Ellie; and of course it was.

"Water-fiddlesticks, my dear!" said the professor; and he turned away sharply.

There was no denying it. It was a water-baby: and he had said a moment ago that there were none. What was he to do?

He would have liked, of course, to have taken Tom home in a bucket. He would not have put him in spirits. Of course not. He would have kept him alive, and petted him (for he was a very kind old gentleman), and written a book about him, and given him two long names, of which the first would have said a little about Tom, and the second all about himself; for of course he would have called him Hydrotecnon Ptthmlnsprtsianum, or some other long name like that; for they are forced to call everything by long names now, because they have used up all the short ones, ever since they took to making nine species out of one. But—what would all the learned men say to him after his speech at the British Association? And what would Ellie say, after what he had just told her?

There was a wise old heathen once, who said, "Maxima debetur pueris reverentia." The greatest reverence is due to children; that is, that grown people should never say or do anything wrong before children, lest they should set them a bad example.—Cousin Cramchild says it means, "The greatest respectfulness is expected from little boys." But he was raised in a country where little boys are not expected to be respectful, because all of them are as good as the President:—Well, every one knows his own concerns best; so perhaps they are. But poor Cousin Cramchild, to do

him justice, not being of that opinion, and having a moral mission, and being no scholar to speak of, and hard up for an authority—why, it was a very great temptation for him. But some people, and I am afraid the professor was one of them, interpret that in a more strange, curious, one-sided, left-handed, topsy-turvy, inside-out, behind-before fashion, than even Cousin Cram-child; for they make it mean, that you must show your respect for children, by never confessing yourself in the wrong to them, even if you know that you are so, lest they should lose confidence in their elders.

Now, if the professor had said to Ellie, "Yes, my darling, it is a water-baby, and a very wonderful thing it is; and shows how little I know of the wonders of nature, in spite of forty years' honest labour. I was just telling you that there could be no such creatures: and, behold! here is one come to confound my conceit, and show me that Nature can do, and has done, beyond all that man's poor fancy can imagine. So, let us thank the Maker, and Inspirer, and Lord of Nature for all His wonderful and glorious works, and try and find out something about this one."—I think that, if the professor had said that, little Ellie would have believed him more firmly, and respected him more deeply, and loved him better, than ever she had done before. But he was of a different opinion. He hesitated a moment. He longed to keep Tom, and yet he half wished he never had caught him; and, at last, he quite longed to get rid of him. So he turned away, and poked Tom with his finger, for want of anything better to do; and said carelessly, "My dear little maid, you must have dreamt of water-babies last night, your head is so full of them."

Now Tom had been in the most horrible and unspeakable fright all the while; and had kept as quiet as he could, though he was called a Holothurian, and a Cephalopod; for it was fixed in his little head that, if a man with clothes on caught him, he might put clothes on him too, and make a

dirty black chimney-sweep of him again. But when the professor poked him, it was more than he could bear; and, between fright and rage, he turned to bay as valiantly as a mouse in a corner, and bit the professor's finger till it bled.

"Oh! ah! yah!" cried he; and, glad of an excuse to be rid of Tom, dropped him on to the sea-weed, and thence he dived into the water, and was gone in a moment.

"But it was a water-baby, and I heard it speak!" cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone!" And she jumped down off the rock to try and catch Tom before he slipt into the sea.

Too late! and, what was worse, as she sprang down, she slipped, and fell some six feet, with her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

The professor picked her up, and tried to waken her, and called to her, and cried over her, for he loved her very much; but she would not waken at all. So he took her up in his arms, and carried her to her governess, and they all went home; and little Ellie was put to bed, and lay there quite still; only now and then she woke up, and called out about the water-baby: but no one knew what she meant, and the professor did not tell, for he was ashamed to tell.

And, after a week, one moonlight night, the angels came flying in at the window, and brought her such a pretty pair of wings, that she could not help putting them on; and she flew with them out of the window, and over the land, and over the sea, and up through the clouds, and nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

And this is why they say that no one has ever yet seen a water-baby. For my part, I believe that the naturalists get dozens of them when they are out dredging; but they say nothing about them, and throw them overboard again, for fear of spoiling their theories. But, you see the professor was found out, as every one is in due time. A very terrible old fairy found the professor out; she felt his bumps, and cast his nativity, and took the lunars of him carefully inside and out; and so she knew what

he would do as well as if she had seen it in a print-book, as they say in the dear old west country; and he did it; and so he was found out beforehand, as everybody always is; and the old fairy will find out the naturalists some day, and put them in the *Times*; and then on whose side will the laugh be?

So the old fairy took him in hand very severely there and then. But she says she is always most severe with the best people, because there is most chance of curing them, and therefore they are the patients who pay her best; for she has to work on the same salary as the Emperor of China's physicians (it is a pity that all do not), no cure, no pay.

So she took the poor professor in hand: and, because he was not content with things as they are, she filled his head with things as they are not, to try if he would like them better; and, because he did not choose to believe in a water-baby when he saw it, she made him believe in worse things than water-babies—in unicorns, fire-drakes, manticores, basilisks, amphiscœnas, griffins, phoenixes, rocs, orcs, dog-headed men, three-headed dogs, three-bodied geryons, and other pleasant creatures, which folks think never existed yet, and which folks hope never will exist, though they know nothing about the matter, and never will; and these creatures so upset, terrified, flustered, aggravated, confused, astounded, horrified, and totally flabbergasted the poor professor, that the doctors said that he was out of his wits for three months; and, perhaps, they were right, as they are now and then.

And they gave him divers and sundry medicines, as prescribed by the ancients and moderns, from Hippocrates to Feuchtersleben, as below, viz. :—

1. Hellebore, to wit—

Hellebore of Æta.

Hellebore of Galatia.

Hellebore of Sicily.

And all other Hellebores, after the method of the Helleborizing Helleborists of the Helleboric era. But that would not do.

2. Trying to find out what was the

matter with him; after the method of—

Hippocrates.

Arætaeus.

Celsus.

Cœlius Aurelianus,

And Galen: but they found that a great deal too much trouble, as most people have since; and so had recourse to—

3. Borage.

Cauteries.

Boring a hole in his head to let out fumes, which (says Gordonius) "will, without doubt, do much good." But it didn't.

Bezoar stone.

Diamargaritum.

A ram's brain boiled in spice.

Oil of wormwood.

Water of Nile.

Capers.

Good wine (but there was none to be got).

The water of a smith's forge.

Hops.

Ambergris.

Mandrake pillows.

Dormouse' fat.

Hares' ears.

Starvation.

Camphor.

Salts and Senna.

Musk.

Opium.

Strait-waistcoats.

Bullyings.

Bumpings.

Blisterings.

Bleedings.

Bucketings with cold water.

Knockings down.

Kneeling on his chest till they broke it in, &c. &c.; after the mediæval or monkish method: but that would not do.

Then—

4. Coaxing.

Kissing.

Champagne and turtle.

Red herrings and soda water.

Good advice.

Gardening.

Croquet.

Musical soirées.

Aunt Sally.

Mild tobacco.

The Saturday Review.

A carriage with outriders, &c. &c. after the modern method. But that would not do.

And, if he had but been a convict lunatic, and had shot at the Queen, killed all his creditors to avoid paying them, or indulged in any other little amiable eccentricity of that kind, they would have given him in addition—

Free run of Windsor Forest.

The healthiest situation in England.

The *Times* every morning.

A double-barrelled gun and pointers, and leave to shoot three Wellington College boys a week (not more) in case black game were scarce.

But, as he was neither made nough nor bad enough to be allowed such luxuries, they grew desperate, and fell into bad ways, viz. :—

5. Suffumigations of sulphur.

Heerwiggus his incomparable drink for madmen: only they could not find out what it was.

Suffumigation of the liver of the fish * * * only they had forgotten its name, and so Dr. Gray could not well procure them a specimen.

Metallic tractors.

Holloway's Ointment.

Electro-biology.

Valentine Greatrakes his Stroking Cure.

Spirit-rapping.

Holloway's Pills.

Table-turning.

Morrison's Pills.

Homœopathy.

Parr's Life Pills.

Mesmerism.

Pure Bosh.

Exorcisms, for which they read Mal-leus Maleficarum, Nideri Formicarium, Delrio, Wierus, &c., but could not get one that mentioned water-babies.

Hydropathy.

Madame Rachel's Elixir of Youth.

The Poughkeepsie Seer his Prophecies.

The distilled liquor of addle eggs.

Pyropathy, as successfully employed by the old inquisitors to cure the malady of thought, and now by the Persian Mollahs to cure that of rheumatism.

Geopathy, or burying him.

Atmopathy, or steaming him.

Sympathy, after the method of Basil Valentine his Triumph of Antimony, and Kenelm Digby his Weapon-salve, which some call a hair of the dog that bit him.

Hermopathy, or pouring mercury down his throat, to move the animal spirits.

Meteoropathy, or going up to the moon to look for his lost wits, as Ruggiero did for Orlando Furioso's: only, having no hippogriff, they were forced to use a balloon; and, falling into the North Sea, were picked up by a Yarmouth herring-boat, and came home much the wiser, and all over scales.

Antipathy, or using him like "a man and a brother."

Apathy, or doing nothing at all.

With all other ipathies and opathies which Noodle has invented, and Foodle tried, since black-fellows chipped flints at Abbeville—which is a considerable time ago, to judge by the Great Exhibition.

But nothing would do; for he screamed and cried all day for a water-baby, to come and drive away the monsters; and of course they did not try to find one, because they did not believe in them.

So they were forced, at last, to let the poor professor ease his mind by writing a great book, exactly contrary to all his old opinions, in which he proved that the moon was made of green cheese, and that all the mites in it (which you may see sometimes quite plain through a telescope, if you will only keep the lens dirty enough, as Mr. Weekes kept his voltaic battery) are nothing in the world but little babies, who are hatching and swarming up

there in millions, ready for the doctors to bring them in band-boxes at night, when children want a new little brother or sister.

Which must be a mistake, for this one reason: that, there being no atmosphere round the moon (though a certain gentleman, who is no fool, says there is on the other side, and that he has been round at the back of it to see, and found that the moon was just the shape of a Bath bun, and so wet that the man in the moon went about on Midsummer-day in Macintosh and Cording's boots, spearing eels and sneezing); that therefore, I say, there being no atmosphere, there can be no evaporation; and, therefore, the dew-point can never fall below 17·5 above zero of Fahrenheit; and, therefore, it cannot be cold enough there about four o'clock in the morning to condense the babies' mesenteric apophthegms into their left ventricles; and, therefore, they can never catch the hooping-cough; and if

they do not have hooping-cough, they cannot be babies at all; and, therefore, there are no babies in the moon.—
Q. E. D.

Which may seem a roundabout reason; and so, perhaps, it is: but you will have heard worse ones in your time, and from better men than you are.

But one thing is certain; that, when the good old doctor got his book written, he felt considerably relieved all over; and the foul flood-water in his brains ran down, and cleared to a fine coffee colour, such as fish like to rise in; and very fine, clean, fresh-run fish did begin to rise in his brains; and he caught two or three of them (which is exceedingly fine sport, for brain rivers), and anatomized them carefully, and kept what he learnt to himself; and became ever after a sadder and a wiser man; which is a very good thing to become, my dear little boy, even though one has to pay a heavy price for the blessing.

To be continued.

ANAGRAMS AND ALL THEIR KIN.

Is not this a jolly title for a book?—

“Of Anagrams: A Monograph treating of their History from the earliest ages to the present time; with an Introduction, containing numerous specimens of Macaronic Poetry, Punning Mottoes, Rhopalic, Shaped, Equivocal, Lyon, and Echo Verses, Alliteration, Acrostics, Lipograms, Chronograms, Logograms, Palindromes, Bouts Rimés. By H. B. Wheatley. Printed for the Author by Stephen Austin, Hertford; and sold by Williams & Norgate, Henrietta Street; J. R. Smith, Soho Square; T. & W. Boone, New Bond Street; London, 1862.”

There! Have you read it? But you should see the little book itself. It is the prettiest little book possible, printed on toned paper; and the above title, instead of the little mass of small type which we have made of it, fronts you in a page of red and black letter-press, shaped exactly like a wine-glass, and tempting you to taste. It is, indeed, precisely the kind of booklet to skim

through as you lie on the sofa after dinner, with the decanters and nuts handy; but with this in its favour besides—that, being really a learned little book in its way, it is worth keeping for reference. For not only is it in itself a brief history of those oddities of literature which its title-page enumerates, with picked samples of each; but it contains a list of works, to the number of about sixty, in which whoever wants to know all that is to be known about Anagrams, Anagrammatists, and the principles of Anagrammatism, will find the materials amassed. You may turn up your nose as you like, my solemn friend, at the thought of having such a subject thrust upon you; but, when Mr. Wheatley tells you that among those who have interested themselves in anagrams, and made them too, have been Plato, Calvin, Rabelais, Camden, and

others, to whom you could not hold a candle, the best thing you can do is to turn your nose down again. Or did you ever try to make an anagram yourself? It is so nice; you have no idea! Positively, when Xerxes offered the reward—I forget how much it was—to the man who should invent a new pleasure, if anybody had stepped forward and said, “I have it, O king,” and then and there put the king up to the making of anagrams, he would have been sure of the prize. It would have been exactly the amusement for Xerxes.

But, before we speak of anagrams, let us dispose of those other intellectual curiosities which Mr. Wheatley has associated with them, and which, though some of them are akin to the anagram, or even involve it, have yet distinct names.

I. MACARONIC POETRY. Everybody, of course, knows what it is; or, at least, everybody who has ever tasted the Italian dish from which the name is supposed to be derived. But stay! May there not exist some wretched persons who have *not* tasted macaroni? Is it not right that we should remember that all knowledge is relative, and that, though *we* may be safe as regards *macaroni*, it might go hard even with ourselves if a higher standard were proposed, and the gentleman who writes those letters on Dinners in the *Times* were to move for a return of the number of those among us to whom *caviare*, for example, after the lapse of two centuries and a half, is still the mystery that it was in Shakespeare’s time? In these circumstances, we may condescend to explain that Macaronic Poetry is poetry in which Latin or Greek words are mixed with vernacular words adjusted more or less to the Latin or Greek syntax. There are tons of such in the various European literatures; and, without troubling Mr. Wheatley, here is an English specimen:—

“Patres Conscripti took a boat and went to
Philippi;
Boatum upsettum est magno cum grandine
venti;”

Omnes drownderunt qui swim away non poterunt;
Trumpeter unus erat qui coatum scarlet habebat,
Et magnum periwig tied about with the tail of a dead pig.”

II. PUNNING MOTTOES. These are mottoes, whether for heraldic or other purposes, involving a play upon words. Mr. Wheatley gives but a few specimens, selected for their likeness to anagrams. Perhaps the best in his list are—“*Fight on, quoth Fitton*,” the motto of the Fitton family; “*Antiqui mores*” (“Ancient customs,” or “The ancient Morrices,” as you like), the motto of Morrice of Belshanger, Kent; “*Set on*,” the motto of the Scottish Setons; “*Ver non semper viret*” (“Spring does not always flourish;” or “Vernon flourishes always”), the motto of the Vernons; and “*Fare, fac*” (“Speak, Do”), the motto of the Fairfaxes. “*Patior ut potiar*” (“I suffer that I may possess”) is another family-motto that occurs to us, in which the pun lies within the motto itself, and not in the relation of the motto to the name of the family using it; and there is something of a pun, though more of wise epigram, in a motto which we always think of as the very best in the Heralds’ Records, and which, if mottoes were transferable, we should certainly borrow—viz. that of the old family of the Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland; “*Aiunt; Quid aiunt? Aiunt*,” or “They say: What say they? Let them say.”

III. RHOPALIC VERSES. Goodness gracious! what are they? Not know what Rhopalic Verses are? Why, “every schoolboy knows that,” as clever writers say when they bring in some bit of learning they have just got hold of themselves, and will forget in a day or two. Rhopalic Verses are—But before I tell you what Mr. Wheatley tells me they are, let me put you up to two ways of avoiding the disgrace of being detected as ignorant of what you are expected to know. The best way of all, when it can be followed, is to say nothing at all, but look as wise as you can. But that was not Bob Silver’s way when he received the note of invitation

with the letters "R. S. V. P." in the corner, and was at his wits' end what they might mean. He went to a friend of his, tossed down the note, and said carelessly, "By the bye, it is very odd how few people know so simple a thing as the meaning of these four letters; I wouldn't be sure, Ned, that even you do." "Come," said his friend, who saw his drift; "that's too bad." "Well but, for the fun of the thing, what *do* they mean?" "Mean? Why, of course, that, if you do not go, the party is to be put off!" "Well, I didn't think you could have guessed it," said Bob, quite satisfied. But there is another way still, which may be sometimes put in practice. A learned lion at an evening party was appealed to by the ladies as to the meaning of a Greek inscription on a medal which had been puzzling all the gentlemen before he came in. "What is it; what is it?" said the ladies, pressing round him. He looked at it deliberately, and, making nothing of it, replied with great gravity: "Ladies, I am sorry; but this is something that it would not be proper for me to translate in *your* presence." Now Rhopalic Verses are quite as innocent things as was the inscription on that medal. Rhopalic Verses (from the Greek word *Ropalon*, a club or bludgeon) "are so formed," says Mr. Wheatley, "that the first word is a monosyllable, the second a dissyllable, and so on, each succeeding word being longer than the one preceding it." He gives six examples; among which are this Greek one:—

"Ὁ μάκαρ Ἀτρείδῃ μοιρηγένης δολβόδαιμον."

and this Latin one:—

"Dux turmas propius conjunxerat auxiliares."

He gives no English instance; but, taking this line, humbly offered as a pattern, for want of a better,

"Goose, gather metrical monstrosities,"

any one who chooses may employ himself in searching for the instances of unconscious rhopalism in Shakespeare, Milton, or Wordsworth, arranging them in order, and drawing the important

inferences which they will doubtless suggest.

IV. SHAPED VERSES. These are pieces of verse, ingeniously constructed, by due arrangements of short and long lines, so as to exhibit, when written or printed, the shapes of certain physical objects, such as bottles, eggs, hats, crinolines, coffee-pots, tea-pots, candlesticks, vases, altars, saddles, axes, and birds flying. In prose, of course, where the printer can help by means of large letters and spacing, there is no great difficulty in such shaping—though even here there is room for art; as may be seen in epitaphs and dedications, where sometimes a line of a single word will follow with amazing effect a line extending from margin to margin, or in Mr. Wheatley's own pretty wine-glass on his title-page, which neither you nor I could have blown. But to shape a wine-glass in verse, in real rhyming lines—think of that! Or, still more wonderful, a comb or a pair of scissors in verse; both of which feats Dryden speaks of as performed by masters of the art. I confess I should particularly like to see a comb in verse; but, as it is, for the most accessible specimens of shaped verses, I must refer to George Herbert's hymns, where there is nothing nearly so remarkable in this admirable style of poetry.

V. EQUIVOCAL VERSES. These are verses so arranged as to give totally different meanings, according as they are read in the ordinary way or in another way known to the initiated. For example, read these lines first in measure as they stand and then in alternate pairs:—

"I hold for the sound faith
What England's Church allows;
What Rome's Confession saith
My conscience disavows;
Where the King is head
The flock can take no shame;
The flock is sore misled
That holds the Pope supreme."

What a comfort it must be for oppressed countries to have this mode of expressing their sentiments and eluding the police! In a free country like Britain Equivocal Verses need not be one of the institutions of literature; but let us not

measure the needs of other nations by ours. And, what straightforward metre is to Equivocal Verse, public meetings and open talk are to conspiracies; so let us not be too hard even on conspiracies.

VI. LYON VERSES (so called, it is said, as having first been practised by Sidonius Apollinaris, a Gallic bishop and poet of the fifth century, born at Lyons) are verses the words of which are the same whether read backwards or forwards. Mr. Wheatley's only English specimen is this epitaph from a church in Cornwall:—

“ Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we;
Die all we shall.”

If this is the usual style of Cornish thought, we should say that the Cornish people are not by any means a people that it would be safe to contradict.

VII. LEONINE VERSES. Though Mr. Wheatley does not mention these in his title-page, he treats of them in the text of his work. They are not to be confounded with the Lyon verses. Strictly speaking, Leonine verses are Latin hexameters and pentameters in which rhymes occur. There are many such lines in the classic poets, and particularly in Ovid, notwithstanding our tradition that the Latin poets avoided rhymes as systematically as we seek them. But the device became habitual in the middle ages, when the instinct towards rhyme asserted itself even in the ecclesiastical Latin; and Leoninus, a monk of the twelfth century, is said to have given an impulse to it. Numberless specimens remain; such as—

“ En rex Edvardus, debacchans ut Leopardus.”

Less properly Leonine verses, but still included under that name, are those Latin rhymed verses, not in the classic hexameter or pentameter at all, of which the “*Stabat Mater*” and others of the hymns of the Roman Catholic Church are fine specimens. But one of the most plaintive examples I know of Leonine verse in this laxer sense is a scrap of not very classical, but very intelligible Latin, attributed to Mary, Queen of Scots, in prison. For any sake, don't read it with

our vile English pronunciation, but as she herself would have read it:—

“ O Domine Deus, speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me;
E durâ catenâ, e miserâ penâ
O libera me:
Languendo, gemendo, genuque flectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberer me.”

Mr. Wheatley recognises as Leonine verses those English verses in which one of the beats within the line proper is also a rhyme; but I suspect this is an improper extension of the term. If not, Campbell's well-known line, the first of these two, will suffice as an instance:—

“ To the fame of your name
When the storm has ceased to blow.”

Is not the sound of the first of these lines like the flapping backwards and forwards of a flag? And this suggests that the question of Leonine Verses is really a part of the great question of Rhyme in general. The philosophy of Rhyme is not yet fully worked out.

VIII. ALLITERATION, which also connects itself with the philosophy of Rhyme, and is, in fact, within due limits, an art or an instinct of high validity and significance, need not detain us here.

“ And apt alliteration's artful aid ”

is a well-known example on a small scale. But it is not of such natural and incidental bits of alliteration that Mr. Wheatley speaks; but of more stupendous exercises of the art of which there are examples in literature. Among the minor wonders of the world must certainly be reckoned those long poems composed entirely of words beginning with one letter, as A, C, or P; and other poems there are in which the writers have gone in this way through all the letters of the alphabet successively.

IX. LIPOGRAMS. These proceed on a trick almost exactly the opposite of that of protracted alliteration; for the essence of the Lipogram (from the Greek “*Leipo*,” “I leave”) consists not in favouring one letter above all the rest, but in rejecting some one letter and making it an outcast. The most gigantic lipograms on record are two Greek poems produced in those early centuries

of our era during which the world, or the greater part of it, seems to have been in a state of blue mould for want of work—the one a kind of Iliad in twenty-four books, each excluding absolutely the letter of the alphabet marking its own number; the other an Odyssey composed on the same noble principle. Minor lipograms are plentiful as mites. Disraeli tells a good story of one by a Persian poet. He had shown the poem, which was a short one, to a critic, who did not express himself very enthusiastically about it. “You will allow it to be at least curious,” said the author, “for you will observe that the letter A does not once occur in it from beginning to end.” To which the reply was, “Well, but don’t you think the piece would be greatly improved if you were also to leave out all the other letters?” But is the lipogram or any other great form of activity to be put down by a snarl like that?

X. ACROSTICS, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, are poems the initial letters of whose lines taken in succession form some proper name. Sir John Davies, the English philosophical poet, wrote twenty-six such acrostics in honour of Queen Elizabeth—the initial letters of the lines in each forming the words *Elizabetha Regina*; and similar acrostics may be found scattered through the works of other poets of that age. But there are many developments and varieties of the acrostic; and one minute variety, which Mr. Wheatley specifies, is worth mentioning, as having something vital and electric in it. It is that kind of acrostic which consists in reading the initial letters of the words of one sentence as a single word, or, conversely, in flashing in a single word the initials of a whole unuttered sentence. Thus, Mr. Wheatley tells us, when the Italians, out of the Piedmontese States, did not dare as yet openly to shout for Victor Emanuel and Italian unity, they managed the thing neatly and thrillingly by the street cry of *Viva Verdi*. Why the popular composer had suddenly become so very popular that all Italy should in season and out

of season be shouting his name did not at first appear except to those who knew that *Verdi*, letter for word, stood for *Vittore Emanuele Re D’Italia*. Now this at least was an acrostic with a soul in it.

XI. ECHO VERSES. These are verses constructed so that the last syllable or syllables of each line, being given back as it were by an echo, form a reply to the line itself or a comment upon it. There is no great capability in this device; and, though Mr. Wheatley gives several examples of it, the best is that from a number of the *Sunday Times* in 1831, on the high charge made for tickets to hear Paganini at the Opera House—

“What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini’s?”

Echo. “Pack o’ minnies.”

But the best echo I have heard of for a long time is an echo exclusively the property of a certain newspaper writer, in one of whose articles it is introduced as follows:—“Shall we resist this intolerable oppression? Shall we pledge ourselves to do so? Echo answers in “the affirmative.”

XII. CHRONOGRAMS are hardly worth mentioning. They are merely inscriptions, of any length, in which, by putting a few letters in different characters from the rest, these are made to signify a date. Thus, on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus, the capital letters of the following inscription, “ChrIstVs DuX; ergo trIVM-phVs,” make together MDCXVVVII; which is a clumsy indication of the date 1627. Neater is the chronogram on Queen Elizabeth’s death, “My Day Closed Is In Immortality;” the initials of which make MDCIII, or 1603, the date of the Queen’s death.

XIII. BOUTS RIMÉS, or “Rhymed Ends.” This ingenuity, in its simplest form, is well known as the parlour amusement of making verses to certain prescribed rhymes. But the world does not know, and perhaps never will know, how much of the total Art of Poetry, as practised even by good poets, consists of this very process, performed with incessant subtlety and under deep disguises. In the case of a true poet, indeed, we are rather to

fancy that the initiative is from within—that his thought, being already in rhythmic movement from its own impulse, *arrives* at the rhymes; and not that the rhymes, being fixed beforehand, *pull* his thoughts towards them. But, while we are bound to believe this, do we not also know it as a fact, that frequently even the best poets, when their thoughts are in flow, have to seek for their rhymes—that sometimes a thought, having arrived at or about its sonorous harbour from the sea, can't get in at first, but has to bob about outside, till the little pilot-tug of some rhyme comes out with the steam up and the flag flying, and takes it in tow to its moorings; nay, that sometimes, after one or two pilot-tugs have come out, a bargain can't be made, or the bar is dangerous for the tonnage, and the vessel makes for another port? Are there not such things as Rhyming Dictionaries; and have we not the confessions of good poets—Byron, for example—that they have used these helps, and that, in their absence, they have been glad to revert to a kind of mental substitute, chasing out a suitable rhyme to the word *pine*, for example, by running through the alphabet thus:—*aine, bine, cine, dine, fine*, &c. ? But, on the other hand, is not at least a mixture of the opposite practice—that of conforming the reason to the rhyme, or allowing the rhymes to bring the thought into motion from the first—confessed to by poets? We call this more mechanical than the other plan; but, if there be a law of *a priori* connexion or identity between certain fundamental ideas and certain vocal roots or articulations—if, for example, the sound *str* always carries with it the idea of stretching, or of something which is a metaphor of stretching, and if language is organic through and through with such identities—then, does it matter so very much at which end the initiative acts? It is not, however, to such organic or *a priori* identities between certain recurring sounds in human speech and certain ideas as frequently recurring in the human mind, but rather to those more hackneyed associations be-

tween ideas and rhymes which the mere past practice of poets has established, that Leigh Hunt alludes in some remarks which Mr. Wheatley quotes from him *apropos* of *bouts rimés*. It is curious, Mr. Hunt observes, what a number of words there are so invested already with connected clusters of associations that the mere succession of them, arranged in rhyming pairs, or as the ends of rhyming stanzas not yet in existence, tells the story almost as well as if the blank couplets or stanzas were filled up. For example, repeat these words slowly, with a pause after each, and a longer pause after each four—*dawn, plains, lawn, swains; each, spoke, beech, yoke; fair, mine, hair, divine*—and have you not a pastoral love-scene before you quite as touchingly as if, instead of these ends, you had the three elegiac stanzas which they suggest? What a saving of time there would be if poets were to act on this hint, and give us only these ends of their verses, omitting the unnecessary filling up! Mr. Wheatley tells of one French poet, Dulot, who let the cat out of the bag in a manner to suggest this irreverent thought to the Parisian world. He was complaining one day of the loss of more than 300 sonnets by a fire or some other accident; when, on some one expressing his surprise at his having so many sonnets in his *répertoire*, he explained that they were not exactly the completed sonnets, but only their pre-arranged ends, drawn out in groups of fourteen. All Paris was in a roar next day over Dulot's lost sonnets; and for months *bouts rimés*, as the new invention was called, was the favourite amusement of the *salons*. But what will the reader think of Mr. Wheatley's story—for which he gives his authority—that Campbell's poem of "Lochiel" (by the bye, Campbell, being a true Celt, pronounced "Lochiel" as a trisyllable, and was dreadfully grieved at the universal perversity which would make a dissyllable of it) was composed from *bouts rimés*? We gather, however, that in addition to the *bouts rimés*, or even before them, the poet had a kind of grand inarticulate hum about Lochiel

in his head, which he expressed provisionally in a kind of *wow-wow* till the precise words should come. The following may suggest the process, *bouts rimés* included :—

“Lochiél, Lochiél, awów-ow-a dáy,
Wow-ów-ow-ow-ów-ow-ów-ów array.”

Ah, reader! *there* is the difference between the poetry of a true poet and that of an ordinary prose-dog like you or me! We remain always in the state of *Wow-ow-ow-ow*—no amount of effort bringing out the meaning of that dumb dog-like mass of feeling into clear and exquisite articulation. We have the vowels, which belong even to the brute animals; the consonants, which are the truly human things in speech, we cannot compass. Never mind! The *Wow-ow-ow-ow* is, not the less, that which tones all and on which all rests; it is the fund of infinite, simple feeling, already metrical, of which all translation into words is but a finite though complex expression. Nay, perhaps there is too little of Campbell's or of Nature's inarticulate hum, preceding all words, in our present poetry. Much of it may be defined as fine intellectual shuttling with no song in or to the loom—as all consonants and no vowels. But what have we to do with what our present poetry is or is not? Are we anxious to be murdered by the *genus irritabile*? Not we; and so, to get out of the scrape, and to end this little essay on *bouts rimés*, let us just note the additional zest that may be given to that amusement by selecting queer or difficult rhymes. For example, can you make a perfect rhyme to the word *Timbuctoo*—not to the last syllable only, but to all the three? If you tried, you would have to give it up; but some ingenious person lately has solved the problem in a rhyme which has been going about in the London clubs—

“I would I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo;
Then I would eat a missionary,
Head, legs, and arms, and hymn-book too.”

In the *Athenæum*, lately, a writer has been calling attention to certain simple English words, to which no rhymes are

known to exist. The words *orange*, *month*, and *step* are the examples chiefly insisted on. The writer himself did, by means of information elicited by his challenge, manage to dispose of the first two in a manner which, though acknowledged by himself to be evasive or illegitimate, is still very creditable. Finding that there is a hill or a set of hills in Wales called *the Bloreng*, and that the holy books of the Affghans go by the name of *Grunth*, he proposed this—

“From the Indus to the Bloreng
Came the Rajah in a month,
Sucking now and then an orange,
Conning all the way his Grunth.”

The same writer, however, rejects all the rhymes that have been yet offered him for the word *step*. Will this suit him?—

Who comes with that uneven step?
Who but the drunken demirep?

XIV. PALINDROMES (from the Greek *palin*, “back,” and *dromos*, “a course or race”) are words or sentences, which may be read backwards as well as forwards, letter by letter, or sound by sound,—not merely word by word as *Lyon Verses*. Such English words as *Anna*, *Hannah*, *noon*, *civic*, *tenet*, are palindromes; but the feat is to arrange a number of such words in a sentence so that the whole shall be a palindrome. Here is a pretty Latin one cited by Mr. Wheatley—“*Ablata at alba*” (“Out of sight, but still white”), which may be applied to the moon behind a cloud, and which was applied metaphorically to a lady of Elizabeth's time banished from court under false imputations on her character. But the very first words spoken by man in this world, it seems, were a palindrome. What did Adam say when he first saw Eve? He bowed and said, “*Madam, I'm Adam.*”

It remains now that we speak of the Anagram proper. The Logogram, which is the only other of the oddities of Mr. Wheatley's title-page left unnoticed, is, in fact, only a particular development of the Anagram. Taking breath here, therefore, let us assail, with due deliberation, this last stronghold of man's reason on this side of Limbo.

Indeed, though the front gate of the Anagram is towards the rational world, there is an extensive view of Limbo itself from all the back windows; and many a man, who has entered at the front gate sane and sober enough, has gone out at one of those back windows and never been heard of after.

The ANAGRAM, then, may be defined, broadly and generally, as *any* rearrangement of all the component letters of one or more given words. To indicate all that this definition involves, however, some explanation is necessary.

By a very simple rule of calculation, given in our common books of Arithmetic, it is known that the number of possible arrangements of any given series of objects—*i. e.* the number of different ways in which these objects may be arranged among themselves so as never twice to be in exactly the same order—increases enormously as the number of the objects increases. Thus, while one object (A) has of course only *one* arrangement (A), and while two objects (A and B) admit of only *two* arrangements (AB or BA), three objects (A, B, and C) admit of *six* arrangements (ABC, ACB, BAC, BCA, CAB, CBA); and, when the number of objects exceeds three, the numbers of their possible arrangements are as follows—

No. of objects.	Possible variations of order.
4	24
5	120
6	720
7	5,040
8	40,320
9	362,880
10	3,628,800
11	39,916,800
12	479,001,600

And so on, with enormous increase at every step.

That is to say, reader, that, suppose twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never exactly in the same order round the table, they would have to eat over 479 millions of dinners before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves with respect to each other, and, at the rate of one dinner a-day, it would take them more than thirteen millions of years to get

through all the stipulated dinners. So don't you be led into a wager on any such terms. If you make a wager of the kind about five persons, your cook has her work cut out for her for about four months; if for six persons, for about two years; but, if the party much exceeds six, there is a chance that the world will be in another geological epoch, and you yourself will be a fossil before you are off your bargain.

To apply this to words: The letters of a word of two letters may be arranged in two different ways; of a word of three distinct letters, in six different ways; of a word of four letters, in twenty-four different ways; of five, in 120 different ways; of six, in 720 different ways; of seven, in 5,040 different ways; and so on till you reach a word of twelve distinct letters, the letters of which may be arranged in more than 479 millions of different ways. Now, every possible arrangement of the letters of any word is, according to our present broad definition, an anagram of that word; so that the number of possible anagrams of any word increases immensely according to the number of distinct letters in the word. Such a word as *John* yields exactly twenty-three anagrams; such a word as *Smith* yields exactly 119 anagrams; if you add *Junior*, then the possible anagrams of that word alone are 719; and, if you take into account the circumstance of his being a *pawn-broker*, then out of that word alone (if you count the two *r*'s as separate letters) anagrams to the number of 3,628,799 are showered upon you. You can't, of course, ask me to verify these figures by giving you a list of the anagrams; so you must take my word for it.

But "Nature mercifully imposes limits," as the baker said when he undertook to count the snow-flakes within a given area, but, the area being immediately above his oven, the heat had melted the remaining flakes just as he was getting tired, and relieved him of his engagement. Even the logicians are in the position of this fortunate baker. By their calculation according to mode and figure (we speak of the old Logic,

before Sir William Hamilton, or Professor De Morgan, or both, had quantified the predicate, and so revolutionized the scholastic Logic), the number of possible syllogisms or valid shapes of reasoning was exactly sixty-four; but, when they actually came to go over these sixty-four one by one, they found, to their comfort, that forty-five of them turned out to be utterly unthinkable—deliquesced and became untangible like the baker's snow-flakes—and that only nineteen remained about which they need concern themselves. And so with anagrams. Not only are the possible anagrams of most of our words considerably reduced in numbers by the fact that individual letters frequently occur twice or thrice in the same word; but there are other limits which make themselves felt at once in practice. We cannot, indeed, in the case of a word of more than four or five letters, actually go through all its anagrams one by one, so as to see what each is worth; but a very little experience, or a very little thought, shows us that only a small percentage of the possible anagrams of any word are themselves intelligible or even pronounceable. Take *John*, for example. You might make something of *Jhon*, or even of *Jnoh*; but, when you come to *Ojhn*, *Ohjn*, *Onjh*, &c., nature relieves you by melting the letter-flakes. And out of this whole consideration springs a very obvious classification of anagrams.

1. *Meaningless Anagrams.* The vast majority of the possible anagrams of any given word are totally meaningless—that is, they do not form any other existing words in the same or in any other known language; but are sheerly new and arbitrary combinations of letters. Take, for example, the fore-mentioned anagrams of *John*. Or take another example, where, on account of the shortness of the word, all the anagrams can be tested. The word *Art* gives the following five anagrams—*Atr*, *Rat*, *Rta*, *Tar*, and *Tra*; of which only two, viz. *Rat* and *Tar*, are already existing English words, and the other three are meaningless. Yet, in this word, on account of its shortness and form, the

proportion of meaningless anagrams is much less than usual. It may be observed, too, that at least one of the meaningless anagrams is quite pronounceable—to wit *Tra*. If this hint is duly expanded, it will be seen that what we have called Meaningless Anagrams are subdivisible into two kinds—(1) Meaningless Unpronounceable Anagrams, and (2) Anagrams which, though meaningless, are yet pronounceable, and therefore capable, if once set a-going, of becoming established words. And in the history of Anagrams there are instances of both these kinds.

(1.) A very common mode of concealing one's name in writing, and yet using a signature, is simply to sign by any rearrangement of the letters composing one's name. The most common perhaps of all is simply to put the letters in the reverse order; and it very rarely, indeed, will happen that the combination so arising will be anything pronounceable. Thus, if John Smith signs himself *Htims Nhoj*, no organs of speech, unless they be those of an Ojibbeway under chloroform, will grapple with the vocal monster; and though, of course, he will be detected, it will not be on this ground. His chances of concealment will be greater if, instead of adopting the mere reverse arrangement of the letters, he takes any other of the possible arrangements—especially if he mixes the *John* and the *Smith* together as one word. Now, not a few of the anagrams that have actually been made use of as pseudonyms have been of this kind—mere unpronounceable rearrangements of the letters of some name. Almost, but not quite, a sample is the title under which M. de Montalembert's pamphlet, "Un Débat sur l'Inde," was republished so as to elude the police in Paris. It reappeared as "*Edni L Rus Tated nu par Ed. Treb-melatnom*;" and the police were never the wiser. Some of the anagrams in which the early scientific men of Europe announced, or rather concealed, their theories and discoveries, were, I believe, directly or indirectly of the same sort.

(2.) But Man tends to the orb of

the pronounceable even when he still avoids the smaller inner orb of the intelligible; and hence all men of sense that have made anagrams of their own names for any permanent purpose have at least adopted anagrams which their fellow-mortals, by more or less effort, could sound. Thus François Rabelais became *Alcofribas Nasier*, Robertus Fludd became *Rudolfus Otreb*, Henry Peacham became *Ryhen Pameach*, Agostino Coltelini became *Ostilio Contalgeni*, and (by a very imperfect anagram) Horatio Walpole, in his "Castle of Otranto," became *Onuphrio Muralto*. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and especially in Italy, such anagrams, perfect or approximate, were quite in fashion with persons of celebrity; and some had more than one. Nor did the custom cease then. It is remarkable, however, how few of these anagrams have been really successful hits. Most of them, as may be seen from the instances above, have been, though pronounceable, very uncouth. Two instances of really successful anagrams of this kind may be given by way of counterpoise. The now famous name of Voltaire, as Mr. Carlyle explains in his "Frederick," was not the family name of the great Frenchman, nor any name coming to him by any mode of inheritance from heaven or earth, but was simply an anagram of his right name *Arouet*, with the two letters *l. j.* (*le jeune*, or "the younger") added—an anagram concocted by himself in a freak or deliberately, and so familiarized by his use of it, that he was known thereafter universally as Voltaire, and will be so for ever. And what is *Barry Cornwall*, poet, but an imperfect anagram of the name of our real living contemporary, Bryan Waller Procter? Such changes as that of *u* into *v*, and that of *j* into *i*, or the converse, are legitimate according to the rules of anagram; but it sometimes happens, as in Mr. Procter's instance, that the licence is required of slight additional change or omission. Hence few anagrams of the kind, or indeed of any kind, are absolutely perfect.

2. *Significant Anagrams.* These are the true, genuine Anagrams, the Anagrams of the real blood-royal; all the others are but Anagrams by sufferance or courtesy. They are the Anagrams in which, by a rearrangement of the letters of a word or of several words, there is produced, not a mere bit of unutterable gibberish, nor yet merely a pronounceable something or other, but an actual known word or set of words different from the original and conveying some sense—nay (and this is the top of the achievement, and what startles gods and men), conveying a sense which reacts upon the original as a comment, a sarcasm, a definition, a revelation. These are the Anagrams in which the Hebrews thought there was something divine; these are the Anagrams which pleased the silver-minded Plato. The notion was that, as there are correspondences between everything and everything else, so there is correspondence of the deepest and most intricate mystery between things and their names; and that by the study of names, by the intense consideration and the turning inside out of the *M*'s and the *N*'s of which they are composed, these correspondences may be evolved and Nature made to flash forth her secrets. And the notion came down into modern times, so that there have been ages when Anagrammatism was all but a sacred art, and men sought in each other's names, and in the names of things of high public import, those prophetic indications of character, of duty, or of destiny, which might possibly lurk in them. This was the proper spirit of Anagrammatism; but what is safe from the encroachments of profane wit and our wretched spirit of modern scepticism? Men from whom better things might have been expected did not hesitate, even at that era of the European Reformation when the truer and purer uses of Anagrammatism ought to have been religiously guarded, to turn it to rude controversial account, and to seek anagrams of each other's names merely for the purposes of satire and Billingsgate.

I am sorry to think that two such distinguished men as Calvin and Rabelais should have been culprits in this respect. Such, however, is the fact. Calvin, angry at the notorious Lucianism of Rabelais, whose talents he had hoped might have been better used, and anxious to cut the connexion with him, anagrammatized his name "Rabelaisius" into *Rabie Læsus* (Bitten-mad). It was rather rash in Calvin; for, of all things on earth, to think of fighting a Rabelais with his own weapons, or, for that matter, with any weapons, is the most hopeless. And so it proved. All Europe lay still and breathless, waiting the sure response. It was the calm before a thunderstorm. It came at last. "So I am '*Rabie læsus*,' Mr. John; and pray what are you? 'Calvin;' let me see; '*Jan Cul*;' yes, that's about it!" And over Europe rushed the jest, as it had been a scavenger in the sky; and Calvin, we fancy, did not come out for a week.

Like all good things, a good anagram is a rare and difficult production. The conduct of an anagrammatist in search of his anagram is perhaps the sublimest illustration of the action of genius in general. It is literally, as we have seen—if the word or words exceed a very few letters—mind on the one hand against chaotic infinity on the other. But here, as in other arts, practice and rule effect wondrous simplifications. The anagrammatist need not really pernavigate the whole sea of transpositions into which the words he works on will resolve themselves. By instinct, or by a trial or two, he perceives vast directions in which all is gibberish—mere kelp-beds and stagnation of unmouthable combinations of consonants; and so, very soon, he hovers gull-like over the few clear tracts where there is the best chance of a fish. But O the agony of effort after effort still in vain! He gets to a word or two; he sees the longed-for possibility; but, no; some six or seven letters still stand out obstinate, and will not fall into rank and file. Most often he has to stop at this stage, wearied and disappointed; but, sometimes, there is a flash of light, and the

reluctant letters seem subdued. No! there is still one irreducible letter—a brute of a *V* or a *B* which neither knocks can force nor persuasion can wheedle; and, nine times out of ten, even when this stage has been reached (and that is perhaps but once in twenty attempts), either all has to be begun afresh on a new tack, or some despicable shift, not allowed by the true rules of anagram, has to be resorted to, so that the anagram produced is but a paltry imposture. Once and again at long intervals perhaps there is the perfect feat—the inspired anagram done in one wild moment of ecstasy, or the elaborate anagram nobly consummated by persevering skill. Then let the neighbourhood look out for the sight of an Archimedes in the streets.

What has been said will sufficiently explain why it is that, though the world has lasted six thousand years (we adhere to this time-honoured phrase advisedly, because it is the bounden duty of every literary man to assert the entire independence of Literature upon Science), so few supremely good anagrams have been rolled down to us. Allowing for undiscovered gold-grains that may lie imbedded in those obsolete masses of Anagrammatic Literature to which Mr. Wheatley refers, and especially in the Latin collections of the learned age of modern Europe, one may assert that all the really superb anagrams now extant might be contained in a pill-box. I wish I could present this pill-box to the reader, so that, in this department, he might be sure of having the whole pith of the world's produce up to the present moment. As it is, all I can do is to give a few of Mr. Wheatley's samples, and add a few more from other sources. Nor do I restrict myself to such as I can certify to be good; for, as my purpose is to illustrate the *principles* of Anagrammatism, it may be useful to exhibit all kinds of specimens, from the coarse anagram in the rough to the perfect sparkler.

One kind of Anagram noticed by Mr. Wheatley, which is really scarcely a true anagram, though good in its way, is that

which arises not from the rearrangement or transposition of letters, but only from their redivision or resyllabification. Thus, when Alexander the Great was about to raise the siege of Tyre in despair of taking the town, he had a dream of a Satyr leaping round him ; which dream his sages, on being consulted on the subject, converted into a prophetic anagram. "*Satyros* (A Satyr)," said they ; "yes, *Sa Tyros* (Tyre is thine)." This put heart into the king, and Tyre was taken. Not unlike this Greek anagram is a German one. "At 'the general peace of 1814,'" says Mr. Wheatley, "a portion of Saxony fell 'to the share of Prussia ; and the king, 'to celebrate this addition to his dominions, issued a new coinage of rix-dollars, with the name 'Reichsthaler' 'impressed upon them. These circulate 'in the Prussian part of Saxony ; and 'the Saxons, by dividing the word, 'make the sentence, '*Ein Reich stahl er* (He stole a kingdom).'" *Patriot*, resolved into "*Pat-riot*," is a poorer instance.

A considerable number of anagrams are of general words or phrases of important or interesting meaning. Thus, to throw a few from Mr. Wheatley's list into small type :—

REVOLUTION : *Love to ruin.*
 RADICAL REFORM : *Rare mad frolic.*
 SPANISH MARRIAGES : *Rash games in Paris.*
 POTENTATES : *Ten Tea-Pots.* An anagram of unfathomable significance !
 ALTERATIONS : *Neat tailors.*
 ASTRONOMERS : *Moon-starers.*
 CATALOGUES : *Got as a clue.*
 ELEGANT : *Neat leg.*
 IMPATIENT : *Tim in a pet.*
 LAWYERS : *Sly ware.*
 MATRIMONY : *Into my arm.* (This was made by a one-armed man, and illustrates the necessity, in studying an anagram, of being intimately acquainted with the life and circumstances of the anagrammatist.)

OLD ENGLAND : *Golden land.*
 PARISHIONERS : *I hire parsons.*
 PRESBYTERIAN : *Best in prayer.*
 PUNISHMENT : *Nine thumps.*
 SOLEMNITY : *Yea, Milton.*
 LA SAINTE ALLIANCE : *La Sainte Canaille.*
 LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE : *Veto* (suppose these letters taken out, and then) *Un Corse la finira.*

Of the same kind are these—CON-

SERVATIVE : *Native Covers ;* LIBERAL : *Bill-era ;* CRINOLINE : *Inner Coil.* So also, a cynical person, living when the celebrated Mr. Pye was poet-laureate to George III., might very well have called POETRY *Pye-rot ;* but, if the cynic were alive now, any friend, wanting to refer him to a different specimen of the article, might answer *Try Poe.*

The two French examples in the above list are on the edge of a class of anagrams which is by far the most numerous and most interesting—Anagrams on Proper Names ; chiefly, but not exclusively, on names of persons. This is the favourite hunting-ground of the anagrammatist ; here it is that he wins his triumphs. Let us give another selection from Mr. Wheatley's specimens, with such annotations as we think necessary :—

MARIA STEUARDA, SCOTORUM REGINA : *Trusa vi regnis morte amara cado* (Thrust by force from my kingdoms, I fall by a bitter death).

JAMES STUART : *A just master.* This was made by the poet Sylvester, on James I.

CHARLES STUART : *Cals true harts.* Made by Taylor, the Water Poet, on Charles I. It illustrates the necessity of being acquainted with the orthography, or the orthographic licence, of the period to which an anagram belongs. But Taylor was a clumsy anagrammatist at best.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, LORD KEEPER : *Is born and elect for a rich speaker.* So Mr. Wheatley gives it, as the anagram by a contemporary of the great man ; but, on testing it, we can make out only, *Is born and elec for a ric spek*—the original being four letters too short. This shows the necessity of verifying reputed anagrams. It is a sad thought that many may be passing unchallenged which are but impostures. In this case, however, deep and sustained investigation has enabled me to mend the anagram. It must have been given forth thus :—SIR FRANCIS BACON, THE LORD KEEPER : *Is born and elect for rich speaker.*

WILLIAM NOY : *I moyl in law.* This anagram, on the laborious Attorney-General of Charles the First, made a great sensation at the time.

PHINEAS FLETCHER : *Hath Spencer life ?* A very good anagram ; for, in the age after Spencer's death, Phineas Fletcher had more of his manner and spirit than almost any other poet.

GEORGIUS MONKE, DUX DE AUMARLE : *Ego Regem reduzi, año Sa. MDCLVV.* (I restored the king in the year 1660.) In this the liberty is required of taking K for C.

JOHN BUNYAN : *Nu hony in a B.* Very

execrable, we should have said ; but, as it was made by Bunyan himself, we are reverently dumb.

HORATIO NELSON : *Honor est a Nilo* (Honor is from the Nile). This celebrated anagram, put in circulation when the news of the victory of the Nile arrived in England, was the work of a clergyman—the Rev. William Holden, Rector of Chatteris. It suggests the important question how far it is lawful, in quest of an anagram, to burst the bounds of the language of the original. I have my doubts ; but it is evident that a vast extension would be given to the powers of the anagrammatist if he had the run of all or of several of the Indo-European languages.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY : *Truly he'll see war*. To this, from Mr. Wheatley, let us add these obvious transpositions—*Rules the war-yell* (which comes as a consolation after the first), and *Rule, earthy swell* (which might express the opinion of those detractors who, while the Duke was alive, accused him of being hard and worldly). But best is the following : ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON : *Let well-foid Gaul secure thy renown*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL : *Terrible poser*.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT : *Frantic Disturbers*.

PRINCE REGENT : *G. R. in pretence*.

IRELAND : *Daniel R.*

JOHN ABERNETHY : *Johnny the Bear*.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE : *Flit on, cheering angel*.

GEORGE THOMPSON : *O go, the Negro's M.P.*

NOTES AND QUERIES : *Enquiries on Dates*.

Here are a few more, which were found by a friend of ours neatly tied up in a paper parcel in one of the niches of London Bridge. Outside the parcel was this inscription, "Finder, use these well : they are all I have to leave to the world." Let them be received, therefore, solemnly rather than critically, with a tear for the unfortunate author :—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *I make ; eras will shape ; or, Rake ; I will shame apes*—the former expressing Shakespeare's confidence in his creative genius, and the perpetual pliability of his creations to the wants of future times ; the latter being an address of disgust to his biographers, commentators, and imitators.

JAMES WATT : *A steam wit*.

ALFRED TENNYSON : *Ferny land-notes*.

CHARLES DICKENS : *Cheer sick lands*.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY : *Peace ! h-m ! ay, I will make a racket*. Dimly intelligible !

JOANNES MILTON : *O, Annon limites ?* (O, are there not limits ?) The question is evidently addressed to him in his capacity as a Latin writer and thorough-going politician ; and, if you want the answer, you must take it out of his other designation—JOHN MILTON, POET : *No, limit not hope !*

JOHN DRYDEN : *Rhino dens'd*—which was glorious John's life-long complaint ; in his own spelling, too.

ALEXANDER POPE : *Pope Alexander, or A Pole Expander* ; either significant to all except dull minds.

CHARLES THE FIRST : *His charters left ; or, better, Let charters fish*. For the full relish of this last the reader must know the story, recently recovered from the State papers, how the king, walking one day by the Thames, and having a copy of the English Constitution presented to him by a deputation from Parliament, threw the document into the river with the above observation, and sent the deputation to the Tower.

OLIVER CROMWELL : *More clover, Will*—an anagram beautifully representing Oliver's life when he was a quiet farmer, and had a servant-lad named William ; or *Welcomer r-l viol*—which expresses the opinion of Oliver's adherents that he was a better first-fiddle than the martyr monarch. Observe how significant is the blank in the word "royal." Oliver was not nominally king, though really such.

ROBERT BURNS : *Burst reborn ;* for poetry burst forth afresh in Burns, as if reborn after the long death of the eighteenth century.

JAMES MACPHERSON : *Me cramp Ossian ! he !*—expressing how James laughed to scorn the charge brought against him ; or, *M.P., reach me Ossian*—which was a standing joke against Macpherson in the library of the House of Commons when he became a member.

THOMAS CHALMERS : *Chatham morsels, or Calm mass, he Thor, or Home charms last ;* all very exact and descriptive.

THOMAS CARLYLE. This name is rich in anagrams—thus : *Cry shame to all, or Amos, thy recall, or Mercy, lash a lot, or A lot cry "Lash me."*

JOHN STUART MILL : *Just mart on hill* (i.e. not only fair exchange, but with all circumstances of publicity) ; or *O thrill, just man, or O man, just thrill*—expressing two opinions of the character of Mr. Mill's philosophy.

JOHN RUSKIN : *No ink-rush I !*

HENRY HALLAM : *Real manly H. H.*

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY : *Mouths big ; a Cantab anomaly ; or, O, a big mouth ; a manly Cantab's !*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : *Wit or will moves hard*.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE : *O, real cut idle gems*.

JEREMY BENTHAM : The body of Jeremy Bentham never was buried. By his own directions it was kept above ground—a wax facsimile of his face and head being fitted on to his skeleton, and his own silver hair and the hat and clothes he usually wore being placed on the figure, so as to make an exact representation of him sitting in his chair as when alive. Perhaps his notion was that his school would last, and that he should be wheeled in to preside at their annual meetings in that ghastly form. At all events, the figure was

long kept by the late Dr. Southwood Smith, and is now in one of the London museums. No one can look at it without disgust at such an exhibition—the too literal fulfilment of the senile whim of a really great and worthy man. His very name contains the punishment of the whim, *Jeer my bent ham*.

JOSEPH BUTLER (of the "Analogy"): *Be true Philos.*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON: The anagram of the name of this great metaphysician takes the form of a bit of dramatic dialogue—

L. L. L.: "I am I; am I not?"

H.: "W. (Double you), Sir!"

So profound an anagram as this may require a little explanation. *L. L. L.* is the "Learned Logic Lecturer," Sir William himself; he is interrogating *H.*, one of his hearers, and, to try his powers of thinking, asks him in a personal form a question of great metaphysical moment. The Hearer is evidently puzzled and cannot grasp the notion of Sir William being I and then I again, or two Sir Williams at once.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON: *Sit upon realms, Count.* This is general, for the Viscount's whole career; but *No psalm-tunes, Victor*, is particular, and expresses the tenor of his views on Italian politics at present.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL: *Loll in camp, scribe;* expressing the fact that newspaper correspondents might take it easy when Sir Colin was in command.

EDMUND BURKE: *Drunk mud-bee.*

EDWARD GIBBON: *Od! big braw Ned—a* complimentary exclamation by an enthusiastic Scotch admirer; or *Brain, wedd bog*, expressing admirably, but in an ill-spelt manner, the nature of Gibbon's great achievement as a historian—the reduction of the disorderly quagmire of the middle ages into firm land and verdure by the application of brain to it.

JAMES BOSWELL. Among all Boswell's stories of Johnson none is better than that of the bow Johnson made to the Archbishop. Never was such a bow in the world. It was a combination into one tremendous, indescribable

gesture, of every style and mode of ceremonious flexure possible to the human body, short of actual prostration; and Boswell records it with infinite gusto, and as it were stands by, that you may enjoy the full view of it. Of course he does; his name destined him to do it: *See, Sam, J'U bow.*

ADAM SMITH: *Admit hams—i.e.* apply the principle of free trade first to one particular article, and mark the results.

RICHARD CORDEN: *Rich corn, bedad!*

FRANCIS BACON: *Bo! Franciscan;* showing Bacon's contempt for the monkish or scholastic philosophy.

ISAAC NEWTON: *A twin case? No.*

EDWARD ROSS (the first champion shot of England): *Sod-Rewards*—alluding to the mounds of turf or sod on which the competitors knelt when firing at Wimbledon.

THE TIMES: *Its theme!*—i.e. the whole planet and all that takes place upon it; *Meet this*—a reference chiefly to the advertisements in the second column; and, finally, *E. E. T. Smith.* This last anagram we could not interpret for some time; but we think we have it now. It seems to mean that *The Times* represents Smith, or general English opinion, and yet not Smith absolutely and altogether, but rather Smith when he is well backed by capital.

From these specimens it will be perceived that there is yet plenty of room in the world for good anagrams. Individual effort may do much. But what wealth of results might be expected if the whole nation were to take the matter in hand, and were, by arrangements well preconcerted, to devote one complete day of twelve hours—say the 1st of April next, from nine in the morning till nine in the evening—to simultaneous anagram-making! One such day of united effort would certainly hoist us a mile or two nearer the moon.

THE LONDON MUSICAL SEASON OF 1862.¹

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S. MUS. BAC. OXON.

THE musical season of the International Exhibition year has presented some prominent and striking features, but on

the whole has been less remunerative to concert-givers than was anticipated. It was supposed that, from the immense influx of strangers into the metropolis, greatly increased audiences might be expected for evening entertainments of all kinds; but this anticipation has not been realized, probably from the fact that,

¹ We refer to a former article (October, 1861) for the reasons why we confine our remarks here to the public concerts of first-class music, omitting reference to the operas and the benefit concerts of private individuals.

after the laborious occupations of incessant sight-seeing during the day, the visitors have been too fatigued to care about attending hot rooms in the evening. Good music, too, now-a-days, is no longer confined to the metropolis, and is therefore no rarity to our country friends; while to foreigners we have little to offer comparable to what they may hear in their own lands, for a small fraction of the price they must pay here.

The Philharmonic Society have this year completed the fiftieth season since their establishment, which they have celebrated with a "Jubilee Concert," presented to their subscribers in addition to the eight ordinary performances of the subscription. This was held on the 14th July, at St. James's Hall; but, singularly enough, the selection of music appeared to have no reference whatever to the event, except one piece composed by Dr. Bennett, the conductor, expressly for the occasion. The directors announced, the previous season, that this concert would be given for the "performance, on a large scale, of the colossal works written expressly for the Society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers," but we look in vain through the programme for a single piece answering this description. The symphony was Mozart's "Jupiter," the overtures were Beethoven's "Leonora" and Weber's "Eury-anthe," and the instrumental solos were a concerto of Spohr's, Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, and a *thème varié* by Signor Piatti; to which were added Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" and finale to "Loreley," the solos by Madame Lind Goldschmidt and Mademoiselle Tietjens respectively.

Dr. Bennett's composition was a "Fantasia Overture," intended to illustrate, or to depict, or to imitate, or whatever it may be called, Moore's "Paradise and the Peri;" and the programme was arranged with portions of the music printed alongside certain passages in the words, which they were intended to apply to. That the composition was a very beautiful one, and well worthy of the high reputation of our first English composer,

will be granted at once; but we may be allowed, without disrespect, to doubt whether this kind of music is really so successful as might at first be supposed.

A great rage has arisen, in modern days, for giving instrumental music what is called a "descriptive" character. It has been thought not enough that music should excite *emotions* in the mind; but it has been desired to make it also suggest ideas of scenes or occurrences, between which and the music no immediate connexion is traceable.

It is an open question, which deserves more investigation than it has yet received, how far music is legitimately capable of expressing ideas lying out of the proper domain of sound. That it is so, to a certain extent, is undeniable; but this extent is much more limited than is usually supposed, as is evident from the fact of the exceeding *indefiniteness* of the impressions produced. For, if we examine closely into the working on the mind of any descriptive piece of instrumental music, we shall find that by far the greater portion of its efficiency is due to our own fancy, and very little to the suggestive power of the music itself. It is easy enough, when we are told beforehand the programme of a composition, to identify, or rather to imagine we can identify, its descriptions; but let any descriptive symphony or overture, even of the highest class, be played to a person ignorant of its name or intention, and see the result of his endeavours to make out its meaning. The most contradictory guesses are made even by eminent musical critics; and often, even where an explanatory programme is given, the case is not much better; for we have frequently remarked the perplexity of hearers listening to a romantic composition, with a long sheet of explanation in their hands, and trying their utmost, but in vain, to make out what part of the scene is being played. And we have been somewhat profanely reminded of the showman, who, when asked inconvenient questions by his juvenile spectators as to which part of the picture he was describing, cunningly

replied, "Whichever you please, my little dears!"

It is probable that the true secret of musical description is, that music is to some extent capable of describing facts, through the medium of sensations appertaining to them, which sensations are producible *also* by musical combinations. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or of solemnity, conveyed by music, may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects, or certain scenes, and so the music may *seem to describe* such objects or scenes, whereas, in reality, it only recalls certain subjective qualities of them. Hence, if the hearer is told *what* the music refers to, he may probably succeed in tracing the description; but if not, he may altogether fail in divining what is intended to be described.

However this may be, there is no doubt that descriptive music may call forth much skill and talent in its composition; and, where a thorough appreciation of the æsthetic character of music exists, it may lead to results of high merit, as it has certainly done in Professor Bennett's Jubilee Overture.

The ordinary concerts of the Society have maintained the reputation of the new band. The only features requiring special mention have been the performance of Spohr's fine symphony, "*Die Weihe der Töne*;" a symphony by Gadé, interesting for its novelty; and a charming violin concerto by Molique, equal to a symphony in the taste and skill displayed in its orchestral structure. The latter was executed by Herr Joachim, whose marvellous violin-playing in the last two seasons has excited unbounded admiration. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more perfect treatment of this most perfect of all instruments, either in a mechanical or an intellectual point of view, than it receives under his hands.

Dr. Wylde's New Philharmonic Society, and the Musical Society, have each given their courses of concerts with success. The latter were remarkable for the revival of the first of the four overtures written by Beethoven for the opera of

"*Fidelio*," now scarcely known; and for a fine performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, a work which appears to advance in public favour, although we cannot think that what many musicians consider the eccentricities of its style become less eccentric by frequent hearing.

The cheap popular Monday Concerts of chamber music are as good and as popular as ever; the "Musical Art Union" has not been continued this year.

The Sacred Harmonic Society have given a series of Oratorios, as usual, at Exeter Hall; but have been more notorious for the part they have taken in the great musical fête of the season—namely, the Handel Festival, held at the Crystal Palace, on the 23d, 25th, and 27th of June. Some years ago (as mentioned in our former article) the directors of the Crystal Palace agreed, with the co-operation of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to try what would be the effect of a monster performance of some of Handel's works; the essay was first made in 1857, and the result was so satisfactory that, after a repetition in 1859, it was decided to make it periodical, under the name of the Great Triennial Handel Festival. No precedent, however, had existed for performances on so large a scale, and the experience of the two earlier trials was needed to perfect the arrangements. The orchestra, erected in 1857, at the west end of the great transept, originally held about 2,500 performers. It was then entirely open at the sides and back, and consequently much of the sound was lost. In 1859, it was enlarged, and surrounded with canvas, but still the effect was not satisfactory, and it became apparent that, in order to obtain the best results, the inclosure must be made more perfect; and accordingly, on the present occasion, the orchestra has been entirely cased round, and covered over with a concave wooden roof, acting as a reflecting sound board. It has also been further enlarged, and is now 216 feet wide, 100 feet high, and nearly as deep, from front to back, as Exeter Hall is long!

The following statement of the number of performers engaged will give an idea of the gigantic scale of the affair:—

CHORUS.	
Sopranos	810
Altos	810
Tenors	750
Basses	750
<hr/>	
Total	3,120
<hr/>	
BAND.	
Violins	194
Violas	75
Violoncellos	75
Double Basses	75
Wind Instruments, &c.	86
<hr/>	
	505
<hr/>	

Making in all 3,625 performers. A large organ was also fixed at the back of the orchestra, which gave a powerful aid to the effect. The chorus was composed partly of London singers and partly of contingents from the best choruses in various parts of England. The orchestra comprised members of all the best metropolitan and country bands.

The performances consisted of—

First Day . . Messiah.

Second Day . A Selection.

Third Day . Israel in Egypt.

The "Selection" contained several choruses which, from their grandeur of style, were very appropriate to the occasion; among them being "Let their celestial concerts all unite," from Samson; "Envy, eldest-born of hell," from Saul; "As from the power of sacred lays," from Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day; "Immortal Lord," from Deborah; "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue," from Solomon; and a fine melodious chorus from the little-known opera of *Hercules*.

The execution of the choruses was most excellent, and much better than on any former occasion. The voices were admirably in tune, and kept well together, giving a unity and precision of effect truly marvellous, considering the enormous mass of executants and the

heterogeneous nature of its component elements. The general effect was very fine, and the result of the improvements in the construction of the orchestra was fully apparent in the greater concentration of the mass of sound, and the greater distinctness with which the music was heard in the remoter parts of the building.

The solo parts were taken by Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Parepa, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti. Many of the solos were sung in masterly style; but, of course, the choruses formed the great feature of the Festival. We must, however, pay, in passing, a tribute of admiration to Madlle. Tietjens, who, to a fine and well-cultivated voice, adds the charm (somewhat rare in the present day) of singular excellence and purity of style. She deserves the greatest praise for one notable feature in her singing—that is, a determined effort to abolish the ridiculous *tremolo*, which has unfortunately so long been in fashion. It happened that some celebrated opera singer, we think Rubini, took a fancy to express on the stage a sentiment of deep emotion, by a peculiar trembling, or unsteadiness of the voice, which, no doubt, as done by this most accomplished artist, was an idea at once appropriate and beautiful. But unfortunately, the effect being easy to imitate, he had soon a crowd of followers, who, not being blessed with his taste and judgment, made the ornament common, and, by taking away its appropriate meaning, destroyed all its real charm. It became the custom to make the voice *always* tremble, even on the most ordinary occasions; a defect became exalted into a beauty, and, at length, a good steady holding note (once considered a great merit in singing) was scarcely ever heard at all. But the absurdity did not stop here; the imitation was actually taken up by *instruments*, and hence we have had violins, flutes, clarionets, and trumpets, whose voices are all trembling with emotion! It

will scarcely be believed that keyed instruments have been specially made on purpose to tremble, and that even many of the large organs in the Exhibition are fitted up with apparatus for this purpose! Madlle. Tietjens, however, has boldly made a stand against this absurd fashion; it is delightful to hear her full ringing notes, so steady and so clear, bringing back the old days of pure singing; and we owe her a deep debt of gratitude for what, we trust, will be the first step towards the abolition of this contemptible and unmeaning piece of fashionable folly.

The general management was excellent, and the *coup d'œil* afforded by the gigantic transept, so well and so gaily filled, was, even independently of the music, a great attraction. The musical arrangements were all under the direction of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the conductor was Mr. Costa.

The price of tickets was high, the whole transept being let in reserved seats at two and a half guineas each for the set of three days. The number of persons attending, inclusive of the performers, was :—

First Day	15,694
Second Day	14,143
Third Day	18,567

In a pecuniary point of view, the Festival of 1859 was a great success, but we regret to learn that, notwithstanding the exertions of all concerned, and the great care taken to keep down the expenses, the result this year has not been so favourable.

Handel appears to be the only composer whose works will bear this gigantic treatment. Attempts have been made to get up Haydn and Mendelssohn Festivals, by the performance of the "Creation" and the "Elijah," on a somewhat similar scale; but, beautiful and perfect as these compositions are in their way, they have not the breadth of style which gives to the choral music of Handel its colossal grandeur, and enables it to bear effectively such masses of sound as are brought into play on these occasions.

The Crystal Palace Directors still keep up their excellent ordinary concerts, under the direction of Mr. Manns, and these have been remarkable, during the present season, for the production of new English music of considerable promise.

There is yet another musical performance on a very large scale which has specially characterized the past season, and that is, the inauguration of the Great International Exhibition on the 1st of May. The desire of her Majesty's Commissioners to give as much attraction to the undertaking as possible, induced them to open the Exhibition with a State Ceremonial, in which music was made a prominent feature. They gave commissions to four composers—Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Monsieur Auber, Herr Meyerbeer, and Signor Verdi (representing the nations of England, France, Germany, and Italy, respectively)—for compositions to be performed at the Fête, which were all accepted with great goodwill, and carried out in each composer's best style. Three only of the compositions were, however, performed—Signor Verdi's, a meritorious cantata for tenor voice and chorus, being ignominiously put aside, an affront to the composer and his nation which was alike uncalled for and discreditable. Another slight, equally inconsiderate, was likewise offered to another of the composers, Dr. Bennett, in entrusting the conducting of his work to the second, instead of the first in command, although, fortunately, the execution did not suffer by the change.

A great orchestra was erected for the day of opening, under the East Dome, and a large body of performers was collected, numbering about 2,000 voices and 400 instrumentalists, conducted by Signor Costa. The music performed was :—The National Anthem; the three special pieces, composed for the occasion; and Handel's Hallelujah and Amen choruses, from the "Messiah."

The special pieces were as follows :—

1. A grand Overture in the form of a march, composed by Meyerbeer. It consisted of three movements—the first a triumphal march, the second a sacred

march, and the third a quick step, introducing our national air of "Rule Britannia," figured and interwoven with the theme of the quick step in a most ingenious and musician-like way.

2. A Cantata, set by Dr. Bennett to an Ode expressly written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate. This is one of the happiest works of the composer we have heard, and it is to be regretted that the peculiar nature of the text will probably diminish the chance of its being heard elsewhere.

3. The third special composition performed was an Overture by Auber, which, although the composer is such a veteran, had all the freshness of his earliest compositions.

The music went very well, the instrumental portion especially so, the body of sound given out by the band being very fine. The vocal portion of Dr. Bennett's Cantata was also very effective, the composer having skilfully adapted its style to the circumstances of performance. But the Handel selection was a failure; it seemed inappropriate and wanted the organ. Indeed, the ostentatious prominence of the religious element in the fête was, we think, in very questionable taste altogether.

This season has been marked by the reappearance in London of M. Thalberg, who gave four performances of pianoforte music in the Hanover Square Rooms. Every one knows that to this accomplished musician we owe an entirely new style of music for the pianoforte, but few are aware how much the development of this style depends on a particular element of performance, namely, the delicacy, susceptibility, and expression of the touch. The essence of the Thalberg style lies, not, as is

generally supposed, in an exuberance of flourishes and roulades, but in giving a distinct and separate quality and power of tone to different parts played at the same time, as, for example, a melody and its accompaniment; and it is this idea, of *distinguishing* a melody among a florid assemblage of accompanying notes, that marks the school as a novel one, and has found so many imitators, from Mendelssohn downwards. In order to exhibit the extraordinary power of his touch, M. Thalberg performed, in addition to his more florid pieces, some simple melodies, from a selection which he calls "The Art of Singing on the Pianoforte," and which, certainly, under his hands, gave a degree of expression of which one would scarcely have believed the instrument capable. It would be well if, instead of dosing young ladies with such pretentious rubbish for the pianoforte as is so much at present in vogue, our teachers would impress upon them the advantage of trying to use their fingers in a manner a little more consonant with intelligence and feeling. It is a pity that M. Thalberg's concerts were so few and so exclusive, or they might possibly have done much good in turning the fashion a little in this direction. Would it not be worth while for some of our best players to take up the experiment where he has left it? It might perchance answer well.

It should also be mentioned that M. Thalberg has achieved little short of a modern miracle in inducing the sleepy old genius, Rossini, to put forth his wonderful powers of composition yet once more, in the shape of some short pianoforte pieces of much merit, to which the great pianist gave an equally meritorious interpretation.

LINEN-DRAPERS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.

TITLEBEAT TITMOUSE, in "Ten Thousand a Year," is not a fair specimen, nor is he a specimen at all, of the true London shopman. No such creature exists out of the teeming brain of its author—at all events, not behind the counter of a linen-draper. He would not be tolerated there. Master and man would combine to expel him from the confraternity. Nor is the linen-draper's assistant the simpering, grimacing, bowing automaton, represented by *Punch* and others, who has, with malice aforethought, usurped the light work of females, appropriating to himself the easily-earned wages that should belong to attenuated spinsters and half-starved needlewomen.

The linen-draper's assistant is neither of these, but is more frequently a soft, country-bred, raw fellow, imported from the Fens of Lincolnshire, or the neighbourhood of the Peak of Derby, or, perhaps, a canny Scot, hailing from the classical locality of Dun-y-quoich. He has grown up for eighteen or twenty years in the hop-growing districts of Kent or Sussex; or, it may be, he has had his muscles developed in the bracing air of Penzance or John o' Groat's; and he has come up to town to get the provincial dust blown off, and have a modicum of knowledge of London activity and habits incorporated with the smattering of his business which he has already acquired. By far the greater proportion of young men employed in linen-drapery establishments in the City are there only for a limited time—from six months to a year, or two or three years; their intention being to return to their native place and commence business on their own account. Of course those who really work out this intention are not numerous. Many, from superior talents, acquire permanent and lucrative settlements in the metropolis; many sink into mere hacks, going from establish-

ment to establishment, till they have run the whole gauntlet of the trade, and settle down as loafers about some tavern, or become helps in petty concerns, to earn as much as will keep soul and body together. And many die; not a few in the workhouse.

It is a mistake to suppose that the work of the linen-draper's assistant is light, or that it is adapted to female hands. The simple selling at the counter in some of the departments is light enough, and perhaps could be carried on by slender girls; but there are heavy lifts, and untiring application, and long hours, without the indulgence of such a luxury as a seat—which no girls are fit for, and which would be as certain to break them down as the ill-ventilated sewing-rooms of a fashionable West-end milliner. The air in which the linen-draper's assistant lives is as unwholesome as that of the factory. The exhalations arising from the colouring matter used in the dyes of goods, and from the multifarious compounds out of which the fabrics are manufactured, are anything but fragrant, as may speedily be learnt by whoever will take the trouble to enter a linen-draper's warehouse in the morning when it is newly opened. Nor is his sleeping accommodation the most capacious. Four or half a dozen, or perhaps even a whole dozen, youths sometimes lodge together, in a dormitory situated in distant, lofty regions, at an altitude only reached by ordinary humanity in a balloon. This dormitory is cold in winter and hot in summer. From this exaltation, if he chooses to stir out of bed betimes during day-light, he may have a fine prospect of leads and slated roofs, stretching away as far as the eye can penetrate, through the fog and smoke of London. Miles upon miles of house-tops and gables in every picturesque, grotesque, quaint, plain, and ornamental fashion,

"Like Alp on Alp, and hill on hill, arise" to greet his view; with here a steeple or a tower, there a monument, and yonder a chimney-stalk rising beautifully over all, and giving them a pleasant variety. From this suggestive scenery the linen-draper's assistant can extract such sweet and bitter fancies as he best may.

As to the question of employing girls in shops—if they had been found to be most fitting behind the counter, they would have been behind the counter, and no preventive influence could have kept them back, as no spasmodic effort to benefit them has ever yet been able to substitute them for men behind the counter. Girls suit best at certain duties in our mills and factories, and they are preferred for those duties; and so it will ever be; the master being always the best judge of who will do his work best. Linen-drappers will have young men behind their counters, because it suits their purpose better to have them than girls; as mill and factory owners will have girls for their work, because they are the most suitable for it. To sneer, therefore, at the linen-draper's assistant on the score of effeminacy is simple absurdity.

But, in addition to the hardish work within doors, there is the intolerable nuisance of "taking goods out on sight;" that is, taking goods to the private dwelling-houses of ladies for them to select from, so as not to have the trouble of going a-shopping. This is almost invariably done in cases of mourning, when, it is presumed, the bereaved individual or family could not think of coming out. This annoying practice is carried on to some extent in the city; but in provincial towns it is very common—young men being often loaded like beasts of burden, and sent jogging along like a pedlar with his wares. The linen-draper's assistant hates with a perfect hatred, and more than any other abomination, the abomination of going out with goods upon sight. It is a standing grievance, and should be abated. It is an evil which, whenever girls are introduced to do the work of shopmen, must

be abolished for ever. Porters must then be hired to do the slavish duty. Girls are unable to do it.

In London retail establishments, almost all the assistants eat and sleep on the premises. They are allowed the privilege of seeing the green earth and the blue sky, of hearing the birds whistle, and perhaps setting their feet on the soft grass, once a week—the day set apart for this enjoyment, of course, being Sunday.

The ordinary day of the London linen-draper's assistant is, or used to be, passed in something like the following manner:—At seven, or half-past seven, a bell is rung for all hands to turn out of bed. Breakfast is on the table in half an hour, or thereabouts, by which time it is expected that every man has brushed his own boots, washed, donned the indispensable white "choker," and otherwise dressed himself. Breakfast over, every one is at his post about half-past eight or nine o'clock, or sooner, according to the regulations of the house. Relays of hands take turn about to attend for half an hour before breakfast: but, as extra time is allowed for the toilet, they do not reckon the early hour or half hour a grievance.

Dinner is usually served about one o'clock, and is of necessity partaken of in relays. Tea is about five; and in the better class of houses a light supper is provided. In general, the food, although plain, is wholesome and tolerably abundant—few complaints on this score being made against employers. On Sunday mornings, if any one feels inclined, and has the means, to luxuriate on a ham breakfast, or if he is in the humour for despatching a couple of eggs with his bread and butter and rather thin potation of coffee or *skye* tea, he will generally find the cook obliging, and, for a very small gratuity, or, perhaps, from downright favour, he can have his bacon fried, or his eggs boiled, and served up to him in becoming condition. It is, however, most common for the young men to be contented with the fare set before them, seeking superfluities only when out for the day—on Sunday.

The hours during the busy season, which lasts three months in spring and three months in autumn, are always late; the clearing up of goods that have been tossed and tumbled during the business of the day being seldom over before eleven or twelve, or even one o'clock in the morning.

Stock-taking, which occurs once, and in some establishments twice a year, is always a trying time. Three and four o'clock in the morning are common hours for young men to be kept up to—some slight extra refreshment in the shape of beer and sandwiches being usually doled out about eleven or twelve o'clock to enable the hands to toil on, measuring and tallying, and rolling and folding, so that the firm may balance its books and count up its gains. This stock-taking time is a period of severe labour—of labour sometimes to exhaustion—and usually lasts from seven to fourteen days, at the dullest season of the year for business; very commonly about the first of January.

The imposing functionary known as the shop-walker, who is always a good-looking man, besides his ostensible duty of seeing that no customer goes away unattended to, has his eye continually on the young men, and is to all intents and purposes their master. His voice is law, and from his orders there is no appeal. He will discharge a recusant in a twinkling, nor is there any quarter to which he can turn with the hope of having a remonstrance heard. There are no time engagements in retail establishments; and in the wholesale houses in the city the same rule generally obtains. The assistant in either branch "swops" or is "swopped," or gets or gives "the sack"—such being the slang terms used for giving up or being discharged from a situation, at any moment, without reason asked or given.

Whether this fast and loose system be a good one may be doubted. The want of a tie to bind master and man together is apt to beget a feeling of indifference on both sides. The appointment which may be lost in a second through caprice, or for any reason, must

necessarily be less valued than permanent employment even at less wages; but such is the rule of the trade.

We knew a man of standing in a large linen-drapery establishment, whose salary, he sometimes half jocularly, half seriously boasted, was greater than that of a colonel in her Majesty's army, being over a thousand pounds sterling a year. He was set down on Ludgate Hill from his curricule and pair every morning to business at nine o'clock—his vehicle sometimes jostling the vehicle of his principal, when both happened to be driven to the door at the same time. He was much esteemed by his employers and by the buyers who frequented the concern; but he had one fault—he was reckoned rather a fast man. His propensities showed themselves in a desire to witness what is called sport; his failing leaked out in his strong liking for the Fancy. The ring, the cockpit, and the turf were known to be his favourite places of resort when he could manage to obtain a day's leisure to enjoy them; yet he was withal a sober, an industrious, and a vigilant servant. He was, besides, a man of capacity, good manners, and of great persuasiveness—the last a qualification of high value, and, indeed, all but indispensable to success; and he was placed in a position of confidence in the establishment, and remunerated, as has been stated, accordingly.

Yet even this man was under no time engagement. He could go, or he could be sent, about his business at a moment's notice.

One day he made known to the head of the establishment that he was desirous to go down to see the Derby. The partners had a disposition to permit him every reasonable freedom; but they disliked indulging him in this particular way. Objections were started, then urged, against his going; it was the busy season, large orders requiring his personal supervision were being executed, he could not really be spared from business just then, &c. In short, he was remonstrated with gently, kindly, to induce him, if possible, to forego his

intention; but he would not be advised; he was firm, headstrong, and, as he waxed warm in the discussion, he said he would go. Altercation followed remonstrance, and the end was that he was there and then walked out of the house.

Young men whose activity and zeal commend them to their principals are taken from the ranks, promoted, and made partners, the new blood invigorating and infusing new life into the concern. In some houses this promotion is systematic. A young recruit is added to the list of partners; but he is, on admission, bound to retire after a given number of years, to make room for another transfusion to keep the old veins fresh and healthy. By this means vigour and vitality are preserved, and the latest improvements are constantly introduced, keeping the business lively and wholesome—the capitalist at the head always retaining his position and keeping the lion's share of the profits to himself.

Among linen-drapers' assistants who have risen from the ranks and become eminently successful the following is a remarkable instance:—

A lout of a lad came up from Norfolk, and somehow contrived to obtain employment about an establishment in the city, at that time of little note. He began humbly, as a kind of porter, his work at the outset being to carry parcels, and assist in taking down and putting up the heavy shutters on the windows mornings and evenings. He was a raw, uncouth fellow—tall, thin, and ungainly from rapid growth—his drab corduroys scarcely reaching to his ankles. But he had a clear head on his shoulders, and he had willing hands; and the coarse ill-cultured hobbledohoy wrought his way on perseveringly till he was placed by his observant master among the salesmen. This vantage-ground once gained, his greatest difficulty was surmounted, and he took his place among his fellows and maintained it; and, having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employer, he was, after a time, occasionally trusted to make a

run down to the manufacturing districts to buy. This had been the height of his ambition. To be a buyer! To attain this lofty eminence was the culminating point of his earthly desires; and, when he attained it, his satisfaction was without bounds—it was supreme.

He started by coach from the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, one morning in the beginning of November in the year 1817 to make some purchases. On arriving at the place of his destination late in the evening, he found some other buyers from the city in the hotel; but being little known to them, he kept as much as possible apart. He had his reasons for wishing to avoid coming in contact with them. From information which he had received previous to starting on his journey, and which he had thought carefully over on his way down, he had a game to play, and he meant to play it well, thoroughly, out and out. It is said that he was secretly, but busily engaged all the following day, among the manufacturers, buying up right and left, but keeping down all suspicion of his motives as much as possible, the entire stock in the market of one article. News did not then travel so rapidly as they do now by rail and telegraph, and it was not till the coaches arrived that night or next morning, that the astounding intelligence was brought of the unexpected death of the Princess Charlotte. The London buyers of goods were instantly agog for the interest of their respective employers; but, to their extreme mortification, they found that, except trifling morsels, every packet of mourning crape in the town and neighbourhood had been bought up. Our Norfolk youth, now metamorphosed into a buyer, had secured it all.

Having done his work, he set off home, and communicated to his master what he had done. The master was a plain-sailing man; he had saved his money rather than made it, and he was uneasy. It was a speculation beyond the range of his ideas to buy up the whole of any commodity whatever, and, most of all, of the whole manufactured black crape in the country. He did not

like it. The longer he thought over the transaction, the more the temerity of his buyer alarmed him. And, when van after van began to arrive at the warehouse, setting down absolute mountains of the rather bulky commodity, the poor man wrung his hands—he was in despair. Every corner of the warehouse was filled with crape; every hole and cranny was stuffed with it; pile upon pile rose in vast pyramids before the eyes of the bewildered man, shutting out of sight the other portions of the stock, and making a passage through the premises nearly impracticable. Crape, crape, nothing but crape was visible on floor, and shelf, and counter; the horrid article was everywhere, to the exclusion of everything else, above or below.

The unfortunate linen-draper in the anguish of his heart cursed the Norfolk lad, bitterly lamenting the hour in which he had unluckily permitted his imprudent assistant to go out unrestricted as to the extent of his purchases. Ruin was manifestly staring him in the face, and he insensibly began to calculate how much might be saved from the wreck wherewith to compound with his creditors. Not so the worker of all the mischief. He had faith in himself. He did his best to console and soothe his employer by assuring him of what he felt confident would turn out to be the fact—that the whole retail trade of the United Kingdom would require to come to them for their supplies, and that they would obtain any prices they pleased.

The lamentation for the death of the Princess Charlotte was so sincere and so universal, that the mourning worn at her decease, out of sympathy for her untimely end, was much more general than is usual on the demise of members of the royal family, and, consequently, the demand for black crape for mourning was in proportion unprecedented. The vast stock rapidly disappeared, and the general trade of the concern was thereby greatly improved; the foundation of a princely fortune was laid, and in due time a partnership, and after that, the hand of his master's daughter, re-

warded the services of the bold crape-buyer.

The tricks of the less respectable portion of the linen-drapery trade are well known. An article is ticketed at a certain price, perhaps at one-half of its value, and exhibited ostentatiously in a plate-glass window. Some large article—a shawl for instance—is usually selected. Some newly-arrived country booby is taken with the bait, ventures into the shop, and offers to purchase the article. The smiling shopman either bamboozles yokel into the purchase of another shawl—which, of course, he protests is much more elegant than the one that was hung in the window, and had hit his fancy (this latter somehow getting spirited out of sight during the higgling); or, if that won't take, by dexterous manipulation on the part of the rogue in charge, the ticket is shifted, and shown to belong to quite a different piece of goods; or, it is made clear to yokel that it has been put on the one exhibited in the window by a mistake—entirely by a mistake. If our country friend escapes from the clutches of the harpies in whose power he has unwarily placed himself, without being heavily mulcted for his pains, he may thank his stars when he gets safely out, and think himself very lucky indeed.

A dishonest salesman can cheat you while you are looking at him. His fingers are as nimble as a card-player's, and they are as pliable and sensitive as those of a sharper—for, at the moment he is vending a piece of goods, he will so contrive to slip back the measure as to give you a less quantity than you have paid for, watch him as you will. Few families when they go home take the trouble to ascertain if the measurement of what they have bought is correct; nor is it requisite to do so when you are dealing at a respectable house; but, when you do not know the parties, depend on it, you may be robbed while your eyes are steadily fixed on the salesman, who may be a rogue, and laughing at you while cheating you to your face.

Tricks of this kind, however, are stale

and are only resorted to by rascals and thieves, of whom every trade has its proportion, injuring those who are upright and honest, and sometimes, but rarely, by the falling man, ere he lets go his last hold on the outward and visible means of living. That fortune does not always smile on the linen-draper may be fairly assumed whenever a huge placard appears in his window announcing a "tremendous sacrifice," or an "enormous reduction," or a "frightful fall," or an "awful decline in value," or, as we have seen the words printed on large placards in the suburbs, "tremendious" and "enormous." These *ruses* are, however, but a prelude to honourable mention in the columns of the *Gazette*.

The linen-draper's assistant is not without his peculiarities. He will do a stupid thing like other people, and he will persist in his crotchet when he has one, and believe he knows what is what as well as you do. Behind the counter he is all meekness and submission; but, when at large, he asserts his prerogative to be as wrong-headed as he likes.

Many years ago we happened to stay a night at a hotel in Liverpool along with a linen-draper's assistant who was then on his way to Sheffield to a new situation. Our own route lay in the same direction, through Sheffield, but farther south. As he was an old acquaintance, we went along with him, and took outsiders for two in the stage-coach for five o'clock on the following morning. Our friend was a man of sluggish ideas, and as slow to move as a corporate body. In spite of all difficulties, however—and they were manifold—we got him out of bed about four o'clock, partook of such breakfast as could be had at that early hour, and, portmanteaus in hand, we trudged off to the office from which the coach was to start. We were in good time, and therefore walked leisurely along until we were near the place of our destination, when lo! he remembered that he had forgotten his umbrella, that he had left it behind. What was he to do? It might rain—of course it might rain. Or snow? Yes, it might even snow, as we have known it in crossing Shap Fells

in June. Would he return to the hotel for it? Was there time? There surely was plenty of time. There must be time. We endeavoured to convince him that there was not. We tried hard and vehemently to point out the risk he ran of losing the coach, and that the loss of his old umbrella was but a trifle compared to the loss of the fare he had paid. But our sage counsels were set at naught. He was certain he had time to go back; he would go back, and he went.

When the coach was turned out of the yard, we got ourselves ensconced on the seat beside the driver, sitting patiently while the roof was being packed, and lifting up our legs as ever and anon the boot was opened for parcels to be thrust in, at the same time keeping watch on the turning round which we every moment expected our erratic friend to emerge. But the loading is ended; the passengers have scrambled to their places, and the final word "all right" is pronounced. At our urgent request one more blast of the guard's bugle is given; there is a moment's pause, and the ribbons are passed through coachee's hands; they are adjusted; the ostlers hastily pull the rugs from the horses' backs, let go the bridle of the leaders, and we are off. We never saw our unlucky friend again. Whether or not he ever reached Sheffield is one of the many unsolved mysteries of our existence.

The right men do not always and easily find their way into the right places, latent talent often lying *perdu* for want of a fitting opportunity to bring it into action. If audacity, audacity, and still audacity be every thing in the political life of a demagogue, manner is the one and indispensable essential in the linen-draper's assistant. Without this virtue all others vanish into thin air; they are lost in the shade, and go for nothing.

A young man whose bluntness was such, that every effort to turn him to account in a linen-drapery establishment was found unavailing, received from his employer the customary notice that he would not suit, and must go.

"But I'm good for something," remonstrated the poor wretch, loth to be turned out into the street.

"You are good for nothing as a salesman, anyhow," retorted the principal, regarding him from his own selfish point of view.

"I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man.

"How? tell me how."

"I don't know, sir; I don't know."

"Nor do I," and the principal laughed as he saw the eagerness the lad displayed.

"Only don't put me away, sir; don't put me away. Try me at something besides selling; I cannot sell, I know I cannot sell."

"I know that, too; that is what is wrong."

"But I can make myself useful somehow. I know I can."

The blunt boy, who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his aptitude for figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became, not only chief cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country.

But the difficulty is to get into the right place. A man may waste the energies of a life-time before he finds himself in a proper sphere of action. A linen-draper, with whom we have the honour of a bowing acquaintance, began business on his own account in early life, but, so grievously did he lack the *suaviter in modo*, that customers but seldom darkened his door. A neighbour, equally idle as himself, was found; and the two hopefuls, from having nothing else to do, took to playing chess, at which game, through constant practice, our friend became an adept. The truth is, he had little trade, and he ate and drank such small profits as were made at it, and, in process of time, having exhausted his stock, he resorted to the general expedient of luckless men and compounded with his creditors.

This little difficulty having been got over, he had a fair start once more, and, of course, he once more resumed his do-little course. But circumstances brought an unlooked-for change. A younger brother of his, with not half the quantity of brains in his head, but with a large share of suavity, having borrowed a few hundred pounds from some confiding friend, opened a warehouse in the same city. From the outset, the attempt of this junior was a great success, and his time was so much taken up in general management, and in attending to sales and salesmen, that he found he really had no opportunity to go to the market to buy goods. In this dilemma he thought of his unemployed, idle, elder brother, and persuaded him to shut his profitless little *boutique*, and join him. He did so, and became buyer. Being a man of much sagacity and prudence, excellently adapted by natural shrewdness for a buyer, although he was unable to sell, he did his work to such purpose that the concern became noted for the excellency of its wares, and thrived amazingly.

Perhaps it is not generally known that drapery establishments are conducted on such a scale of magnitude as they are in some large cities. In London, one house does business annually to the extent of two millions sterling in value. In one of the chief mercantile towns in Scotland, there is a concern that disposes of goods, yearly, amounting to a million sterling.

As a contrast to the unity that subsisted between the two brothers, whose fortunate career has just been touched upon, we shall state the case of another linen-drapery establishment in a provincial town, in which several brothers were interested, whose partnership was not equally happy. Differences having arisen between the brothers in the concern, the youngest, for reasons never well explained, seceded, and began an opposition business with a partner of his own choosing. They had not gone on long together when the partner, finding himself one day involved in a perplexed love-affair, took an unceremonious leave.

The credit of the house was shaken by such an untoward *exposé*. It became bankrupt; the effects belonging to the junior brother were all sold off by public auction; and, further, a certain day was fixed, on which his interest in the lease of the premises would also be sold. If he were permitted to retain the premises, the young man thought he could see his way to a possible redemption of his position; but, once deprived of them, he could only look forward to a life of poverty and humiliation. He had once been successful in his pursuits, although he was now overwhelmed with reverses, and he was a proud man—as proud as either of his rich brothers; yet he bent himself to write a note to the eldest, who was very rich, soliciting his aid and assistance to protect him from this final degradation. He added, it is said, a note at the bottom of his letter, to the effect that if his brother did not grant him what he asked he would most probably not further trouble him. To this note no answer was returned. It is alleged that the brother to whom it was addressed was out of town and did not receive it; and, on the other hand, it is said that the postscript had been regarded as savouring of a threat. The day so much dreaded at length arrived, and the property was duly knocked down by the auctioneer—sold. On the evening of the same day the unfortunate man shot himself through the heart. The family hushed up the tragic story.

The present mode of conducting the linen-drapery business is to have one price only, from which no deviation is made. But this is a modern innovation on the good old times, when higgling over a bargain was a common practice. The improvement was instituted by an eminent firm in the city, and from thence it naturally radiated to the outskirts, and thence to the provinces, where, however, it took many years to obtain a solid footing.

Long after the people of England had adopted the one-price system, the Scotch and Irish adhered to their old ways. In either Scotland or Ireland whatever

price was asked, an offer of less money was invariably made; a *talkee* followed; and sometimes, and sometimes not, a bargain was struck. A remarkable feature of difference might here be observed between the Scottish and the Irish character. If an Irishman offered a price in a shop for an article he wished to buy, and the linen-draper happened to accept the price he offered sharp off, the Milesian, although perhaps staggered in his judgment, and doubting that he had gone wrong, and made a mistake in offering too much, nevertheless, from a chivalrous feeling of honour, held firm to the offer he had made, like a man; but the canny Scot, in the like circumstances, under the apprehension that he had committed a blunder, would button up his pocket carefully, take up the debatable article and submit it to another minute scrutiny, and, as if a new light had dawned upon him, would quietly say as he walked away, that he “would call to-morrow.”

It is no easy task to introduce an improvement in any trade. A certain linen-drapery establishment, on an extensive scale in a large city, having been opened on the principle of having a fixed price, from which no abatement whatever would be given, had nearly proved a failure from its novelty. The custom was a new one, and the people, among whom it was introduced for the first time, could not be reconciled to it. Like the young lady who consented to be married on a summary notice, but who still insisted on having her proper allowance of courtship, many ladies insist that they shall be allowed the privilege, which is theirs prescriptively, of higgling over every purchase they make at the linen-draper's. But when at length the price of goods purchased at the no-second-price establishment was compared with that of others in the same trade, in the same city, and found to be lower—which it could afford to be, because the whole was based on a sound calculation—business flowed upon the concern, and it became ultimately the most flourishing in the city. Yet, before the public found out that they could be

well and cheaply served, the proprietors, despairing of the success of their plan, had had part of their stock packed up in bales, with the intention of abandoning the enterprise.

Vidocq did not institute a keener system of espionage over the *gamins* of Paris than is brought to bear upon the linen-draper's assistant to keep him honest. He is the best-watched man in her Majesty's dominions. Not even Thieves' Corner or a ticket-of-leave man is held under such strict and never-slackening surveillance. Art and science have been exhausted to keep his fingers out of the till. Check upon check has been invented to prevent his robbing his employer. The mode at present followed in large houses is *not to let him touch money at all*. When he makes a sale he calls aloud the word "cash," and *presto* an imp of a boy emerges, who seizes the money, and, along with it, certain check papers which have been prepared by the assistant, and which he has filled up, and carries all off to a central cashier, who receives them, retains the money, stamps the bill in token that it has passed the ordeal of his desk, and gives it back to the boy, who delivers it to the customer.

That no speculation goes on in defiance of this spy system, it would be hard to say; but there can be no doubt that the difficulty of taking money is vastly increased by it, and it is certain that we hear of comparatively few cases of linen-drappers' assistants being up at the metropolitan police-courts for this offence. Let us hope that improved habits and rectitude of principle have the larger influence in preserving them from crime. Their remuneration, as a general rule, is not large, and the temptation is strong. Salaries for ordinary country hands, besides food and lodging, range from 20% to 50% per annum. Greater remuneration is only given to hands of some standing, who have proved themselves useful, and whom it may be the wish of the employer to retain in the establishment. With such scanty means to maintain some outward appearance of respectability, unless a young man is

assisted by his friends at home, or is exceedingly careful, his sources of out-of-door enjoyment must be very limited indeed. As a body, linen-drappers' assistants are, perhaps, the most numerous in any calling having pretensions to a genteel garb; yet they are far from being notorious as breakers of the public peace, or scandalous as the perpetrators of crime.

If linen-drappers' assistants, like the renowned Whittington, by assiduity and well-directed industry have raised themselves from a humble origin to be mayors, and aldermen, and members of parliament, and occasionally to have the honour of knighthood conferred upon them, they have only reached those points of human elevation in common with many other tradesmen, and therefore there is little room for vanity on this head. Yet the thorough-bred assistant does feel proud of the distinction attained by his brethren of the craft, and sometimes boasts of it too.

Linen-drappers' assistants have arrived at the acme of earthly greatness when they are promoted from behind the counter to the enviable dignity of traveller. A guinea a day as travelling expenses, and a horse and gig, were something to boast of, and accordingly the traveller *par excellence*, proud of his well-appointed turn-out, usually held himself to be a man of consideration. He lived well at the hotels in the town, through which he passed; had his pint of sherry to dinner; and, on special occasions, when he invited a customer to dine with him, a bottle of port was indulged in. But as he must not pass beyond his guinea, this luxury was a rare one. No doubt he was obliged to labour diligently to obtain large orders; otherwise, on his return to head-quarters things might not be made quite comfortable to him. Railways, however, have very much altered the character of the commercial traveller. He is a less important personage now than he was thirty years ago. Besides, country merchants prefer going up to town to select goods for themselves to trusting the execution of their orders to him.

We shall close these remarks by

relating the following incident of a commercial traveller. He had been receiving an order of some extent, and which had taken a considerable time to note down, from a linen-draper who unfortunately was remarkably deaf. During the progress of the transaction he had necessarily to shout to the utmost extent of his voice in the ear of his customer. The business, however, being at length at an end, the traveller buckled up his traps, and went away. His next place of call was at the shop of an elderly gentleman only a few doors off. The patterns were again opened out, and the process of examination and the usual colloquy on such occasions went on comfortably in all respects, until the

old draper stooped over one of the patterns, and, without lifting his head, while he was examining the quality of a piece of goods exhibited to him, put some simple question. Our commercial friend, forgetting for the moment where he was, and thinking he was still dealing with his former deaf customer, put his lips close to the ear of the inquirer, and roared out an answer with the voice of a stentor. The old gentleman was astounded; he was horror-stricken. He raised his head, and staggered back. He supposed the traveller had gone mad, and he was only convinced by slow degrees that he was not absolutely insane, when he received an explanation of the cause that had led to the mistake. A.

"SING, SING, BIRD OF SPRING."

Sing, sing,
Bird of spring,
Sing at her casement a réveillée to my Love.
Thou that yearly shelterest
Underneath her eaves thy nest,
Knowing in her neighbourhood
Nothing harbours else than good,
Peace, security and rest;
Sing her thy best.

Say, say,
Buds of May,
Do ye not languish for the presence of my Love?
Breathing but when she is nigh,
Flowering only for her eye,
Happy if your choicest blossom
Find such grace as in her bosom
One enraptured hour to lie,—
There, there to die!

Twine, twine,
Gentle vine,
Twine round her trellis, make a bower for my Love!
Clinging tendrils, court her sight,
Whispering leaves, her ear invite;
If she mark not, boldly clamber,
Favoured envoy, to her chamber;
Plead until she rise and light
The world's long night.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRAY LAMB IN THE FOLD AGAIN.

FEW but friendly were the words which passed next morning between father and son. The father began by stating most peremptorily that, as for any proposal which had reference to volunteering, it might as well not be mentioned, as he did not mean to listen to any. We have already had occasion to make the remark that men above fifty were at that period unconquerably averse to the volunteer force. If Ambrogio felt a real desire to be a soldier, he had nothing to do but to wait his turn of the conscription, which would be within two years. Then, and then only, could Ambrogio's wish, if it lasted so long, be indulged; but he must be a soldier in earnest, knowing what he was about, and doing it according to rule.

Ambrogio readily agreed to the terms, and for three principal reasons: first, because he was unwilling to thwart his father, whom he sincerely respected and loved; secondly, that he considered himself fairly beaten, and therefore in honour bound to submit to the fair conditions offered; and thirdly, that he believed the victory of Goito and the surrender of Peschiera would bring the war of independence to a close. Nor was the conversation which took place between Vincenzo and Barnaby less satisfactory. Indeed, it mainly turned upon the way in which the news of Vincenzo's escapade had been received at the palace, and the consequent sort of humour he was likely to find there. Barnaby's unalterable optimism, restricted though it was to this one particular, did not belie itself. According to his version, the Signor Avvocato had been rather agreeably tickled than otherwise by his godson's spirited freak, and was ready to

back him up well against the seminary; and in support of this assertion Barnaby quoted the few phrases he had retained of his master's letter to the principal, unwittingly deepening their colour. As for the signorina, ah, poor thing! her eyes were sadly swollen with crying, which was no sign of anger; only to have seen her when she first heard that Vincenzo had enlisted, only to have heard her begging her father to send after him, was sufficient to satisfy any one that all was safe in that quarter; Vincenzo might take Barnaby's word for that. Vincenzo did not, however, take it without some mental reservations and abatement; still there was a good portion of comfort left, even allowing for such subtractions. After a hasty breakfast taken together, the two couples got into their respective gigs, and separated for the nonce, to meet again by special agreement at the mayor's house, which lay in Barnaby's road. The mayor's roan horse being a much faster trotter than Barnaby's black mare, as had been ascertained by a careful comparison of notes, the respective owners had chosen rather to part company for a time than for the one to be a drag on the other. This arrangement also effectually saved the old fire-eater's *amour-propre*, for the roan had been already an hour in his stable when Blackie stopped at the mayor's door.

The mayor and his son were of course there to receive their guests; but a third person was with them, at sight of whom Barnaby's features screwed themselves up into a curious grimace, expressive of alarm and pugnaciousness. This third person was Giuseppe, the young man, if you remember, whose growing favour with the Signor Avvocato gave the greatest umbrage to Barnaby. Giuseppe, seeing the storm gathering on the wrinkled brow of his elder, hastened to

explain how, on receipt of the mayor's letter informing the Signor Avvocato of his godson's arrival and detention at the mayor's house, he had been dispatched in Barnaby's absence to meet and bring home the fugitive. Giuseppe's explicit admission that he had been used as a *pis-aller* for Barnaby fell like oil on the rising waves of the old gardener's wrath. Nevertheless, he observed in a very curt manner, meant to set at rest all doubt as to his own superiority, that the lad was in his charge, and should remain so until once more safe in the palace. Giuseppe said nothing to the contrary; upon which Ugly and Good condescended to disarm. The dinner to which they presently sat down was copious, if not varied. The poultry yard had supplied it almost entirely; but the two condiments of cordiality and cheerfulness made up abundantly for want of variety. The conversation ran exclusively on the victories of Peschiera and Goito; and many were the bumpers drained to the health of the king and army, and to the speedy termination of the campaign. The remotest hamlets were by this time sharing in the general intoxication caused by the great news; and all along the route our travellers had been struck by the universal excitement, and by the unanimous and almost magical celerity with which triumphal arches of laurel were erected, in addition to preparations for illuminations even in the humblest dwellings. It was a lucky coincidence that the glorious tidings should have reached these rural districts on a *fête* day—in fact, on Ascension-day; a coincidence which went far to enhance, and, to a certain extent, to hallow their celebration. As mayor of the village, Ambrogio's father had been able to get up a demi-religious, demi-political demonstration, in the shape of a procession to take place after vespers; and in which would figure all the notables of the place and the clergy, accompanied by the municipal body and the national guard with its band of music, not to speak of illuminations and fireworks in the evening.

The mayor urged Barnaby to stay over the night, if not for his own plea-

sure, to let Vincenzo enjoy the sight in Ambrogio's company; but Barnaby was proof against all entreaty. Cross-grained people are not necessarily without feeling—very often quite the contrary, as in this individual instance. No bribe could have induced Barnaby to prolong the anxiety he was aware his master and the signorina must be suffering. Such a good reason shut the mayor's mouth—he could not even plead merey to Blackie as an excuse for delay; that valuable animal had been so recruited by rest and food that she looked brisk enough for double the work she had before her.

The gig was already at the door, an affectionate farewell spoken *hinc inde*, the two lads pledging themselves to an eternal friendship, when the mayor exclaimed to Barnaby, "Wait a moment; we have forgotten this youngster's cassock, though, to judge from appearances, I do not think he will be in a hurry to put it on again."

"Pray don't trouble yourself," cried Vincenzo; "I prefer leaving it behind. Ah! but I remember now, it does not belong to me."

"Never mind that," said Barnaby; "let it stay where it is; we'll pay its value if we are asked for it; I'll be bound its price won't ruin us."

"Nor are the clothes I have on mine," added Vincenzo, in sudden and great perplexity, "and I really ought to return them to their owner."

Here Ambrogio interrupted him with a hurried "Keep them as a recollection of me and our journey."

"Yes, yes, keep them," echoed Ambrogio's father; "my son has long outgrown them."

"Well, we'll keep them, and be thankful for them 'also," interposed Barnaby; "but on condition that you allow us to give you something in return."

"No such thing," cried both father and son, as they saw Barnaby, after fumbling in his pocket, draw forth a time-worn leather purse.

"Now listen to me," resumed Barnaby; "I am not going to offer to pay you for the clothes, but answer me a

question. There is some poor person in the parish to whom you would probably have given them? Well, give instead this couple of five-franc pieces, and thus we sha'n't feel as if we had been robbing our neighbour."

"But—" began the mayor.

"No buts," interrupted Barnaby; "either give such person this little help, or we can't take Ambrogio's clothes;" and Barnaby, with an irate jerk forward of his whole body, looked as if about to alight.

"Have your own way then, you obstinate fellow," said the mayor good humouredly, accepting the money.

"That's right, and thank you. Good day;" and Barnaby drove off in triumph with his captive.

Vincenzo hailed this final divorce from his seminarist's robe as a great victory; it was a *fait accompli*, which, at least in his eyes, raised his chances of emancipation fifty per cent. Another cause of inward satisfaction was the unmistakable admiration of which he had seen himself the object to a circle of urchins gathered round the gig, who had never ceased staring at the would-be volunteer during this last debate between Barnaby and the mayor—Vincenzo's first sip of popularity. The drive presented no incident worth relating, unless it be the meeting at a late hour with a band of merry youths belonging to Rumelli on their way home, who, on recognising the well-known grumbler, opened a battery of jokes against him, keeping up, till they lost sight of him, a brisk fire of "There goes Radetzsky!" to the incredible exasperation of the old man, who swore he would make an example of them. Nothing came of the threat, however, save some useless slashes with the whip at the innocent bushes by the road side, responded to by derisive laughter and redoubled discharges of the obnoxious nickname.

As to what was said between the couple in the gig—and the conversation did not languish—it all related to the main question at issue—cassock or no cassock—and was summed up on Barnaby's part in this short formula, "If you ever put it on again I have

done with you;" and in still fewer words from Vincenzo, "I'll die first."

No glimpse of light lingered in any of the windows of the palace when they reached it at midnight; so both groped their way up to their respective rooms in the attic, and tired as they were soon went to sleep. Vincenzo awoke early the next morning, and could not close his eyes again for thinking of the dream he had had. He had dreamed that the Signor Arvocato had received him with so much kindness, and had begged him in such a paternal manner to reconsider his resolution of renouncing the priesthood, had urged him so earnestly to resume his studies at the seminary, that Vincenzo had ended by giving a reluctant consent. "God grant he may not be such as I saw him in my dream," thought Vincenzo; "I would rather a thousand times he were angry and harsh than kind and gentle to me. I could not resist his kindness—that I am as sure of as that if I go back to the seminary it will be the death of me. Nothing, no, nothing in the world could ever reconcile me to a profession for which nature most certainly never intended me." During this soliloquy Vincenzo dressed himself, and then opened the window; it was a gusty rainy morning, the sky one uniform tint of grey. The lad inhaled with delight the cool air and the racy scent arising from the moistened earth. He stood there long, listening to the thrushes, and looking with the keen pleasure of one newly returned to a dear home, at the row of familiar dwarf acacias, which, with their rounded tops, had a considerable likeness to broomsticks surmounted by periwigs. Vincenzo had no idea of what hour it might be; the clock of the village, owing to the direction of the wind down the plain, could not be heard that morning at the palace. Barnaby had promised to come to him early; probably, as he had not made his appearance, it was not yet his usual hour for rising; at all events, Vincenzo scrupled to wake the old man. Had it not been raining so hard he would have gone down to the garden, with the certainty of meet-

ing his godfather taking his usual early walk, and so have got over their first meeting. As it was, no chance now of accomplishing that out of doors ; but when and where, then, should he see the Signor Avvocato ? It stood to reason that it was Vincenzo's duty to seek the Signor Avvocato ; yet he was shy of doing so until somebody should have informed the Signor Padrone of his return. At last, unable to go on arguing the matter with himself alone, Vincenzo made up his mind to go and wake Barnaby. He opened his own door gently, and stood on the threshold listening if there were any sounds of moving in the house. Suddenly a door below opened noisily, and he heard a heavy step coming up the stairs. Could it be the Signor Avvocato ? Yes, not a doubt of it. Where could he be going ? Could he be coming in search of the truant ? Vincenzo closed his door with the utmost precaution, and with a beating heart returned to his station at the window. It was actually the Signor Avvocato, who, in his impatience to ascertain whether the carriage he had heard drive to the door during the night had brought back the seminarist as well as Barnaby, had got up an hour earlier than his wont, and in his dressing gown was making his way to Vincenzo's room.

This was, indeed, a good sign. The Signor Avvocato had, as we know, a real attachment for his godson, which at any time would have inclined him to be indulgent ; and the elation of his spirits, consequent on the glorious news received on the preceding day, putting for the moment principals of seminaries and political misgivings into the background, left full play to the promptings of his kindly disposition. The Signor Avvocato, when happy himself, was not the man to give pain to others.

"Ah ! here thou art at last," said the elderly gentleman, pushing open Vincenzo's door ; "I hope thou hast had a pleasant journey—how the sun has browned thy face ! I expect thou wilt soon give the world a large volume full of thy notes of travel."

"Oh, sir !" faltered Vincenzo, moved

to tears, and kissing his godfather's hand, "how very good you are—not to upbraid me . . ."

"Ta, ta, ta !" interrupted the master of the palace ; then added, with a proper assumption of severity, "I don't advise you to rely too much on my goodness ; better try to deserve it, sir."

"And so I will, with all my strength," was Vincenzo's eager reply.

"Very well, we shall see. Deeds, not words, is my motto. What, may I ask, has become of your cassock ?"

"It was in such a threadbare state, really going to pieces," answered the youth, evading a direct reply.

"In truth, it was far from good," said the gentleman ; "however, it can be easily replaced if necessary."

"Then I may be pretty sure it never will be," observed Vincenzo.

"How so ?" inquired the Signor Avvocato.

"Because you added the condition of its being necessary ; and, indeed, sir, I can foresee no case in which my resuming the cassock could be considered a matter of necessity."

"Fine talking. After all, what do you know about it, Mr. Arguer ? the decision does not rest with you. You must do as you are desired."

"I am safe, then," rejoined Vincenzo, quickly, "for you, sir, will never require of me what you know to be out of my power."

"Methinks your travels have sharpened your wits," observed the Signor Avvocato, with a shade of complacency. "No wonder, however, considering the distinguished leader under whose auspices you commenced them. So, your colonel Roganti, was but a sorry knave, after all. Tell me about him and his tricks."

Vincenzo did so, to the infinite amusement of his listener, who chuckled amazingly at the notion of his godson's going about offering hymns and scapularies for sale, and gratefully receiving alms in aid of the State. While Vincenzo was still narrating his adventures, Barnaby came into the room, and, to show his satisfaction at the evident good understanding between his master and

his *protégé*, went through a series of grins and winks that might have made a monkey jealous.

The Signor Avvocato, in the best of humours, at last returned to his own bed-chamber to finish dressing, while Vincenzo, in obedience to his orders, went down to the kitchen in quest of a breakfast, thankful and happy to have fallen so luckily on his feet.

As, with some malice prepense, he loitered after his meal in the dining-room, a large hall on the ground-floor, which adjoined the kitchen, Miss Rose, in a great hurry and excitement, came thither in search of him. On seeing him, she stopped for a second, as if puzzled or alarmed by the change in his appearance, then ran forward and shook hands with him, saying, "Oh, Vincenzo ! I scarcely knew you at first ; you look like another person !" Something there was in these words which gave Vincenzo a sudden pang. He said, sorrowfully, "Whatever alteration there may be in me outwardly, pray believe that my heart has not changed, signora."

"I am sure it has not," said Rose, with some warmth, "nor has mine, I assure you. I am very, very glad to see you back again ; only I must tell you, that you looked much better in your seminarist's dress. It is really true, then, that you do not mean to take orders ? What a pity !"

"Why a pity ?" said Vincenzo ; "on the contrary, it ought to be a matter of thanksgiving for you, as well as for me, that I have discovered in time my want of vocation for the Church. Is it not ten thousand times better to be a good layman than a bad priest ?"

"Well, I don't know—I suppose so," said Rose, far from convinced. "We'll ask Don Natale. Ah ! now you must explain the last part of your letter to me. I could not make it out."

"You remind me," said Vincenzo, drawing forth the purse, and taking it out of the paper in which it had been carefully wrapped, "that I have a restitution to make. Here is your purse."

"Why do you give it me back ? Won't you keep it ?"

"Keep it !" exclaimed Vincenzo ; "only too gladly, if you tell me I may do so. As it was, having failed in the pledge I gave you, that I would force Del Palmetto to give it up, I did not feel entitled to keep it."

"I confess I don't see where you have failed," replied Rose ; "however, as your conscience is so tender, I make you a present of it anew. And now, please to explain this mysterious phrase ;" and the young lady took from her apron-pocket Vincenzo's letter.

A flush of pleasure diffused itself over Vincenzo's pale cheeks. The fact that she had carried his letter about her, and the inference he drew from it, passed, as it were, a sponge over the little disagreeables that had clouded their meeting.

"This is the sentence that puzzled me and papa too," said Rose, pointing to it with her finger.

"You showed my letter, then, to the Signor Avvocato ?" asked Vincenzo, blushing again.

"Of course I did ;" and Rose read aloud the enigmatical passage :—*Should I never see you again, I feel sure that your kind heart will not disapprove of the way I shall have disposed of it,* "meaning the purse, you know," said the girl, interrupting herself ; then continuing with emphasis, *that is, should the knowledge ever reach you.* "Now, what does all that mean ?"

"It means this," said Vincenzo, giving her the little memorandum he had made upon the paper enveloping the purse, and which ran thus :—"May 27, 1848. —Should I fall in battle, I, the undersigned, beg, as a last favour of those who may find my body, to bury with it the inclosed purse.—Vincenzo Candia."

Rose changed colour and said, slowly and gravely, "I understand now. And so," resumed she, after a pause, looking up at him, "you deliberately intended to expose your life, without heeding for one moment the anxiety you would cause papa and me."

"How do you know I did not think of that ?"

"If you had," retorted Rose, "you

would not have had the heart to inflict such pain."

"But," said Vincenzo, "if every one were to shrink from being a soldier, because of inflicting pain and anxiety on friends, who would there be to defend our country?"

"I am not speaking of regular soldiers, who are paid for fighting; there will always be plenty of them; but of those who volunteer as you did," said Rose. "Besides, this is not a war for defending our country, it is one of attack; Father Terenziano says so."

Father Terenziano, a Capuchin, renowned far and wide for sanctity, was Miss Rose's confessor.

"I beg your pardon," said the youth, warmly; "this is a war of defence and not of attack. We do not attack Austria on her own soil, do we? We defend our own land, our own countrymen, from her unjust sway. Suppose a band of brigands were to come and take possession by force of this palace, wouldn't you and your father be justified in trying to throw them out of the windows, and, if you could not manage it yourselves, in calling in your neighbours to help you to recover possession of your own property? This is just what the Lombards have done: they have driven the foreign invader out of their towns and villages, and have called on us, their neighbours and brethren, to lend a hand in driving them beyond the mountains; and we are striving to do so at this very moment. Austrians are our born foes; they have been the plague of Italy for ages."

"I know nothing as to what Austrians have been to Italy," said Rose, in a tone of pique; "but this I know, they are Christians like ourselves. Father Terenziano says so, and Pio Nono said the same when they wanted to force him to declare war against Austria."

"I don't deny their being Christians, but how that gives them a right impiously to enslave and trample under foot other Christians, I am at a loss to understand," rejoined Vincenzo.

"Oh! for goodness sake let us have done with politics," exclaimed Rose.

"How I do loathe the very name!" and so saying she skipped out of the room.

Rose had but repeated, parrot-like, the two great arguments in vogue at that time, and by which the yet covert enemies of the new order of things sought to prejudice the popular mind against the war. The war was one of aggression, of ambition; and the Austrians, were they not Christians? Such were the mighty discoveries, which, issuing from vestries and still holier places, made their way to the cottage and the workshop, nay, to far less humble abodes, and influenced persons who ought to have known better.

Such education as Rose had had the benefit of, if we may dignify by that name the string of idle nursery tales and miraculous legends with which her young head was crammed, and the routine of external practices of devotion from which the spirit that vivifies was absent—such education, we say, as had fallen to Rose's lot, had prepared her to be a fit recipient for, and a ready believer in, any platitude, so long as it came from the quarter in which lay her earliest predilections. When yet a mere baby, Rose had been inoculated by her mother, a pious but narrow-minded woman, with a lively taste for the pomps and pageant-ries of the Roman Catholic Church; she had been taught to look on its ministers, and indeed on everybody and thing belonging to it, with a species of idolatry. Rose had thus from her earliest years learned to identify religion with priests and processions—her religion had in it more of the senses than of the spirit. To pray to God, she needed a church, and incense, and a priest. A forest, the sea, or an expanse of sky, would never have inspired her with a religious feeling. She had been sent to school to a convent of nuns of the *Sacro Cuore*; and there she had imbibed her first notions of right and wrong, received those strong impressions which bias the whole of after life. Even up to the present moment she still continued, when at Ibella, to frequent the sisters, to receive such instruction as they could or would impart. With what result we see. Rose,

at fourteen, was deeply imbued with the opinions and views, the likings and dislikings, of the religious circle in which she moved ; that is, with views, opinions, and prejudices diametrically opposed to those of her father and the times she was living in. The late political change in Piedmont was bringing this dissidence between father and daughter into strong relief.

The father, whose tongue was no longer tied by considerations of worldly prudence, tried to interfere and alter the obnoxious bent of her mind. It was too late. A condign punishment for his apathy and for years of time-serving complaisance ! The parental authority which he had for so long allowed to remain a dead letter, was forfeited ; it had passed into the hands of the nuns, the confessor, the priest. Not that Rose did not love her father ; she did, and very tenderly ; only she did not defer to his judgment. The Signor Avvocato gave up the struggle as hopeless, and consoled himself with saying, "After all, what does it matter whether she be a liberal or a little *codina* ; she is only a woman, and women are zeros in politics." A dictum which proves that, with all his liberalism, the Signor Avvocato was not "a man of his century."

Rose was sulky with Vincenzo all the rest of the forenoon, and would probably have remained in the same pleasant mood the whole day, had he not made the first advances, and sought her society. The child-like part of her disposition soon got the upper hand of her temper, and they were again as good friends as ever. The rain ceased, the sun shone out, and so they strolled about the grounds, and no mention, not even an allusion, passed the lips of either as to what had occurred between them in the morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

TENACEM PROPOSITI.

NEXT day, after breakfast, Vincenzo went to pay Don Natale a visit. He had a double object in doing so—to discharge

a duty towards a superior and an old and tried friend, and also to show his deference to the recommendation given to him by Miss Rose the previous day. Don Natale listened to the lad's *mea culpa* and consequent outpourings with his usual indulgence and kindness, prescribed the daily recital of certain orisons to the Virgin, together with the daily perusal of the Gospels, and assured Vincenzo that if, in spite of prayer and holy studies, his alleged repugnance for the calling to which he had been destined continued unabated, he, Don Natale, for one, would not only discountenance anything like moral compulsion, but do his best to smooth the lad's path towards the attainment of what he stated to be his present wish.

Vincenzo, with a lightened heart, hastened to Miss Rose, and repeated to her, *verbatim*, the conversation he had had with her old favourite. Rose said it was well, thanked Vincenzo for having acted upon her advice, and expressed her confidence in the efficacy of the means counselled by Don Natale. After this she spoke no more on the vexed question ; nor was it alluded to by the Signor Avvocato, whose behaviour made good the promise held out by his kind reception of the truant.

The month of June was full of occupation and excitement for Rose. Three great holy-days—Whitsunday, the Holy Trinity, and Corpus Christi—all occurred within the space of less than a fortnight ; and on each of these solemnities Rose had many and important offices to perform, and a degree of activity to display corresponding to their number and importance. There was the adorning of the high altar, and the decking of the Image of our Lady to see to—duties which had devolved on Rose for half of her young life ; seemingly easy tasks to the uninitiated, but not to Rose, who knew better what an amount of time and nice discrimination was necessary to apportion to each occasion, according to its hierarchic rank, its appropriate degree of splendour, and no more ; its right number of tapers, and not one beyond—and so on. For instance, it is

evident, is it not, that the same array, the same necklace, which befitted our Lady on Whitsunday, could not, without a glaring anachronism, be suitable for Corpus Christi, or *vice versâ*.

Then, there was the new banner of the Sisterhood of the young Guardians of the Holy Heart, sent for the occasion by the nuns of Ibella to the Prioress of the Sisterhood, no other than Miss Rose, to be garlanded with natural and artificial flowers—there was the new anthem to be learned by heart by herself, and taught to the other sisters, and rehearsed *sine fine*—and last, not least, there were to be got ready for the procession twelve white robes with twelve blue sashes, twelve white veils, and as many wreaths of orange-flowers. All these and other preparations, the detail of which we omit, required a good deal of time, and of both physical and mental exertion—for many were the knotty points which had to be cut or untied in the course of the arrangements. Vincenzo, who was not deficient in knowledge of questions connected with religious festivals, proved now a most useful auxiliary to Rose, who generally admitted him to the cabinet councils wherein such difficulties were debated.

Thus slipped blandly away the first fortnight of July. About that time it began to be whispered about that Vicenza had been retaken by the Austrians, and over the day-dreams of the Signor Avvocato there came a change. Vincenzo noticed with a quail the knitted brows and absorbed look of his godfather, as he started for Ibella in quest of official information. It was, alas ! too true that Vicenza had been recaptured. The Austrians had received reinforcements, and had assumed a threatening attitude. Flying rumours from the camp exaggerated the too well founded truth ; told of the lamentable mismanagement of the commissariat, and painted our soldiers starving with plenty of food within their reach.

There was, in the sad intelligence, taken by itself, more than sufficient to revive all the former alarms of the Signor Avvocato ; and even the dose of

comfort administered by the intendente, a clever and energetic man, failed to allay their poignancy. "My dear friend," said the scared mayor of Rumelli in answer to the intendente's remonstrances against desponding, "you forget that I have a private standing account to settle with the principal of the seminary, and which, under present circumstances, is not likely to be closed to my advantage. I would as soon have a pack of bloodhounds at my heels as that iron-faced Torquemada, with the bishop and chapter and all their confounded tail backing him. They'll set the whole parish against me ; they will—you'll see they will."

"I advised you once already," said the intendente, "to make up your quarrel with the principal ; and I tell you again, do so now while you are in time."

"Make it up, make it up," grumbled the Signor Avvocato ; "it is easier said than done. How do I know he, for one, would make it up ?"

"Trust the matter to me, will you ?" said the functionary. "I am to see the bishop one of these days, on business ; will you empower me to sign a treaty of peace on the following terms—withdrawal of your obnoxious letter to the principal, complete amnesty, and unconditional reintegration of your *protégé* to the seminary ? Will that do ?"

"Perfectly, as far as I am concerned," said the Signor Avvocato ; "but, the boy . . . there's the rub, for the stupid fellow will not go back to the establishment on any terms."

"If that be the case . . ." said the intendente, concluding the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders, and a projection of the lower lip, which intimated as clearly as any words, "then there's nothing to be done."

The Avvocato, who wanted to lash himself into a rage, went on : "And, after all I have done for him, this is the return he makes me—yes, against the express will of his father, that opinionated scrapegance sets up his own whims. Everybody, it seems, must have his own way except me. With not a

penny in the world, I should like to know how he means to live? Much as any thing like compulsion is repugnant to my feelings, I am not sure if . . . if I ought not in this case . . . to use for his good . . . some of the parental authority confided to me by his father."

The speaker's eager glance vainly endeavoured to screw out of the, for the time being, immoveable features of his listener a cue to the solution of the doubt he had expressed. The intendente was far too conscientious and really liberal a man to give, by word or sign, the least support to the immolation of a poor orphan boy.

"You say nothing?" at last exclaimed the Signor Avvocato.

"My good friend, if I am to speak on this subject, it would not be to advise you to use the authority of which you are the depository, in order to compel a reluctant consent to what goes against the lad's feelings. Reason with him; admonish, persuade as much as you will; but no compulsion. On my side, I will sound the bishop, and ascertain from him on what terms the lad might be received back, should he be disposed to return; all this, of course, as from myself, and without any commission from you. So that, in case you fail to influence your *protégé*, you preserve all your liberty of action." The Signor Avvocato agreed willingly enough to this arrangement, it remaining understood between the two friends that not a word should be said to Vincenzo about the seminary, until after the intendente's interview with his grace.

Vincenzo had had a presentiment from the first that the loss of Vicenza would recoil upon him, and the embarrassment he detected in the looks and manner of the Signor Avvocato towards him after his visit to Ibella confirmed this presentiment. The boy could have wagered his head that the subject of his re-entering the seminary had been mooted between his godfather and the intendente; so his heart thumped like a steam-engine when the Signor Avvocato rose from table, after having expatiated all through the meal on the folly of a little

state waging war with a big one, and heartily complimented a certain set of unspecified gentlemen upon their cleverness in bestowing upon Piedmont the honour and the benefit of an Austrian occupation. It was generally on rising from his dinner, and withdrawing for his siesta, that the Signor Avvocato was wont to issue summonses to his study, and there deliver lectures or reprimands to such as required them. No summons came, however, and Vincenzo was thankful even for a respite; his heart told him it was only a respite—still it was a gaining of time, in which to gather courage and steel his resolution.

A week or more—ten days passed without bringing any outward or inner change; but he felt the sword of Damocles hanging over him. A messenger from the intendenza, with a letter for the Signor Avvocato, cut the thread to which it was suspended, and down it fell, on the eleventh day. The letter ran thus: "I was not able to see the personage of whom we spoke at our last meeting before yesterday. I hasten now to communicate the result of my overtures. A golden bridge is ready for you and your *protégé*—a visit to the principal from both of you, an expression of regret for what has passed, and everything will be forgotten. Should the lad be equally well disposed as those of whom I write, you had better avoid all delay. The sooner the better. Adieu." Acting upon this recommendation, and also upon the impulse natural to feeble natures, to get out of a state of suspense, the Signor Avvocato sent instantly to summon Vincenzo to his presence.

Vincenzo came as pale as ashes, trembling from hand to foot, but proof against anything, save an appeal to his heart. Lucky for him that his godfather had not the secret of this weak point in his armour, and thrust his lance instead against the well-tempered steel.

"Well, now," said the Signor Avvocato, speaking, contrary to his wont, with great volubility, and frowning with all his might; "well, now, you have had time, I hope, to make your reflections, sir?"

"Sir, I suppose you allude to my intention of relinquishing the career for which I was brought up?" was the subdued answer.

"Of course; what else could I mean?" replied the elderly gentleman, impatiently; "and, pray, what is the decision you have come to?"

"Pray, sir, bear with me for a little, and listen to what I have to say with patience," answered Vincenzo, joining his hands imploringly. "God is my witness, how unspeakably bitter is this trial; God is my witness, I would rather meet death a thousand times..." Vincenzo's eyes were fast filling with tears.

"Fine phrases and tears are not what I want—as I once warned you, 'Deeds not words,' is my motto. Speak plainly—will you return to the seminary or not?"

The harsh words and the scornful tone in which they were uttered sent back the tears, and arrested, in the very nick of time, the dangerous current of sensibility which was carrying away the lad. He resumed, composedly, "I begged of you to bear with me, and listen to me for a while, with your usual indulgence..."

"Will you return to the seminary—yes or no? answer my question," urged the Signor Avvocato.

"You are a great and highly-respected gentleman, and I the son of a poor peasant, a mere cypher in the world; and yet we shall be judged one day, and stand in need of indulgence at the same tribunal..."

"I ask for a straightforward answer, and not for a sermon," interrupted the Signor Avvocato, who was desirous of checking the softness which he felt beginning to gain ground upon him at this appeal.

"In the name of all that is holy—in the name of the dead you loved—in the name of your daughter," burst forth Vincenzo, falling on his knees, and beating his head against the ground, "do hear me, do hear me, for a moment." The Signor Avvocato rose, paced up and down the room, and said,

sitting down again, "Get up, and say what you have to say. I am listening."

Vincenzo got up, wiped the tears from his eyes, and spoke as follows: "You are my benefactor, you are like a father to me; you are the being whom, after God, I most reverence and love; whom I would least of all offend or disappoint. Judge, then, what must be the violence of the feelings by which I am actuated, and which prompt me to resist your will, and encounter your displeasure. There is no sacrifice I would not make to you in return for your kindness; no sacrifice, save this one, which is, in truth, beyond my strength—one which involves not only the misery of all my life, but puts in jeopardy my eternal salvation; for, how am I to meet responsibilities, and discharge duties, from which I shrink? Indeed, indeed, it is not my fault that I feel thus; if what has been to this day but a want of vocation has grown of late into an invincible aversion. It is not of my seeking; it came all of itself. I strove against it, I did indeed; I have prayed to God, humbly and fervently, to help me in my need, to enlighten my blindness, to reconcile me to a lot which I know was your wish. God has judged fit not to grant my prayer—is not that a clear sign that it is not His will that I should enter the sanctuary?"

Vincenzo's simple eloquence, and the passionate earnestness of all his being, as he pleaded his cause, worked their way to the heart of the Signor Avvocato, which was not of stone, as we know; and, had it not been for that ill-omened letter, the chances are that he would have struck his colours unconditionally, and sent seminary and all the rest to a certain place unnameable to ears polite. As it was, he shrank from tying his own hands so as to prevent any future resumption of the offensive, and manoeuvred to leave the question open by saying—

"Now that I have listened to you, you in your turn listen to me. It is not my intention to force your inclinations; but I warn you plainly and dis-

tinctly of this—henceforth you will have no one but yourself to depend upon for getting a living. What it has suited me to do for you up to the present period, in the view of your taking orders and living honourably by your calling, it does not suit me any longer to do, now that the hopes I cherished for you are frustrated by your obstinacy. Forewarned is forearmed ; take time to consider of what I say, and—”

“No, thank you,” cried Vincenzo, hastening to burn his ships. “I cannot accept time to consider that which I have already made up my mind to do. I earnestly wish that there should be entire plain dealing between us.”

“Very well,” said the Signor Avvocato, piqued to the quick ; “shift for yourself, then.”

“I shall work for my daily bread,” said Vincenzo.

“Soon said,” retorted the Signor Avvocato. “What is there that you can do ?”

“What my father did before me,” was the repartee. “I have two hands as he had, and I can manage a hoe.”

“Welcome to do so. You will find it heavier than a breviary. I wish you all success. Farewell.”

Vincenzo stooped to kiss his godfather's plump hand, and left the room. Need we say that the Signor Avvocato did not mean a single word of the threat to leave his godson to his unaided exertions ?

Vincenzo did not make his appearance at dinner. The cook explained confidentially to Miss Rose, that Vincenzo had come into the kitchen for a morsel of bread, which he had taken away with him, and had told her not to put a knife and fork for him any more at table. The Signor Avvocato took no notice of his godson's absence, except to say, when asked by his daughter whether he had sent Vincenzo on any errand, that he had given him no orders, and had none to give him. Vincenzo was his own master.

“But where can he have gone ?” insisted Rose.

“Who can tell ? Perhaps to join

his colonel,” said her father. “Can't you eat your dinner without him ?”

Rose had no choice but to do so, and a poor affair she made of it. As soon as dinner was over, she filled her pockets with cake, and went out in quest of her missing friend. He was at none of their usual haunts. Barnaby, whom she met and questioned, had not seen him, and her heart began to misgive her that he had again left the palace. When Barnaby was made aware of Vincenzo's absence at dinner, he roundly declared that he should not wonder if the lad had drowned himself in one of the fishponds. If he had not done it to-day, well, he would do it to-morrow, and somebody would be served right. The old gardener had been made the confidant of Vincenzo's late doubts and fears, and at sight of a messenger from the Intendenza, had anticipated a cataclysm.

He joined Miss Rose in her search, and at last, in a far-away field, they found the lost sheep. He was with five or six labourers, knee-deep in the earth, without a coat, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, using a hoe with all his might. “What are you doing ?” exclaimed Rose. “Why did you not come to dinner ?”

“I am serving my apprenticeship to the calling of my father, that of a field labourer,” replied the lad, good-humouredly ; “and labourers do not sit down to table with gentlefolks.”

“That is all downright nonsense,” said Rose ; “you will never be able to dig properly ; you are not strong enough ; it will kill you.”

“See yourself if I can't manage a hoe as well as my neighbours,” said Vincenzo, letting fall a vigorous succession of strokes ; “it is not such hard work as it seems ; I feel I have the power in me ; practice is all I want.”

Here Barnaby made a dash at Vincenzo, hugged him, kissed him, and roared, “Bravo, my lad, I honour and respect thee ; I am proud of thee. Stick to thy father's employment ; it is an honourable one ; far more so than mumbling nonsense in Latin, and fattening on other people's sweat.”

Mingled were the Signor Avvocato's feelings when Rose brought him word of Vincenzo's new occupation—a combination of regret at having driven him to such, of shame at the construction people would put on it with reference to himself, and of sincere admiration of the lad's pluck. All of this, of course, he kept to himself, only choosing to say carelessly, "Very well, let him—the boy has been so lazy of late that a little bodily exertion will do him good ; it won't last long ; you know the saying about a fire of straw."

"Still," insisted Rose, "it looks so very odd, so unbecoming, that your godson, one who but yesterday wore a priest's gown, should be digging the ground and herding with labourers, without your interfering."

"Bless me ! to hear you, one would imagine the lad had come out of Jupiter's thigh. Is it your pleasure that I should go and bring him back under a baldachin ?"

Day succeeded day, and the fire continued to burn, for all that it was of straw. Vincenzo, by break of day, was at the appointed place with his fellow-labourers, and dug away lustily and cheerfully, with only such intervals of rest as want of habit entailed on him, and during which he would relate tales to the others, or explain the why and wherefore of the war and its ultimate aim. His diet was that of his comrades, and nothing would induce him to accept of the dainties Rose daily brought him, unless he might distribute them among the men. At the end of a week he had grown the colour of a blackberry, and as thin as a grasshopper ; but he was hale and healthy, and in excellent spirits—a commodity, this last, which daily grew less and less among the inmates of the palace. Rose was out of sorts, particularly with her father ;

and so was Barnaby, who had cut his master entirely. As to the poor master himself, troubled at home and troubled abroad, he knew no longer what to wish. His situation with regard to his godson every day acquired more similarity with that of the boor, who had surprised the wizard's magic word for setting the bucket in motion, but knew not that whereby to stop it.

The fact of Vincenzo having become a day labourer was the talk of the whole village. The marquis had, with polite irony, complimented his neighbour on his new acquisition. Don Natale had called on purpose to ascertain the truth, and had remonstrated with the Signor Avvocato ; people came openly or by stealth to have a peep at Vincenzo with his hoe. Some of the ridicule, and much of the odium arising from the exhibition, could not but be reflected back upon the Signor Avvocato. It was urgent to put a stop to such a state of affairs.

One day—it was the eleventh since Vincenzo had taken to field labour—the Signor Avvocato went to the spot where his godson was working, and said, "It is high time that this farce should finish. Put down that hoe ; I forbid you henceforth to touch it."

Vincenzo instantly obeyed. In the afternoon, about dinner-time, Vincenzo waited for his godfather in the hall of the palace. "Is it your pleasure, sir, that I should dine at your table ?"

"I do not see the necessity," answered the Signor Avvocato, curtly ; "you can take you meals with Barnaby."

Barnaby, in virtue of an old privilege, did not eat with the other servants, but alone. Old Ugly-and-good had never been prevailed upon by his first master and friend, Signor Pietro, to dine with the family.

To be continued.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

THE IMITATIVE THEORY AND MR. MAX MÜLLER'S THEORY OF
PHONETIC TYPES.

WITHOUT intending to underrate the merits of Professor Max Müller's recent and now well-known volume of "Lectures on Language," we yet venture to affirm that the most noteworthy thing about it is its form. The interest with which it will be read for its own sake, great as that is, is inferior to that which it may claim as commemorating an important stage in the history of the youngest of the sciences. That in the year 1860 a course of lectures was delivered within the walls of an institution formally devoted to science, on a study which before the present century would have been regarded merely as a branch of literature, will be a more significant fact for the future historian of science than that those lectures were heard and read with an admiration which they well deserved by the elegance and lucidity of style which is so seldom, as in this case, the vehicle of profound learning. Indeed we should be inclined to accuse Professor Müller of an exaggerated estimate of the importance of the aspect of this fact, of falling too much in one portion of his work into the tone of an advocate endeavouring to establish a good, but disputed title,—a title the soundness of which was admitted by the fact of being mentioned within the institution where the lectures were delivered. Perhaps in this respect our science suffers from the only very convenient name which is applied to it in England. *Philology* has, to some ears, a slightly *unscientific* association—a faint odour of that scholarship which is in a certain sense opposed to the impartial analysis alike of the rich and philosophic Greek or Sanscrit and the barbarous African languages, the very names of which would be unknown to our readers. Nevertheless, we think the Professor overrated our

English aversion to abstract speculation when he spent any time or trouble whatever on the vindication of his first postulate—that Linguistic, as the study is called on the Continent, or *Logology*, if the hideous word could be tolerated for the sake of the correct principles on which it is formed—is a true science.

In remarking on the graceful style of these Lectures as their principal characteristic, we have implied the conviction that they rather bring to a focus the light which has already been thrown on the subject, than add any original ray from the mind of the author. Perhaps, indeed, in a course of popular lectures this was not to be looked for; but we can hardly say that it was not attempted. Our readers will perceive that we are at issue with the Professor on the subject which we have named in connexion with his book; and it is, in fact, the illustration and proof of that hypothesis of the Origin of Language condemned by him, which forms the object of the following paper. Were we noticing a work of less celebrity, we should guard anxiously against the appearance of expressing any estimate of the book which we notice only in connexion with the subject inadequately treated in it. We should carefully explain that we were concentrating our attention on that small part of an admirable work which was written with the left hand. But the number of favourable reviews of the volume which have appeared, and the eagerness with which two editions have been read, render any carefulness of this kind superfluous; and we proceed to explain and illustrate that theory of the Origin of Language on which we join issue with our author.

The first natural prejudice which most thoughtful persons would bring with

them to any discussion on the Origin of Language, is that it must be inevitably fruitless. Language is much more than the garment of thought. We cannot conceive of the separation of the two, as we can of a man and his clothes. The word by which the philosophic Greek signifies reason or speech—a word sanctified to us by its connexion with the deepest mystery of our faith—appears not to belong to either more exclusively. “When we can separate light and illumination, life and motion, the concave and convex of a curve,” says the writer from whom we have taken the above illustration, “then will it be possible for thought to tread speech underfoot, and do without it.” To speculate, therefore, on the origin of speech may appear as fantastic an effort of abstraction, as an endeavour to reason out on *a priori* grounds the condition of the inhabitants of a distant planet. Yet a little reflection is sufficient to show that hypotheses on the Origin of Language rest on precisely the same basis as any other theory in physical sciences—on observations upon accomplished facts, and reasoning from effects to causes. Geology affords an exact parallel; it deals with a series of events which began from the first moment of creation. The state of the world then was scarcely more removed from any conceptions of ours, than that of the human race at the Origin of Language; but, as we do not begin by abstracting all conditions of the present, and reasoning deductively from the residuum, but by observing those effects which are working now, and tracing that chain of cause and effect of which they form one link as far backwards as we can, there is nothing fanciful in geology. To say that this is the right method with the science of language, however, is to a certain extent begging the question, as it is exactly on his neglect of it that our quarrel with the Professor is grounded. We have seen, however, that no one can contend more strenuously than he for the admission of Philology among the physical sciences; and we would urge upon the attention of those who ap-

proach the subject for the first time, that any hypothesis on the subject must rest less upon any positive evidence than upon that verisimilitude which is given by analogy with accepted truth.

A large part of the journey which lies before those who attempt to trace the stream of language to its fountain-head must be made in common, however different the goal they have placed before themselves. We have to resolve speech into its elements before we can enter on any hypothesis respecting the elements. The chief part of Professor Müller's work is occupied with this analysis—in tracing the successive steps by which such a word as *donation*, for example, is first derived from the Latin *donum*, a gift, and ultimately from a root or simple syllable *da*, signifying give. In this way it has been found possible to reduce the endless variety of language comprised in the speech of the Aryan or Indo-European group of nations—in other words, of the dominant race of the world—into four or five hundred elementary syllables. Now, all we have to account for is the existence of these roots. How we get from *donation* to *da* is clear enough; but how do we get from *da* to the act it signifies? Is the word a mere accidental label stuck on to the thing? Or is there any inherent connexion between sounds and things? That is the first question; on which, however, we need not pause, as our issue with the Professor is not joined upon it. That there is nothing accidental in language is indeed the first assumption on which its admission among the physical sciences rests. Our issue with the Professor is exclusively upon the nature of the connexion between sounds and things.

We give his account of the matter in his own words, necessarily much compressed. He notices three theories, as he makes them—the last being his own. We, however, invert the order, and begin from that hypothesis which is peculiar to our author.

1. “The roots which remain as the “constituent elements of language are “*phonetic types*, produced by a power

"inherent in human nature. There is a law which runs through nearly the whole of nature, that everything which is struck, rings. It was the same with man, the most highly organised of nature's works. Man, in his most primitive and perfect state, was not only endowed, like the brute, with the power of expressing his sensations by interjections, and his perceptions by onomatopœia. He possessed likewise the faculty of giving more articulate expression to the rational conceptions of his own mind."

It may be thought that the vagueness of the foregoing paragraph is due to our omissions. We can only assert that we have included every expression which has helped us to the author's meaning; but it is so little definite to our minds, that it is possible the needful compression may have excluded some significant touch. However, our purpose being rather to prove what he denies than to deny what he asserts, we can afford to leave this point undecided, and pass on to those two hypotheses which the above extract notices in speaking of man's power of expressing his sensations by interjections, and his perceptions by onomatopœia, and which we should regard as the two sides of one hypothesis, according as it regards two classes of objects.

2. "His perceptions by onomatopœia."

—"It is supposed," he says, "that man, being yet mute, heard the voices of birds and dogs and cows, the thunder of the clouds, the roaring of the sea, the rustling of the forest, the murmurs of the brook, and the whisper of the breeze. He tried to imitate those sounds, and, finding his mimicking cries useful, he followed up the idea, and elaborated language."

This is his account of the theory which is generally known by the awkward and lumbering name of onomatopœia; which he entitles the "bow-wow theory," and which we should best exemplify to the reader by supposing that all language was formed on the type of the word *cuckoo*.

3. "His sensations by interjections."

—"Why should man be supposed," say the supporters of this theory, "to have taken a lesson from birds and beasts? Does he not utter cries himself, according as he is affected by fear, pain, or joy? These cries were represented as the natural beginnings of human speech"—everything was supposed to be elaborated after their model."

This theory is not so easy to exemplify as the former; but the Spanish *arriero*, a mule-driver, formed from the cry *arri*, used in urging on his mule, would give an instance of the formation of language on the interjectional or "pooh-pooh" theory.

Now, these two theories appear to us no more than the representation of the same formative power working on a different material. A man cries *arri*, and we call him an *arriero*; a bird cries *cuckoo*, and we call it a cuckoo. Where is the difference in the two cases? Those sounds which are to the man what *bow-wow* is to the dog, are interjections; and those who trace language to the imitation of natural sounds are not divided into two classes, because one division of sound expresses human emotion. We shall, therefore, drop all notice of this division, and speak of that view of the origin of language which our author rejects, as the imitative theory.

Now the first obvious thing to be said for it is, that this is the course which would be adopted at the present day by any one who had to invent some means of communication. Put our Professor among a people of whose language he is ignorant, and his attempts at intercourse would be made without the very faintest reference to the phonetic types, and would provide us with an excellent illustration of the bow-wow theory. This he admits, in quoting the story of the Englishman in China, who condenses the question to his servant—"Is this duck on my plate?"—into the syllables, "quack-quack?" while the Chinaman makes himself perfectly intelligible by the answer "Bow-wow." He would probably reply that two men who have to invent speech, having their thoughts disciplined by speech, are not in the

position of the originators of language. We should agree with him that it is not possible for us to put ourselves exactly into their position; all we would establish is that, just so far as we approach it, the principle brought into play is that for which we are contending.

The word *onomatopœia* — which means simply name-making—is the relic of that theory which regards speech, not as potentially contained *within* the constitution of man, but miraculously added to it. Those who hold this theory could not but observe in such words as hiss, bang, whirr, coo, a harmony between the sound and sense; which, being regarded as an exceptional element in language, was enough to constitute a division by itself, and was supposed to be *made*, in contradistinction to the body of true language, which was ascribed to some more mysterious principle. Quintilian seems to have regarded this harmony as an especial privilege of the Greek language; of which it certainly appears to us a strong characteristic. He quotes the expressions from Homer, tolerably represented in sound, as well as in sense, by the words, “the bow *twanged*”—“the eye” (of the Cyclops, when the glowing stake was plunged into it) “*hissed*”—as exemplifying a power of which he regretted the absence in his own language. Those who are acquainted with the Cratylus of Plato will remember how little this power of the Greek language was appreciated by the man who has made it the vehicle of most imperishable thought. In that first discussion on the origin of language which has been preserved for us, the result is an unqualified rejection, at least in words, of the principle for which we are contending. We wish we had space for an analysis of the dialogue, as we conceive that the phonetic types of Professor Müller exactly fit into the groove of the Socratic origin of language. But what we would now remark is, that Socrates is so little alive to the true force of *onomatopœia* that he instances an undoubtedly imitative word as an example of the error of the

theory which makes imitation the basis of language. “Can we admit,” he asks, “that those who imitate the baaing of “the sheep name the animal?”—and the emphatic denial of Hermogenes is evidently considered as the only possible reply—while to any one who recalls the baaing of the sheep in connexion with the Greek *mehlon*, the name becomes almost as imitative as cuckoo. Burns’s elegy on the death of poor *Maily* recalls to us the same attempt at imitation in the lowland Scotch—a similarity which certainly cannot be accounted for on any hypothesis of derivation. Those who have not considered the subject would find it difficult to believe how soon an intention of this kind becomes disguised. *Cow* is an instance in point—it does not in its present form recall the sound of the animal. In the German form *Kuh*, however, we are reminded of our nursery, while we perceive at once the identity of our own word with the Sanskrit *gao*, and the connexion of this latter with the synonymous Icelandic *gauli*, which is allied with *gaula* or *baula*, to bellow, a word obviously imitative. If those links, each so unquestionably sound, bring us from a word in which we listen in vain for any tinge of imitation to an imitative root, we think that the transition between any possible instances of the two, ought, in the long ages during which language has been subject to growth and decay, to be no difficulty to any one. The same is true of the word *turtle*; which in its English form retains no sensible resemblance to the cooing of a dove, but in the guise of the Latin *turtur* recalls that sound at once. Here the English form contains a faint suggestion of its original meaning, which may escape our attention unless we connect it with an allied form where it is more apparent. This is also true of English *hog*, which Professor Müller denies to resemble grunting, though he would not, we presume, deny its connexion with the Breton *hoch*, to grunt.

The foregoing etymologies are merely a sample of those we should present as an answer to the natural objection that in the names of animals, where we

should most look for the imitative principle, we can find so little evidence of it. At first sight this is true; but we have seen that it needs but little examination to find, in the names for the sheep, cow, turtle, and hog, the very same principle which has named the cuckoo, which we took as the typical and undeniable instance of that for which we are contending. It is not in this class of words, however, that our theory will meet with most opposition. Animals do utter sounds; and their names might therefore become connected with them, while the body of language was yet derived from some different source. We can do no more in the small space which remains to us than point out one or two of the chief instances of the imitative principle working on a material for which it has less obvious affinity.

In the movements of water we arrive at those cases of onomatopœia in which the outline is, as it were, softened, away and which might be as fitly called representative as imitative. The confused sound of running water is represented by the repetition of some such sound as bar or mur. This becomes a type of all confused sound, and gives us *murmur*. *Barbarous* is formed on precisely the same principle, and, in its proper sense of unintelligible, carries us back to the period when the Greek tongue formed the casket which contained the civilization of the whole human race. How entirely adventitious is that tinge of aversion which with us has become the sole association of the word is recorded for us in the plaintive accents of Ovid, who laments that in his exile at Tomi he, the polished citizen, is a *barbarian* to all his neighbours; and in the announcement to one of the comedies of Plautus, taken from the Greek, that "Philemo wrote what "Plautus has adapted to the barbarian "tongue,"—i.e. Latin. Neither Plautus nor Ovid was aware of the suggestion of stammering which they were connecting with their verses; yet *balbus* and the French *balbutier*, to stammer, are evidently formed on the same plan. The

analogous use of this very word in our version of Isaiah xxviii. 11, where the context renders the literal meaning impossible, is an illustration of this connexion. Speaking generally, then, we might say that this class of words becomes typical of that feeling of contempt or aversion with which it is natural to regard any utterance that is incomprehensible to the hearer.

Another fertile source of onomatopœia is the sound sused by and to children. That the words for father and mother in every language are an imitation of the simplest sounds that can be formed by the lips of a child has been often noticed, and we will not pause to exemplify the fact. If we connect these first articulate sounds with the person who utters them rather than the persons who call them forth, we obtain the word *babe*—a striking instance of the manner in which the same root may form the origin of words totally opposite in meaning. This definiteness of imitation would be a little shaded off in the words which take their rise in the sounds which are addressed to infants. These would consist of the softest articulations that could be made by the movement of the tongue alone: la la—na na. From the former we have to *lull*, to set to sleep, to quiet. Hence a lull is a temporary cessation of noise—a pause. From the latter we have in Greek, first *nana*, a lullaby; then *ninion*, and the Spanish *niño*, a child, clearly allied with our *ninny*, a simpleton, a person not stupid, but preserving the childish state beyond its fitting period. The Italian has *ninnare*, or *ninnellare*, to lull or rock a child; hence *ninnellare*, to waver, to doubt. The latter etymology gives us an excellent specimen of the manner in which an act totally unaccompanied by sound may be brought within the sphere of vocal representation. But we also perceive an essential harmony between all the impressions of sense. We can readily imagine the imitative *tinkle* passing into the French *étincelle* and the English *twinkle*—the sharp delicate impression on the ear recalling that upon the eye;

and then, with a loss of sharpness in the consonant, into *tingle*—a ringing sensation, as it were. We can easily see that certain vowels correspond to the idea of size—that there is an inherent fitness in the relative appropriation of the words *sup*, *top*, *cat*, *tramp*, to express something larger or weightier, and *sip*, *tip*, *kit*, *trip*, to express something less or lighter. This seems to have been the kind of harmony which Plato attempted to illustrate in the somewhat fanciful symbolism of the dialogue we have already quoted. In considering *r* as expressive of violent movement, *d* of limitation, *n* of inwardness (we do not pretend to see the difference between the two ideas), *l* of gliding movement, and so forth, he is not setting up, as he evidently supposed, any antagonistic principle to that of imitation. He is merely showing the application of that principle where it is impossible it should work directly. The etymology of a thinker who knows no language but his own can never be worth much; but, as a specimen of the kind of analogy which exists between the impressions of the eye and ear—an analogy which to the dulled senses of a mature and weary race can only be discernible here and there, like the half-obliterated writing on a palimpsest—we should not desire a better. That language should represent what addresses itself to the eye is no alternative to the statement that it imitates what addresses itself to the ear. “Is not the delight of the quavering “upon a stop in music *the same* with the “playing of light upon the water?” asks Bacon after a number of similar instances. “Neither are these only similitudes, as men of narrow observation “may conceive them to be, but the “same steps of nature, printing upon “different subjects or matters.” That *written* language was originally representative is no matter of question. The alphabet is not a collection of algebraic symbols, but the relic of an attempt at pictorial representation, the intention of which is in most cases long since lost. Here and there we can trace the original symbolism. In the letter N,

for instance, we may recognise the three last strokes of the zigzag lines representing water, with which we are familiar as the sign of Aquarius \equiv , and which is found in Egyptian hieroglyphics with the force of the letter N. Here we can decipher the faint hint of resemblance when we know the model; but certainly we could not invert the process, and discover the thing signified from the sign. Now this is the problem set before those who endeavour to discover the imitative roots of language. They have to decipher the most weather-worn records of the human race—records subject to such influences as those which have brought Tooley Street out of St. Olave Street, Jour out of Dies, and offspring so unlike each other as Bishop and Evêque from the same immediate parent. If we consider the length of time during which these obliterating influences have been at work upon language, we shall be surprised, not at the wide lacunæ in the chain of evidence which we extract from our witnesses, but that the faint and hesitating accents in which they necessarily speak can afford us any sound link whatever.

On any hypothesis of the origin of language, we must expect to find it difficult always, generally impossible, to trace a word to the sensible image which supplied the original type of its meaning. Our thoughts are strung together by so subtle a thread that we might as well endeavour to calculate the path by which a grain of thistle-down is wafted from its parent stem as to indicate *à priori* the line of metaphor by which a word must have come to its actual signification. Who, for instance, from the two terms of the etymology *St. Ethelreda* and *tawdry*, could work out the intervening series? Yet the links are by no means numerous, and each, we believe, is unquestionably sound. *St. Ethelreda* gives us *St. Awdry*, who gives her name to a fair at which laces and other trifling finery would be sold,—whence *tawdry* lace leaves us the present signification of the word. We have given a similar instance in *ninnellare*. *Fanciful* is not a word

that must be used with any depreciatory intention on this subject; for the very nature of association in the human mind, to which etymology is due, is essentially fanciful. Nor does the science of language assume a more fanciful character when it attempts to connect visible objects and sound, than when it connects the wide diversity of language with the visible objects from which, on any theory, it took its rise at first.

Our science occupies, at this day, the position of geology forty years ago. Those among us who can look so far back may remember the smile of derision with which we heard that Scrope and Lyell were accounting for the formation of continents and elevation of mountains by the mere continuance of those agencies which we see working at the present day in the crumbling of our sea-cliffs, the sediment of our rivers, and such trifling oscillations as are recorded for us in the well-known instance of the Temple of Serapis, on the Italian coast. The influence of agencies such as these seemed to the geologists of a past generation to occupy as insignificant a place in the mechanism of their science as is taken, in the estimation of Professor Müller, by the imitative principle in the origination of language. Yet barely forty years have sufficed to consign the machinery of "cataclysms" to the limbo of epicycles in astronomy, and to show us, in the tools which the patient architect uses to *alter* the edifice we inhabit, the very same by which it was *erected*. Nature knows no bursts of fitful vehemence followed by intervals of inaction. The laws which preserve are separated by no generic interval from those which produce. Nor had the young race powers different in kind from those it possesses now. The eye

or the ear of a Londoner is hardly the same instrument, it is true, as that of a North American Indian, and this difference shrinks into insignificance when compared with that which removes us, probably, from the keen and delicate senses of our first parents; but the interval is one of degree alone, and the few words of the manuscript yet discernible to our eyes are our only guides in the endeavour to restore that which has faded. That portion of the vast growth of language which can be traced to a directly mimetic root may remain a small fraction of the whole; but, if it be the only portion whose structure is intelligible to us, we shall readily believe that the working of this principle is limited by our ignorance, and not by its own nature. The progress of all science consists in the destruction of these phantasmal limitations which, like the circle of the visible horizon, we project upon the outward world. "Celestial motion is perfect and continues for ever; terrestrial is corrupt and soon comes to an end," was the dogma of the early astronomers; but the child of to-day has learnt to bridge that barrier with the conception of one force, equally present in the movement of worlds which would contain our system and the separation of the withered leaf from its stem. Geology has taught us to destroy a similar barrier in Time, and to see in every shower of rain a specimen of the forces to which the present state of our globe is owing. The study of language, we doubt not, is destined to achieve an analogous triumph over the weakness of our imagination, teaching us, in the imperfect accents of the child or the savage, to recognise the working of that principle which has perfected for us the instrument of thought.

GLAUCUS.

THE ECHO OF WAVES.

GLAUCUS was sitting lone on the shore,
 Down by the deep blue wave,
 Humming an old tune o'er and o'er,
 While softly whispered the wave—
 Where the beach sloped back to a cave,
 Which caught up the tune, as he did croon,
 And a murmurous echo gave,
 Like the distant plash of the wave,
 That goes sighing for evermore!

He cast his line out into the blue
 Jewel-deeps of the wave,
 And watched the fishes dart through and through
 Those tresses of weed in the wave
 That sway, as the waters lave
 The shore, and glance in their swift advance,
 Or rill down the rocks, which pave
 The glimmering path of the wave,
 And glisten with foamy dew!

But each fish, as he caught it, tasted a plant
 That was growing there by the wave,
 And leaped with fresh vigour back to its haunt,
 In the wine-dark deeps of the wave.
 Such powers that wilding gave,
 The fisher-youth could but marvel in truth,
 At that herb, so strong to save,
 And give back his prey to the wave:—
 So runneth the old romaunt.

Then Glaucus, sitting lone on the shore,
 Plucked of that weed by the wave;
 And a longing seized him, the heart to explore
 Of the mystical restless wave,
 And so did that yearning crave
 A sea-god's home, down under the foam,
 In a hollow water-cave,
 That he plunged, down—down in the wave,
 And forsook earth evermore!

So I, as I sit here, far from the sea,
 Long for the voice of the wave:
 So rises the longing, "That I might be
 In sight and sound of the wave!"
 Ah where, in what twilight cave,
 Where the murmurous tide in echoes died,
 Did I gather the herb that gave
 The insatiable love of the wave,
 Which for ever is haunting me!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WASHINGTON CABINET AND THE AMERICAN SECRETARYSHIP OF STATE.

BY JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER.

STRICTLY speaking, a Ministerial Cabinet, or Privy Council, is not recognised either by the Constitution or any of the legislative enactments of the United States. As a body it has no official name, possesses no rights, and, consequently, exerts no direct legitimate power. Its common appellation is really derived from the simple fact that its sessions are usually, perhaps invariably, held in the apartment of the executive mansion known as the President's private *cabinet*, rather than adopted in imitation of its application to similar bodies in other countries. Its members are, indeed, the heads of the various governmental departments, as established by Acts of Congress; but, although each possesses almost unlimited authority when acting in his separate official capacity, their combination is merely a political fiction.¹

As the natural advisers of the chief executive—from the fact that they are, or should be, thoroughly familiar with the business details of the departments under their respective superintendence—it has been customary, from the time of Washington, for the various Presidents to seek from them such information respecting the national affairs as might, for any purpose, be requisite, and also to consult with them in reference to the various questions of State policy as they arise. These consultations have, in later times, assumed, perhaps, a more important character,

and, in many instances, propositions have doubtless been formally decided upon according to the opinions and advice of a majority. Still, the expression of their opinions is advisory only, and the President accepts or rejects their suggestions and conclusions according to his own convictions or caprice. His will is, after all, supreme, and he defies the whole body with impunity. If they are displeased at such defiance, they may retaliate, if they choose, by resignation—a course, however, seldom resorted to, as the honours and emoluments of their offices usually outweigh all other considerations, while they would fail to inflict upon the object of their displeasure even a momentary pang of regret, and he would readily supply their places from the overcrowded ranks of greedy aspirants.

Usually owing their positions to the personal friendship of the President—although sometimes to the requirements of party policy—it is natural that they should generally aim at ascertaining and sympathising with his views on all subjects upon which they are consulted, and it is rarely that any serious difficulty occurs at the Cabinet meetings. Opposition is, of course, sometimes manifested, and occasionally even obstinacy; but in such cases, when persisted in, the recusant has usually some private purpose of his own to effect, which he imagines may be aided by assuming such an attitude. On the other hand, history is not without instances where the President himself has adopted the offensive, and relieved his obnoxious ministers from the responsibilities of their positions, by a courteous request—equivalent to a peremptory demand—that they should resign the seals of office and give place to more flexible

¹ The British Cabinet is also a body having no recognised legal standing, and keeping, we believe, no minutes. The *Privy Council* is a formally recognised body; the *Ministry*, also, as consisting of the Heads of Departments, may be said to have a recognised existence; but the *Cabinet* is merely a self-arranged junto of the leading ministers and others, meeting from time to time.—Ed.

successors. Scandal relates—perhaps not without some tangible basis for its assertions—that one of the Presidents once thus discharged the majority of his Cabinet, for the sole reason, as alleged, that they would not compel the ladies of their families to associate with the wife of his favourite minister, whose cause he had somewhat quixotically espoused, in spite of her being generally *tabooed*.

The members of the Cabinet, or, rather, the Heads of Departments, the most of whom are officially known as Secretaries, are nominated by the President immediately after his inauguration, and usually confirmed at once by the Senate, which either sits a few days after the 4th of March, for this and other purposes, or acts upon the nominations at the commencement of its next session—the nominees in the meantime being invested with legal powers under the Presidential appointment. It is very seldom that the Senate questions the propriety or policy of the Executive selection—whichever party chances to be dominant in that body yielding its preferences as an act of courtesy; and the unfitness of a nominee must be notorious and unquestionable, or party spirit must run very high, before such a violation of partisan comity would be likely to occur.

The Secretaries receive an annual salary, uniform in amount, which has been for some years fixed at about 1,666*l*. This salary is, however, of trifling consideration when compared with the honour of the position, and especially the vast patronage that accrues to the incumbent; in the distribution of which, if he necessarily makes some enemies, he is at least enabled to reward his old personal and partisan friends, as well as to attach new ones to his individual interests.

Most of the Departments, as at present constituted, were established immediately after the adoption of the Constitution; while others have a more modern origin, having been formed in consequence of the increasing business of the nation, and, in fact, from others that had become over-

burdened with multifarious and complicated labour. For several Administrations, the Cabinet comprised only the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, and the Navy, and the Attorney-General. President Jackson was the first to summon the Postmaster-General to this high dignity; and, when the Department of the Interior was created, only a few years ago, its Secretary was also admitted to its Councils. The Cabinet, therefore, now embraces five Secretaries, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General—neither one of whom takes formal precedence of the others; the idea of a Premier not being tolerated among these dignitaries.

It is true, however, that the Secretary of State, by a very natural, and, indeed, inevitable process, has come to be regarded something in the light of a Prime Minister, and really assumes and exercises, to a great extent, the functions of that European official. But there is, as will be presently seen, a wide difference between the real Prime Minister of England and the nominal one in the United States. The former is the actual head, not only of the Cabinet, but of the Government itself; while the latter is merely one of the members by courtesy of a consulting body, of which the President, who alone possesses any positive power, is the Chief. The moral influence, however, of the Cabinet upon the conduct of any Administration is publicly felt to be so great that it is invariably held responsible for all executive acts. It may, in short, be regarded as the Government *de facto*, though not *de jure*.

It may seem strange that the Vice-President, occupying, as he does, a position apparently of such vast importance, is not admitted to the Cabinet Councils of the Administration of which he is a member. Such, however, is, and always has been, the case. The man who, by the accident of a day, may find himself suddenly invested with the supreme power of the nation, unless such accident occurs, is really the weakest and most unimportant among all his official col-

leagues. He occupies, indeed, a high and honourable post as President of the Senate, for which he receives a salary of 1,666*l.* per annum; but little or no patronage is connected with this office, and he cannot even vote in the body over which he presides, except when a ballot results in a tie. Even his presence is unnecessary; and, during illness or absence, he delegates his authority to some member of the Senate; or, if he dies, that body chooses a presiding officer from its own number. Beyond this, except that in Washington society he ranks next to the President, he possesses no powers or privileges whatever. His exclusion from the Cabinet is, perhaps, the result of a wise policy, or, at least, not an unnatural one. A Vice-President, virtuous and conscientious as he may be as a man, although he may not speculate upon the possible demise of one who alone stands between him and the object of his honest aspirations, might, without doing very great violence to the code of political morality, shape all his conduct with a view to the succession. As presiding officer of the Senate, and that only, he possesses little power, and has comparatively few opportunities for ordinary intrigue; but, as a member of the Presidential Cabinet, he might, if so disposed, prove a perpetual firebrand. It is to guard against such contingencies as these that, I suppose, the doors of the Cabinet Council are closed against the Vice-President; and I may safely add that, so far as my experience and observation reach, the usual personal attitude maintained by the two highest officers of the nation may be best described as one of "armed neutrality." President Jackson and Vice-President Calhoun quarrelled outright.

The statistics of the Cabinet are not without interest; and some of them possess a significant importance that will readily suggest itself to the reader.

Except in the two instances when the Presidents died in office shortly after their inauguration, there has been but one Administration the original Cabinet of which remained intact to its close. President Pierce retained the same Ministry

with which he started during the entire four years of his official career, and in this respect stands alone among American Presidents. John Quincy Adams ranks next—a single change only occurring during his Administration, when he was compelled to appoint a new Secretary of War, having selected the original incumbent to represent his Government at the Court of St. James.¹ On the other hand, General Jackson changed his Ministers so often that no less than twenty different persons occupied the six Cabinet chairs during his term of office. More or fewer changes have occurred under all the other Presidents—Washington having had fourteen different Ministers, John Adams twelve, Jefferson thirteen, Madison twelve, Monroe eleven, Van Buren ten, Tyler sixteen, Polk nine, Fillmore nine, and Buchanan eleven. Mr. Lincoln's cannot yet be counted. It is but fair to say that, in many instances, these changes were not the result of any difference between the Presidents and the members of their Cabinets—the retiring members still remaining connected with the respective Administrations, and accepting other important official positions at home, or in the diplomatic service abroad. In others, however, and particularly in that of Jackson, they must be unhesitatingly attributed to the fact that the Ministers refused to sacrifice their own convictions of what was right and proper, in certain

¹ It may be well to mention here a serious error of M. de Tocqueville, who stated, in his famous work on Democracy in America, that "Mr. Quincy Adams, on his entry into office, discharged the majority of the individuals who had been appointed by his predecessor." This assertion is entirely incorrect. Mr. Adams retained, throughout his term of office, no less than three of the six members of his predecessor's Cabinet, viz.:—the Secretary of War, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General. As to the others, Mr. Adams himself had been Mr. Monroe's Secretary of State, and, therefore, was compelled to appoint a new one; while Mr. Monroe's Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, was Vice-President during Mr. Adams's Administration, and, consequently, his old office was vacant; and, lastly, Mr. Crawford, who had been Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Monroe, although he had been Mr. Adams's competitor for the Presidency, was offered the same post, by his successful antagonist, but declined to accept it.

political emergencies, to the opinions and demands obstinately persisted in by their Executive superiors. The whole of Jackson's first Cabinet, with a single exception, having espoused the cause of Vice-President Calhoun, who had quarrelled with the President, were "permitted to resign," after little more than two years' service; and, in 1833, Mr. Duane, then Secretary of the Treasury, was summarily ejected from his office, by the same President, solely because he would not, in compliance with his peremptory dictation, remove the Government deposits from the old Bank of the United States. His successor, Mr. Taney, was made of more flexible materials, and was rewarded for his obedience, two or three years later, by his grateful Chief, who appointed him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

It has been persistently averred, and is now, probably, universally believed, that, in the construction of the different Administrations or Executive Governments, the South (to use a sectional term) has always predominated over the North—in other words, that Southern men have always been in a majority in the various Presidential Cabinets, and have, therefore, been able to direct and control the policy of each succeeding Administration. I find, on a careful examination, that such is not the fact. The balance has been very equally preserved, and, if anything, has been rather in favour of the North.

The whole number of different actual incumbents of the various Cabinet offices, from the inauguration of Washington to the accession of Mr. Lincoln, has been one hundred and forty-three; of which seventy-one were from the Southern and seventy-two from the Northern States. In two of the departments the South has predominated over the North, and in two others the North over the South, while in the other three the Cabinet offices have been equally divided. To be more particular: Of the twenty-one different individuals who have occupied the post of Secretary of State during the time mentioned, thirteen have been Southern and eight Northern men; of

the twenty-three Secretaries of the Treasury, nine Southern and fourteen Northern; of the twenty-eight Secretaries of War, fourteen Southern and fourteen Northern; of the twenty-four Secretaries of the Navy, twelve Southern and twelve Northern; of the eighteen Postmasters-General, seven Southern and eleven Northern; of the twenty-five Attorneys-General, fourteen Southern and eleven Northern; and of the four Secretaries of the Interior, two Southern and two Northern.

The result is about the same, in whatever way the Cabinet statistics are dissected. Washington had fourteen different Ministers during his Administration, of whom six were from the South and eight from the North; John Adams had twelve, who were equally divided between the two sections; Jefferson had thirteen, six from the South and seven from the North; Madison twelve, equally divided; Monroe eleven, four from the South and seven from the North; John Quincy Adams seven, three from the South and four from the North; Jackson twenty, eleven from the South and nine from the North; Van Buren ten, four from the South and six from the North; Harrison six, equally divided; Tyler sixteen, nine from the South and seven from the North; Polk nine, four from the South and five from the North; Taylor seven, four from the South and three from the North; Fillmore nine, five from the South and four from the North; Pierce seven, three from the South and four from the North; and Buchanan eleven, six from the South and five from the North. In five of these Administrations, therefore, the South has predominated over the North, and in seven the North over the South, while in the other three the division was equal.¹

¹ The aggregate of these numbers is one hundred and sixty-four, instead of one hundred and forty-three, as stated in the preceding paragraph. The difference arises from the fact that, in the former statement, I counted only the *individuals* who had held Cabinet offices, some of whom retained their positions under more than one Administration. The general result, however, is very nearly the same, the division in the latter instance being—Southern, eighty; Northern, eighty-four.

Presuming that the policy of an Administration is indicated by the construction of its first Cabinet, the following results are attained :—The Cabinet offices under Presidents John Adams, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler were equally divided between the North and the South ; under Washington and Pierce the North had majorities of one, and under Taylor, Fillmore, and Buchanan the South had similar majorities, under Madison and Monroe the North had majorities of two, and under Jackson and Polk the South had the same majorities. The balance in this case is apparently in favour of the South—Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, the last in order, just turning the scale.

I leave any inferences from these facts and figures to be drawn by the reader himself. As to the probable answer to these singular statements—viz. that, in spite of their correctness, the South has always contrived to secure and exercise a superior influence in the councils and legislation of the nation—I do not know that I am called upon to express an opinion. I prefer to content myself with recording, I believe for the first time, the inevitable facts.

Technically speaking, there is no such thing as a "dissolution of the Ministry." The bond between the Executive and the Cabinet is a very slight one, and its maintenance depends mainly upon the caprice of either or both. The former may remove the latter at his pleasure, and they, in turn, may sever the connexion at will, singly or in a body. A Presidential intimation, courteously or coldly expressed, is usually sufficient to ensure a resignation. On the death of President Harrison, the precedent was established, without any particular formality, of affording the Vice-President, his successor, the opportunity of reorganizing the Cabinet, and the Government was virtually dissolved. In this instance, as well as on the death of President Taylor, the Presidents *ex-officio* retained for a short time the Cabinets of their predecessors, but managed eventually to oust every member, and supply

their places with their own personal friends or partisans.

In 1833, Mr. Clay made an attempt, in the Senate, to bring the Cabinet and its Councils under the *surveillance* and control of that body, which actually passed a resolution calling upon the President for the production of a certain paper alleged to have been read by him at one of the Cabinet meetings. General Jackson, however, promptly and rather indignantly refused to comply with the demand of the Senate; and read its members a characteristic lecture respecting his own rights and their duties. The matter was not pressed, and the inviolability of Cabinet proceedings has never since been questioned.

In social life at Washington, the members of the Cabinet take high, but not the highest rank. Generally, they need not recognise the presence in the city of any individual, however distinguished, until they have received a visit from him in person, which they may acknowledge either by card or otherwise. A Senator, however, on his arrival at Washington, may send his card to a Cabinet Minister, who is expected to pay him a personal visit in return. It is customary for each of these functionaries, in imitation of the President, to hold a public *levée* on New-Year's Day, and to give, at least, one grand *fête* during "the season." The attendance on the latter occasion is almost indiscriminate, invitations being sent to all persons, whether acquaintances or not, who choose previously to leave their cards at the Minister's private residence.

It might be expected that I should make some reference to the Administration and the Cabinet of the present President, Mr. Lincoln. I feel some delicacy in so doing, as that dignitary and his Ministers have been placed in an anomalous and most difficult position, and could not be expected to have pursued exactly such a course as they would have done under more favourable circumstances. My object, also, is to avoid, as far as possible, all subjects of a purely personal character, and to deal

only with general facts. I may, however, compromise the matter in this instance, by simply quoting a description of Mr. Lincoln's relations with his Cabinet, and of the general conduct of his Administration, as written by one of his warmest partisans, and published in one of the first American journals of the day. The New York *Evening Post* (conducted by Mr. Bryant, the American poet) says :—

"We pretend to no State secrets, but we have been told, upon what we deem good authority, that no such thing as a combined, unitary, deliberate Administration exists; that the President's brave willingness to take all responsibility has quite neutralized the idea of a conjoint responsibility; and that orders of the highest importance are issued, and movements commanded, which Cabinet officers learn of as other people do, or, what is worse, which the Cabinet officers disapprove and protest against. Each Cabinet officer, again, controls his own department pretty much as he pleases, without consultation with the President or with his coadjutors, and often in the face of determinations which have been reached by the others."

For one, I am willing to accept this testimony, not only by reason of the source whence it emanates, but also because it appears to be fully confirmed by certain facts and occurrences that are open to the observation of the world. I may add that this revelation is only what might have been expected; for Mr. Lincoln has not only unnaturally grouped together in his Cabinet representatives from the different factions into which his own party is divided, among whom exists the most serious antagonism, but has actually admitted to its councils, as the Secretary of, at present, perhaps the most important Department, a well-known political opponent, who was actually a member of the preceding Administration, during the existence of which the great national outbreak was engendered, and permitted to thrive to full maturity.

With these general remarks upon the Cabinet as a whole, we will consider more particularly its principal constituent.

The Department of State was created, under the Constitution, by Act of Con-

gress, approved the 15th of September, 1789. Previously to that date it was denominated "The Department of Foreign Affairs," a title not then so strictly descriptive or appropriate as it would now be, as it had charge also of many matters purely domestic, from the management of which it has since been relieved by the creation of the Department of the Interior. Originally, its jurisdiction was equivalent to that assigned in England to the Foreign and Home Offices combined, and a portion of the functions of the latter it still continues to exercise.

The local habitation of this Department in the City of Washington by no means corresponds with its vast importance, ranking, as it undoubtedly does, as the chief of the sections into which the Government is divided. The building, which is of moderate size, is constructed of plain brick, without any attempt at architectural adornment, and is only two storeys in height. It occupies the north-east corner of President Square, in the centre of which stands the President's house, with which it has a direct communication by means of a private avenue.

This edifice is one of four, of uniform size and character, erected early in the history of the Capital, and situated at the respective corners of the Square—the three others being then assigned to the Departments of the Treasury, of War, and of the Navy. The ancient Treasury building has disappeared, and given place to one of more elegance and greater dimensions, while, for one of the bureaux originally subordinate to the State Department,¹ a structure almost palatial has been reared in another part of the city; and still this Department itself—the real right arm, or very brain, of the Government—modestly retains the simple shelter which the severe taste of the founders of the nation deemed most in accordance with the proposed character of the new Republic.

Internally, the building is well and conveniently enough arranged; but, even after the transfer of so much of the

¹ The Patent Office.

business of the Department to other bureaux, the want of ample space is greatly felt, and the basement and attic have been converted into offices, in order to retain, as far as possible, the various branches of the service under the same roof. The Secretary of State and his immediate staff, with the Library of the Department, occupy the second storey.

The ordinary officials attached to this department, according to the "Official Register" of 1861, comprise the Secretary of State, Assistant Secretary, Chief Clerk, Superintendent of Statistics, and twenty-one clerks, divided into four classes, besides two messengers and four watchmen. The annual salary of the Secretary is about 1666*l.*; that of the Assistant Secretary, 625*l.*; of the Chief Clerk, 458*l.*; of the Superintendent of Statistics, 416*l.*; of the clerks, from 250*l.* to 375*l.*; and of the messengers and watchmen, from 125*l.* to about 187*l.* The aggregate of these salaries amounts to little more than 11,000*l.*, and this sum covers only what may be denominated "office salaries," other expenses of a contingent character reaching to an amount it would be difficult to determine without pursuing statistical researches to a disagreeable extent.

The chief province of the State Department, since it has been relieved from so many other duties formerly devolving upon it, consists in the management and control of all the intercourse of the General Government with foreign nations, whether through representatives sent to such nations or accredited from them.

On the 30th of September, 1861, according to the last biennial "Official Register," the Government of the United States was represented by no less than thirty-two Ambassadors, stationed at as many different foreign Courts. Of these, twelve ranked as Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary, eighteen as Ministers Resident, and two as Commissioners. The twelve Ministers with full powers were stationed at the respective Courts of England, France, Russia, Spain, Prussia, Austria, Italy,

China, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, and Peru; the Ministers Resident at those of Portugal, Belgium, The Hague, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Rome, Turkey, Japan, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, New Granada, Venezuela, Ecuador, the Argentine Confederation, and Bolivia; and the Commissioners at those of Paraguay and the Hawaiian Islands. The annual salaries of the respective Envoys to England and France are fixed by law at about 3,645*l.*; of those to Russia, Spain, Prussia, Austria, China, Mexico, and Brazil, at 2,500*l.*; of those to Chili and Peru, at about 2,083*l.*; and of the Envoy to Italy, all the Ministers Resident, and the two Commissioners, at about 1,562*l.* To each of these Legations (except those at the Hawaiian Islands, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Paraguay) is attached a single secretary. Those at London and Paris only have also an assistant secretary. No other *attachés*, whether paid or unpaid, are permitted in any instance, but, on the contrary, are prohibited by law. The salaries of these secretaries are about 312*l.* and 375*l.* per annum, according to the grade of the Legation—those of two only (at London and Paris) rising to about 547*l.*; and two others—at Constantinople (where the secretary acts also as dragoman) and Pekin—to 625*l.* To the Japanese Mission is attached an interpreter, in lieu of a secretary, with about 521*l.*, and to the Chinese Embassy one with about 1,042*l.*

The whole number of United States' Consuls, Vice-Consuls, and Commercial Agents stationed in the countries already named, or their dominions, as well as at other points beyond the jurisdiction of any legation, was, at the date mentioned, two hundred and sixty-one. Of these, one hundred and forty-seven received fixed salaries, varying from about 104*l.* to about 1,562*l.*—being not only entitled to no perquisites in the nature of fees (the respective amounts of which must be reported and paid over to the General Government), but also prohibited from engaging in any other business during their terms of office. The other one hundred and fourteen

received for their services only the fees accruing from such business as might be transacted at their various offices, the average amount of which would probably not exceed 50*l.*, or, at the most, 100*l.* per annum. Besides these, five interpreters to legations and consulates, and seven marshals to consular courts, with salaries varying from about 200*l.* to 1,000*l.*, are officially recognised.

The relative rank and importance of the different countries thus diplomatically and commercially connected with the United States may be at once determined by the fact that, besides the envoy and two secretaries at London, no less than fifty of the consuls, or nearly one-fifth of the entire number, are distributed among the British dominions. Mexico ranks next, her share being twenty-two; then Spain, with nineteen; while France claims only fourteen, and the remainder are divided in still smaller proportions among the other nations of the globe. The aggregate amount of the annual salaries of all these officials at the English Court and throughout the British territories is but little more than 20,000*l.*—to which should be added, probably, a similar sum to cover contingent expenses, the cost of the mail and messenger service, &c. The regular appropriation for the Consular and Diplomatic Service throughout the world, for the year ending the 30th of June, 1861, amounted to 241,329*l.*, which may be considered a fair annual average in modern times.

Although all these officials are appointed directly by the President, "by" and with the advice and consent of "the Senate," once in office, they come immediately under the supervision and actual control of the State Department, or, more properly speaking, of the Secretary of State. All their correspondence is to and from him, and the mere mechanical labour of conducting this correspondence, on the part of the Secretary, can scarcely be computed, and could never be properly accomplished, except by a man of the most energetic and systematic habits. There are no Under-Secretaries to relieve their principal from considerable portions of this la-

bour, although the Assistant Secretary—an officer of modern creation—occupies a position somewhat analogous, and assumes the management of the department in case of the death, resignation, or absence of his chief.

The supervision of the Diplomatic and Consular Corps of the United States is by no means an easy or a gracious task. Were the incumbents of these various responsible offices abroad always men of education, skill, sound judgment, and practical (or even theoretical) knowledge of the world and its history, the case would be different. But, much as I regret to say it, in nothing else has that country, in modern times, so displayed its weakness, and the unsoundness of at least a portion of its governmental policy, as in its representation at foreign courts. Of the thirty-two Ambassadors, of various ranks, it is rarely that half-a-dozen could be found fitted, either by nature or by education, for the important positions into which they have been heedlessly thrust. I could readily enumerate a score, within my personal recollection, who have not even been endowed with the first and leading attribute of a legitimate *diplomat*,—viz., the power of holding one's tongue. I could also point to hundreds, ranking from Envoys to Consuls, thus entrusted with national business of the gravest importance, who not only have been unable to speak the language of the countries to which they were sent, but who knew no more of the laws, institutions, or even history of those countries than they did of those of the moon.

These lamentable, if not disgraceful, results have their origin in what are deemed the necessities of party; or, in other words, in the practical exemplification of the principle—dangerous, but seemingly inevitable in a democracy—that "to the victors belong the spoils." Acting upon this principle, each party in turn, on succeeding to the control of the Government, deems it to be its first and most imperative duty to oust summarily from their respective offices all incumbents who hold their commissions from its political antagonist and predecessor; and this sweeping policy

extends to and embraces all ranks and classes of Government officials—from the Envoy to a foreign court, to the lowest *attaché* in a country post-office, and the man who trims the lamps in a lighthouse. Indeed, the system prevails, to a great extent, at every change of the Administration, whether the political or partisan character of the Government changes or not; so that no United States' official has any reasonable certainty, and scarcely any reasonable hope, of retaining his position for more than four years—the period to which the life of an Administration is limited by law. Under these circumstances, it is needless to say that in the United States there is no national school of diplomacy, and no inducement presented to such persons as might otherwise be disposed to prepare and offer themselves as candidates for the Civil Service. Where, in his own conceit, and practically in that of the Government itself, one man is as good as another; and where the patronage of the Government is distributed, not according to the merit of individuals and their fitness for the posts to which they are assigned, but rather in response to the services they may have rendered to the President himself, or to the party that chances to be in power; it could hardly be expected that all the vast number of Government appointments should be conferred upon even competent men—and, really, the greatest wonder is that, small as this class generally proves, its number is not still smaller.

A few practical illustrations will serve to convey a better idea of the manner in which these appointments are sometimes made than I can present in any other way.

Given, a State, a City, a Ward, and a Precinct. The State is supposed to be able to turn the scale, at any general election, in favour of either of the rival candidates, and, in the political jargon in vogue, "as goes the City, so goes the State;" while the same rule holds good as to the influence of the Ward over the City, and of the Precinct over the Ward. The final results of the gene-

ral election, therefore, depend upon the action of this particular Precinct. Within its limits there is certain to be one man whose local sovereignty is so confirmed and generally recognised that it cannot be defied with impunity. He may be a worthy and respectable man, or he may be the keeper of a common pothouse, according to the character of a majority of the resident voters of the Precinct. But, whoever and whatever he be, for the time being the destinies of the pending struggle hang upon his fiat, and his favour and assistance must be secured, either by conciliation or purchase, by the party that is eventually successful. If the policy of the highest bidder accords with his own, so much the better; but, if otherwise, he is satisfied to accept a promise of future reward—for he knows that promise will be kept, the penalty of its violation being his hostility on another similar occasion. The bargain concluded, the election over, and his faction in power, the Ward politician claims the fulfilment of his bond. He has fixed his heart on some post abroad—I will not now say an embassy, but, at least, a consulate. Everybody but himself knows his utter unfitness for the position: he is a coarse, uneducated, even vulgar man, who, perhaps, can scarcely write his own name. He is remonstrated with, flattered, cajoled, urged to accept some station more suited to his capacities; but all in vain. The consulate he will have, and nothing else. They may give him that, or take the consequences of their refusal. And he obtains it. Although anathematizing his obstinacy, his commission is signed, and, a few weeks later, he appears in Europe, with all the conceit and swagger consequent upon his unnatural elevation, to become the laughing-stock of the strange people among whom he struts and swells—the representative of the great American Republic!¹

¹ A consul of this class, who recently received an important document from the State Department, intended solely for his private guidance in a delicate emergency, perhaps ambitious of seeing his name in print, absolutely sent a copy of it to the local newspaper where he was stationed, whence it was quoted

I recollect an individual whose only previous training had been that of an itinerant preacher, but who eventually, in some mysterious manner, acquired the friendship and patronage of a leading politician in one of the interior States, who persuaded him to abandon the pulpit for the rostrum, and secured his return to the Lower House of Congress from a district devoted to his interests—a district in which the ignorance or stupidity of a majority of the voters is said to be such that they have not yet learned of the decease of General Jackson, but have continued to vote for him regularly, every four years, ever since the year 1824. In Congress, the transformed parson was the daily butt of his colleagues, and the perpetual target for the more jocular reporters; but the great politician, who had now become President, still protected him, and finally, at his instance, a partisan Speaker made him chairman of one of the most important committees of the house. In a short time his incompetency became so grossly manifest, and the legislative business suffered so sadly under his management, that the whole country protested against his retention in the post, and it was found absolutely necessary that he should be deposed. But he had done the State, or rather the President, some service, and would not submit peaceably to be thus cashiered. Whether he himself fixed the price of his resignation, which could not be safely refused, or whether owing to the obstinate friendship of his powerful patron, I know not; but I do know that I soon after met him at one of the Continental Courts, where he was swelling with all the importance of an envoy extraordinary, and, if I had not known the two men apart, I should assuredly have mistaken him for the Emperor himself.

Some few years ago I passed the Holy Week in Rome. During one of the festivals at St. Peter's, my attention was directed to a beardless boy, dressed in a magnificent uniform, whom, from the throughout the kingdom, to the amusement of the people and the consternation and chagrin of its authors.

fact that he was constantly darting hither and thither in every direction, and exceedingly profuse in his obeisances and genuflexions, I determined to be, at the very least, in spite of his youth, some important officer of the Pope's body-guard, or deputy-master of the ceremonies. His officiousness and impudence were indescribable, and he evidently regarded himself as an object of the highest admiration to all those whose attention was attracted to, and disgust excited by, his ridiculous antics. What was my chagrin on being informed that he was the American consul at one of the Italian cities! Another beardless boy was at that time the consul at an important seaport in the same territory. In these two instances, as the precocious youths were scarcely out of their teens, it was impossible that they could have rendered political services entitling them to such distinction from the Government; but their fathers had, and thus they claimed and received their reward, and disposed of sons they did not know what to do with at home.

A partisan politician—a Congressman, perhaps a Senator—whose previous services cannot be ignored, but who has run through his fortune, and for whom his creditors lie in wait at every turn—in other words, who has proved himself utterly incapable of managing his own affairs—is unhesitatingly intrusted with those of the nation, and sent to maintain its dignity at one of the most important foreign Courts; and he does it, according to his notion, by imposing all the labour of the embassy upon his secretaries, while he reads novels in his private apartment, chews tobacco incessantly, and borrows money of every person who ventures to intrude upon his retirement.

Another, who, after passing through the various grades of official life, becomes a Cabinet Minister, and shortly after is found implicated in certain speculations on a magnificent scale, barter his seals of office, in response to an intimation that his resignation would be acceptable (for he is still too powerful to be treated more harshly), for an embassy abroad, and turns up an envoy somewhere be-

tween the poles and the equator, where he remains until the old scandal is forgotten.

Such cases as these might be multiplied indefinitely, and I have no hesitation in recounting them, because the evil is a glaring one, and one that might and should be remedied. A little legislation, resulting in the establishment of civil service regulations even less stringent than those adopted in England, would effectually preclude the chances of at least nine-tenths of the applicants for these offices, and enable the Government, without offending its partisans, to make a more judicious selection of its representatives abroad. I do not mean to say that all, or even a large majority, of these representatives are of the character indicated by the illustrations just presented; but I may safely declare, without uttering treason, that too many of them are. I may also add that I know of but one country where the United States' Government has been invariably represented by men of the first order—whether regarded in reference to their private character, public eminence, or general statesmanship—and that is Great Britain. The simple fact, that the American Ambassadors to the Court of St. James have always been the very best men that the country could afford, while little or no deference has been paid to other nations in this particular, ought to be regarded as an evidence of the real respect entertained by the offspring for the parent, in whose eyes it desires to maintain a reputable appearance, in spite of the rebellious and obstinate attitudes it may sometimes assume on minor occasions.

It is over this heterogeneous regiment of diplomatists that the Secretary of State must keep a constant and unwearying watch, and it cannot be doubted that he finds much difficulty in preserving anything like discipline over that portion of it that may be properly denominated the "awkward squad." His weekly, and often semi-weekly, correspondence with these officials is necessarily enormous, and it is no small tax upon his mental organization to retain in his memory the particulars

necessary to a comprehension of each individual case. He must depend, of course, to a great extent, upon the assistance of his immediate staff and corps of subordinates, but still it is absolutely necessary that no order should be issued, and no response received, without his personal cognizance.

In connexion with this portion of his duties, the Secretary of State is also the medium of communication between the Government and the representatives of foreign powers resident at Washington. The diplomatic corps in this city may be said to form a society of its own, almost exclusive in its character, as its members generally, although courteous and accessible on all proper occasions, naturally cling to the social customs with which they have been familiar in their respective countries, and do not readily adopt the system of indiscriminate fraternisation that prevails with the people and Government to which they are accredited. In 1860, their number was twenty-six; of whom sixteen were of the rank of envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, five were ministers resident, and five *chargés d'affaires*. Except on extraordinary occasions, their business is all transacted with and through the Secretary of State; and, when it is remembered that this business comprises that of every class and nature, from the making of a treaty to the settlement of a private claim, it may be readily seen that the duties of this official, in his character of Foreign Minister only, are of the most complicated and laborious character.

Besides and in addition to all this, he supervises and controls the action of the governors of the various territories, or incipient states, which, on the 30th of September, 1861, were seven in number; also the commissioners appointed under certain treaties and conventions with foreign powers; and performs other duties that in England are more properly included within the province of the Home Department. It is, however, in his capacity of Foreign Secretary that he is best known, and, as he conducts this branch of the

national business, he confirms or loses his reputation as a statesman, not only with his own country, but with the world at large.

The post of Secretary of State has generally been regarded as the stepping-stone to the Presidency; but the national statistics do not wholly confirm and justify this popular impression. Of the twenty-one incumbents (without, of course, including the present one), only six subsequently became Presidents, viz. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, and James Buchanan. The character and acts of these distinguished men, whether for good or evil, are indelibly recorded in the history of the nation, and are familiar, to a greater or less extent, to all the civilized world. Another—John Marshall—though he did not reach the Presidency, attained what has been described as, in some respects, a higher eminence, the Chief Justiceship of the National Supreme Court. Three others, viz.: Edward Livingston, William L. Marcy, and Lewis Cass, created for themselves honourable and distinguished reputations as statesmen or diplomatists, which will doubtless stand the test of time; but few memories of a distinct and decided character, I imagine, will even now be excited, either at home or abroad, at the mention of the names of Edmund Randolph, Timothy Pickering, Robert Smith, Louis McLane, John Forsyth, Abel P. Upshur, John M. Clayton, and Jeremiah S. Black. They were all, it may be presumed, respectable men and capable politicians in their respective days and generations; but, in some instances, their careers were prematurely closed by death, and, in others, they failed, from various causes, to produce that impression upon the country at large necessary to secure their further elevation. The three unquestionably ablest men the country has produced, at least, in modern times, viz.: Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun—although their personal merits and paramount claims to the distinction were universally acknowledged—owing to the chicanery of party politics, and partly

to the uncertain and defective mode of conducting the national elections, found this “stepping-stone” but a treacherous support for their ambitious feet, and were doomed to witness the coveted prize consigned to other hands just as it seemed within their own grasp.

The first Secretary of State, under the Constitution, was Thomas Jefferson, who was appointed in 1789, and retained the office until 1794, when he was succeeded by Edmund Randolph, who, at the end of about two years, gave place to Timothy Pickering, who served during the remainder of Washington's Administration, and the greater portion of that of John Adams, a part of the last year of which the incumbent was John Marshall. James Madison was the Secretary during the whole of Jefferson's two presidential terms, from 1801 to 1809, and, on succeeding to the Presidency, appointed Robert Smith his own successor in the State Department, who held the office until 1811, when James Monroe accepted it, and retained it until 1817, when he also became President. The Secretary during Monroe's two presidential terms, ending in 1825, was John Quincy Adams, who then succeeded his chief in the Presidency, and gave his old post to Henry Clay, who retained it until the accession of General Jackson, in 1829, when he was succeeded by Martin Van Buren. He served only about two years, when Edward Livingston was appointed, who, two years later, was followed by Louis McLane, who resigned after about a year's incumbency, when John Forsyth became the Secretary, and continued such during the remainder of Jackson's Administration, and the whole of that of his successor, Mr. Van Buren. Daniel Webster was appointed by General Harrison, in 1841, and, after that President's death, was retained by his successor, Mr. Tyler, until 1844, when he was succeeded by Abel P. Upshur, who was accidentally killed about eight weeks after, by the bursting of a gun on board the United States' frigate *Princeton*, and John C. Calhoun occupied the post during the remaining year of Mr. Tyler's Adminis-

tration. James Buchanan was Secretary under Mr. Polk, from 1845 to 1849, and was succeeded by John M. Clayton, who was appointed by General Taylor, after whose death, his successor, Mr. Fillmore, gave the office to Daniel Webster, who held it until 1853. General Pierce then appointed William L. Marcy, who served four years, giving place, at the commencement of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, in 1857, to Lewis Cass, who, in the latter part of the year 1860, disagreeing with the policy of Mr. Buchanan in reference to the great national difficulty then arising, resigned the post, which was filled during the brief remainder of Mr. Buchanan's term by Jeremiah S. Black, who had until then been his Attorney-General.

This brings us to the present incumbent, who was called to the chair of State by Mr. Lincoln, at the outset of his Administration, doubtless because he was the most prominent, if not the most able, man in the Republican party, to which organization both were attached. I have the same delicacy mentioned elsewhere in discussing his character and career, and for the same reasons, to which is also added another, viz., that, unfortunately—perhaps for that gentleman, and possibly for myself—I have never been a very enthusiastic admirer of Mr. William H. Seward as a statesman. As a successful *politician*, who has held distinguished offices in the gift of the American people for a quarter of a century—those of Governor of the proudest State in the Union, and member of the National Senate—and as generally triumphing over every obstacle interposed by scheming enemies in his onward career, his personal history cannot fail to excite the admiration even of his foes. As a man of letters, he has won no unenviable reputation; the more remarkable, because, making no pretensions to authorship, his literary efforts have been mere episodes in his severer labours—simple recreations, rather than arduous tasks—growing naturally out of more important occupations in which he was officially engaged. But nothing is more certain than that a

man may be a good scholar, a fine writer, and even a shrewd and successful politician, and yet fail, under the most favourable circumstances, to become a great statesman. Mr. Seward may be the latter—far be it from me to say that he is not. Thousands of his personal adherents assert not only that he is, but that he is the *greatest* statesman of modern times. My feeble, solitary voice shall not now be raised in denial. Certainly, he is, at present, on his trial before the world, whose final verdict will probably be a just one, and I am content to await it with patience and resignation. In the meantime, a story once told by Mr. Seward of himself may prove suggestive to inquisitive readers, and, its authorship thus declared, I shall be relieved from the charge or suspicion of bearing false or prejudiced testimony against one whom I frankly admit I do not passionately and blindly adore.

"I was," said Mr. Seward, while Governor of New York, "the sole occupant of a stage-coach, journeying to a distant town, and, for the sake of companionship, took a seat upon the driver's box. That individual was a shrewd and sensible man of his class, and our conversation ranged freely over a variety of subjects, the politics of the day, however, being predominant. After an hour or two passed in agreeable discussion, I was ready to be set down at my place of destination, and, on taking leave of my colloquial friend, he expressed a desire to know with whom he had had the pleasure of conversing. I told him my name, and casually added that I was the Governor. The man, instead of being upset by the latter announcement, or betraying any compunctions on account of his late familiarity, looked me boldly in the face, with an audacious leer and a decided wink, and replied: 'That *won't* do, sir; you may be Mr. Seward, but you *ain't* the Governor: *Tharlow Weed* is the Governor of New York.'

"And do you know," continued the Governor *de jure*, with praiseworthy ingenuousness, "that I believe the fellow *really knew me?*"

THE PRUSSIAN CONTEST, AND THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S ROMAN POLICY.

Two important political facts of the last month have been—the announcement by the King of Prussia that he means to show to his subjects that the part of Charles the First of England may be performed over again with new results in these times and amid a German population; and the decision of the Emperor of the French that he is still to sustain the Pope, and prevent Rome from becoming the capital of the Kingdom of Italy.

These two facts have this in common, that they are calculated vividly to remind us, in these islands of ours, that there are still parts of the earth, very near us, where the will of one man may possess a degree of efficacy, as regards direct political consequences, such as we have long ceased to witness, or to consider possible, among ourselves. There is no human being amongst us whose single obstinacy could block the current of our national ideas and commerce; there is no human being amongst us upon whose single determination it could depend whether the national weight of Britain should be thrown into one scale or the other of any great cause publicly adjusting itself anywhere abroad. A Gladstone or a Bright, indeed, may wield an important influence on our system of taxation, or other parts of our internal polity; and it may happen, as we fear it happens now, that a supreme Palmerston may be able so far to commit us, in the dark, to some such wretched chimera of foreign politics as that “preservation of the integrity of the Turkish Empire,” of which we hear so much, but of which—both phrase and thing—the best of us are beginning to be sick, and of which we shall all unanimously be sick to nausea ere long. But not the most powerful man among us can do anything of large political effect, sheerly of his own will, that would not be done otherwise; and

if our Cabinet do proceed, for example, to the recognition of the nationality of the Southern States of America, it will be because, though many of us may object to such a course, there will have seemed to be sufficient demand for it among the rest, and sufficient certainty of backing. Everywhere in the world, our social philosophers tell us, the most powerful individual men are but the mouthpieces of general tendencies, and succeed only so far as they express what must be at any rate; but, where tendencies have ten thousand mouths, it rarely depends on the “Yes” or the “No” of any one mouth what turn things will be seen taking, even for twenty-four hours.

We are bound to view with peculiar interest the progress of the constitutional struggle which has been begun in Prussia. History is not apt, any more than nature, to repeat herself very exactly. But this Prussian struggle, in its present stage, is marvellously like the beginning of the struggle of our own Charles the First with the English people, and sends us back to those years, 1626-1628, when Charles quarrelled with his first Parliaments on the subject of tonnage and poundage, as well as on more spiritual matters, and, getting no satisfaction from them, dissolved them one after another, and took to governing for eleven years without a Parliament. There may not be in the present popular cause in Prussia all that accumulation of noble ingredients which dignifies in history the English Liberalism of the days of Eliot, and Pym, and Hampden. There may be more of the mere Tonnage and Poundage question in it, and less of those other great questions of intellectual and spiritual liberty with which the Tonnage and Poundage question in England was then inextricably associated. But, allowance being made for

change of time and place, it does seem that among the Prussian Liberals there is the sense of wrongs of a general kind—of systematic and long-continued repressions of many of the various liberties and just desires of an intelligent and well-educated nation—entitling their present struggle with the Crown to something even of that high respect with which the struggle of the English Liberals with Charles, in the beginning of his reign, is now universally regarded. The battle may be upon the Budget; but there are other grievances, and many of them, behind. Though we knew nothing of Prussia by more direct means, we have the assurances of this in the voices of such men as Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense, speaking from their graves through their letters and diaries, and uttering those posthumous criticisms of the public men and events of the last Prussian reign the sharpness of which almost scandalizes propriety. But, even if we regard the struggle only in its obvious aspect as a battle of the Budget, it has strong claims on our interest. That any king under a Constitution, were he the wisest that lives, should, for the support of an increased army, or for any other purpose, insist on having more of his people's money than they through their representatives will vote him, and, when these representatives are firm, should announce his intention of taking the money without their consent "by means beyond the Constitution"—this is a course of royal conduct antipathy to which, and the conviction that it ought to be opposed and frustrated, may surely be assumed as incorporate with English nerve and blood. The right of the Commons over the national purse is a fundamental principle in our own politics, and we can hardly avoid extending it to Prussia. Were the present Prussian king the wisest king that lives, and were his determination to have a large army clearly an act of wisdom in opposition to the unanimous blockheadism of his Parliament, some among us, perhaps, might not care though we kept the English principle to ourselves and

did not let it cross the salt water. But it does not appear, from any evidence that we yet have, that the present Prussian king is the wisest king living; nor does it appear that the entire assembly of respectable men to whom the Prussians have delegated the right of judging for them in such matters are fools and blind to the true interests of their country, in thinking a certain amount of armed force sufficient. Nothing, then, as far as appears, ought to hinder Prussian Liberalism from having full sympathy from Britain in its present movement—there being reserved, of course, full liberty of criticising, should it seem worth while still to do so, the past conduct of Prussian liberalism, and full liberty also of observing how, from this new starting-point, it will continue to conduct itself.

The Prussian Liberal leaders are said to have made, for the purposes of this very struggle, a minute study of that English precedent which could not but suggest itself even had it not before been thought of, but which they are believed to have deliberately kept in view as their model. As accurate Germans, their own historical researches have probably given them more exact knowledge of the methods by which the English constitutional struggle was carried on to success than can well be furnished them offhand by the less learned British journalists who are advising them and patting them on the back. It is not likely, therefore, that the grand maxim of "Passive Resistance," in which all here have agreed as the best advice to be sent over, will startle them by its novelty. But it is one thing to have a historical knowledge how a certain people behaved in given circumstances, and another to be able to do as they did. Have the Prussians the energy, on the one hand, and the obdurate stubbornness on the other, required for a successful policy of passive resistance? We miss, at this outset of the Prussian struggle, anything equivalent to that declaration with which the English House of Commons, in March 1628-9, announced *their* policy of passive re-

sistance, and told how terrible it was to be. In their last sitting, in uproar and with closed doors, they drew up three resolutions, to be left in the ear of the English nation as their parting words—of which these were two :—

“Whosoever shall counsel or advise the taking or the levying of the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by Parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be reputed an innovator in the Government, and a capital enemy to the kingdom and commonwealth.

“If any merchant or person whatsoever shall voluntarily yield or pay the said subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by Parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberties of England, and an enemy to the same.”

The Prussian Assembly had, perhaps, no opportunity for such a declaration before *their* dismissal, even had it been right or expedient in their circumstances ; and it is also to be remembered that this declaration came from the English Parliament at a rather late stage in their struggle, and when they had become vehement. Without any such defiant and irritating declaration, unnecessary at this stage, the Prussian people may carry out practically and quietly, as the English people did, the policy it points to. If the King fulfils his threat, there may be, as there was in England everywhere, resistance to the tax-gatherer by courageous householders. There may then be trials in law-courts. There may be Prussian John Hampdens and Richard Chamberses, fighting the public cause to their last shilling, and going to prison rather than pay. And so there may be that accumulation of individual prosecutions and persecutions, and of all sorts of illegal acts, which is sure to bring things to a dead-lock. This policy, if persevered in, even without any general outbreak, must, in the nature of things, succeed. It is to be hoped that the first real indication that it is likely to be persevered in will shake the King's purpose, and dispossess him of his notion that the part of Charles the First may be performed now with a complete variation in the style of the consequences.

British sympathy for the Italian cause, in the new phase given to it by the recent decision of the French Emperor, requires no such solicitation as may be necessary to evoke an interest in the Prussian question. It exists ready-made. The Garibaldi Riots in various parts of the country are seriously, though rudely, significant. They show that the idea of the unity of Italy, and of the suppression of the temporal Papacy as necessary to this unity, has firmly gained possession, as only such simple and definite ideas can, of the universal popular mind. The process of education has been gradual ; and, perhaps, only in the form of a sentiment of personal admiration for a man like Garibaldi could such a notion at the last have been so suddenly and strongly diffused. The consequences cannot but be important as regards the possible foreign policy of our Government for some time to come. If on no other foreign question, at least on the Italian question, the mass of the British people have made up their minds, and know exactly what they wish for. On this question, therefore, if on no other foreign one, the Government have the eyes of Argus upon them, and all that compulsion towards one particular line of policy, by whatever diplomatic methods they may pursue it, which must result from the consciousness that they are jealously and multitudinously watched, and acting for a vast constituency, the very dregs of which are under the excitement of a belief which is also, though less excitingly, that of the thoughtful. The Government, however, hardly now needs this stimulus on the Italian question. That Italy from the Alps to Sicily should be one nation ; that it would be a good thing for the world, politically, commercially, and intellectually, if it were so ; that it is a pity that this result is not consummated in a peaceful manner, by the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, and the cession of the Venetian territories by Austria—this, we may say, is the belief of the whole British nation, with the exception of

those few among us who are always eccentric about everything, and those Irish and other Ultra-Romanists who, being at a distance from the Papacy, have of course a much more correct theory of what the Papacy should be than the Italians among whom it festers. It is rarely that so general and simple a belief corresponds so absolutely with that which all study and all high authority also pronounce to be the right one. It is interesting at the present moment to know, for example, that the unity of Italy, besides being the idea of all the greatest Italians from Dante downwards, and of all the ablest political thinkers who in other countries have recently concerned themselves about Italy, was also an idea of the First Napoleon—is, in fact, one of the *Idees Napoléoniennes*. Among Napoleon's dictations at St. Helena was one remarkable memoir about Italy, which, besides being the very best geographical description of any country in a small space with which we are acquainted, contains the great exile's views as to the necessary political future of the land that was his native land till France borrowed him. "Italy," he there says, "isolated by her natural limits, separated by the sea and by very high mountains from the rest of Europe, seems to be called to form a great and powerful nation; but she has in her configuration a capital vice, which one may consider as the cause of the misfortunes she has experienced, and of the morselling out of this beautiful land into several independent monarchies or republics. Her length is out of proportion to her breadth." Even this difficulty—now nearly annihilated by the railways and steamers which he did not foresee—Napoleon was convinced might be got over. He predicted that Italy would one day be a nation; he specified particularly that, owing to the extent of her sea-coast, it would be as "a maritime power" that she would be great—greater, as such, than either France or Spain; and he occupied himself with the question, which of all the chief Italian cities would be the best capital for the new

European State. "Opinions," he said, "are divided as to the place which would be the most fitting capital of Italy. Some mention Venice, because the first want of Italy is to be a maritime power." Then, after some detail of the reasons assigned in favour of Venice, he proceeds:—

"Others are led by history and by ancient memories to Rome. They say that Rome is more central; that it is within range of the three great islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica; that it is convenient for Naples, the largest population of Italy; that it is at a proper distance from all points of the frontier that can be attacked; that, whether the enemy presented himself on the French frontier, the Swiss frontier, or the Austrian frontier, Rome is at a distance of from 120 to 140 French leagues; that, were the boundary of the Alps forced, Rome is protected by the boundary of the Po, and, finally, by the boundary of the Apennines; that France and Spain are great maritime powers, although they have not their capitals at a port; that Rome, near the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, is in a position rapidly and economically to provide, by the Adriatic and through Ancona and Venice, for the defence of the frontier of the Isonzo and the Adige; that, by the Tiber, Genoa, and Villafranca, she could provide for the needs of the frontier of the Var and the Cottian Alps; that she is happily situated for harassing, by the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, the flanks of any army that should pass the Po and engage in the Apennines without being mistress of the sea; that from Rome the supplies which a great capital contains could be transported upon Naples and Tarento, so as to recover them from a victorious enemy; that, in fine, Rome exists; that she offers many more resources for the wants of a great capital than any city of the world; and that, above all, she has in her favour the magic and the nobleness of her name. *We also think that, though she may not have all the desirable qualities, Rome is, beyond contradiction, the capital which the Italians will one day choose.*"

This, it will be observed, was dictated at St. Helena; and it may be only of those *Idees Napoléoniennes* which the First Napoleon ventilated when he was Emperor of the French that his successor, the present Emperor, may consider himself bound to be the executor. Indeed, in the very picture sketched by the First Napoleon, of the future of the United Italy—of the power of such a State to rival France herself—there is much to dissuade his successor from being in any violent hurry to see the picture realized.

Doubtless this feeling—dislike to see the new Power of formidable promise, which he has helped to build, fairly launched, and desire to prolong her weak and incomplete condition, or, at least, to keep her on the stocks a little longer—has operated in the Emperor's protracted obstinacy in keeping his French troops in Rome. Else, surely, the opportunity he has recently had of leaving the Pope to his own subjects, without disgrace and without giving the French Catholics any reasonable ground for finding fault, was as good as he could look for. But he may feel himself, on the Roman question, in a greater complication of difficulties than we in Britain can understand. *Here* we press for a simple solution. But the French Emperor is not a man whom simple solutions suit. "A simple solution!" he is said to have replied to a British diplomatist, whom he invited to be frank with him as to what *he* would do in this very matter of Rome, and who hinted the simple solution of withdrawing the troops; "Oh, yes, I dare say! It would be a simple solution of that, and of many other things at the same time, if I were to leap out at that window; and many people would be glad to see it. But I am not going to do it, for all that." Nevertheless, it is the part of Great Britain, by all prudent means, to press, through the French Emperor—or past him, if it cannot be through him—towards this simple solution. He has, in the meantime, signalled the indefinite continuation of his past Italian policy, by appointing as his foreign minister, and as his ambassador at Rome, men who are pledged to that view of the Papacy which regards it as a cosmopolitan institution requiring for its soil and territorial basis a temporal kingdom in Central Italy—which ill-fated portion of Europe must, if requisite, be deprived of that right of independence and self-government accorded to all the rest, in order that the cosmopolitan tree may have quiet manure at its roots. Even among French liberals this view has supporters. But here in Britain—among Protestants, at least—it can have none. Nay, and the Roman

Catholics in these islands would do well to think that, by maintaining it in the manner some of them have been doing lately, they may perchance rouse among their fellow-subjects a new and reinvigorated and even more reasonable form of that "No Popery" cry which has long been unheard among us save in fanatical corners. We have not for many a day seen a better, a more finely-worded, or a more truly English bit of remonstrance, than that which has been addressed by the *Saturday Review* to Cardinal Wiseman on his recent pastoral *apropos* of the Garibaldi Riots, through the Cardinal, to British Roman Catholics. The passage on the Cardinal's rhetoric ought to be preserved as a piece of descriptive criticism quite masterly for its verbal exactness:—

"If we might be permitted to describe in appropriate language Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral, addressed on Sunday last to his dear children, we should say that it was what the ladies call a sweet pretty letter. It is so very rich and unctuous in language, so greasy and slobbering in thought and diction, such a feast of luscious things compounded of lollipop and goody, that it very nearly turns a man's stomach. Perhaps it is of the nature of these ecclesiastical writings, which survive as the sole relic of the style of the Lower Empire, that they suggest how a Narses would have written. There is a semivirous and emaculate squeaking treble in the whole composition. There is no manly ring—no plain, bold, decided exhortation—no clear, strong enunciation of duty—but a coaxing, wheedling, purring, and fondling tone, which is only not simply disgusting because here and there the manly tones of Scripture are struck. Of course, we are not such judges as the Cardinal is likely to be what suits his dear 'Children of St. Patrick;' but we should much doubt whether an English cabman or costermonger would feel complimented by being addressed in language fit, if for anybody endowed with a rational soul, scarcely for a puling girl just in her teens. To judge only by the sort of language addressed to them, one would imagine the London Irish to be some soft, flaccid, placid, mild-eyed Tahitan people, full only of gentle thoughts, and susceptible only of mild, affectionate intercourses. * * * * If the demon of Irish discord can be soothed by these honey-cakes, the Roman Catholic clergy have been much to blame for not scattering such very cheap oil on the waves of many an old and bloody sedition and rebellion."

It is to be hoped that there are Roman Catholics in Britain capable of another

rhetoric and another style of thought than those of the Cardinal. There are signs that such is the case; among which is the starting of a new first-class Roman Catholic periodical in London, not devoted to the Cardinal's views of what Catholicism is and requires. But the prime necessity for the development of such a style of thought among British Roman Catholics as shall exempt them from that richly deserved castigation of the Cardinal which we have quoted, and shall give any expositions they may have to make of the claims of Catholicism a chance of being listened to by men who know manly thought when they see it, is that among them too there should be a recognition and open avowal of the doctrine held by many eminent Catholics abroad, that the Papacy is a spiritual institution, to be left to its own intellectual chances in the world, and not a temporal power requiring, for the benefit of all, to be rooted in the misery, the corruption, and the detestation of any mass of selected victims.

The French Emperor, it is believed, looks forward to the death of the present Pope as likely to be a fit moment for

some modification of the Papacy in its political relations with Italy. Waiting for this moment, he is content to keep things as they are at Rome, and to bear with both the obstinacy of the Pope and the indignation of the Italians. But that he should thus, in the face of the opinion of all liberal Europe, still persist in avoiding the "simple solution" that seemed the other day almost forced upon him, suggests ominously the nature of the arrangements which he hopes to make when the proper moment comes. It seems clear that, if he can help it, the unity of Italy will *not* be achieved, and that he is still occupying himself with some dream of a divided or federalized Italy in which the Papacy shall have its suitable part and French influence shall be maintained. That he may be thwarted in this, and that he may find himself compelled after all to accept "the simple solution," is what we are bound fervently to wish. It is to his advantage, and to the detriment of the Italian cause at present, that the administration of the kingdom of Italy should be in the hands of a Ratazzi. But Italy will find means to accomplish her destiny.

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GENIUS AND DISCIPLINE IN LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a passage in Cæsar in which he tells of the panic that there was among all ranks of his army at the first prospect of having to fight with men of such tremendous reputation for size, strength, and courage as the Germans. He had to call an assembly of his officers and soldiers and reason with them on the subject. The substance of what he said was, that superiority of discipline, such as the Romans possessed, had always been found to be more than equivalent to the kind of odds that was then causing alarm, and that so confident was he in this experience, that, should all the rest of his army desert him, he would march against the Germans with the Tenth Legion alone. The reasoning had its due effect at the time; and, so long as the Romans kept up their superiority of military discipline, and had leaders with a touch of Cæsar in them, their armies, though composed of men of moderate stature and strength individually, were more than a match for those masses of great-limbed and blue-eyed Goths that lay on the frontier of the empire. In the end, the sons of Odin did thunder in victoriously and trample the Roman rule to pieces; but by that time the balance of discipline had been turned, and the intrinsically more vehement human stuff was also the better led and the more strongly regulated.

The maxim which Cæsar propounded so long ago has received many confirma-

tions since, and is now a commonplace in all our discussions respecting the military prowess of communities in comparison with each other. But there is a world of undeveloped meaning in the maxim, as applicable not only to collective bodies of men, but to individuals, and not only to the conduct of war, but to matters more intellectual and spiritual. Every individual man among us may be viewed in respect of what may be called his natural powers, or the quantity of various faculty discernible in him; but he may be viewed also in respect of the discipline to which he subjects these powers, and by which he directs, increases, and regulates their use. Essentially, the two things are inter-related. The nature of the discipline to which a man will of his own accord submit his natural powers is determined ultimately by the nature and the mutual proportions of those powers themselves; and, on the other hand, whatever a man gains from discipline may be considered as so much added to his stock of natural endowments. But the distinction is not, on this account, the less real or useful. The military discipline of the Romans was undoubtedly a gradual creation of the natural powers and dispositions of the Roman people, and would have been different had these been different; and yet we speak properly enough of the Roman discipline as something distinct from the natural Roman *virtus*, and rendering it tenfold more

terrible and effective. And so, in the case of an individual, we adhere with equal certainty to the distinction that may be drawn between the amount of natural faculty apparently possessed and the discipline needed to turn that amount of possibility to good actual account. Every hour we are using the distinction. Here, we say, is So-and-So, a man of splendid abilities, who might have been or done almost anything he had chosen in the world, but who has wasted his life, done nothing of visible mark or worth, and sunk, already a veteran, into the mere oracle and cynic of a dinner-table. There, we say again, is Such-another, a tight well-knit fellow of by no means great natural capacity, but who has worked what he has to the uttermost, and achieved results and position accordingly! But perhaps we realize to ourselves most strikingly both the distinction between natural power and discipline and their relations to each other, when we think of instances of men who have combined original genius of the highest mortal order with a co-equal stringency of self-discipline. Perhaps in the whole history of the world there is not such another instance of this combination as in Cæsar himself. He was the greatest and ablest of all Roman men, or actually by nature the most powerful brain that Rome in all her generations produced—no mere soul, either, of cool regular procedure, but with all that liability to phrenzy and inspired ecstacy, all that power of erratic and inexplicable resolve, which we associate with the word genius; a man who would stake his life on a vast cast, and cross a Rubicon, or dash open the doors of a treasury, after one meditative motion of his finger to his forehead. Yet, in this man, so endowed, what superb self-control, what ruling of the life from enterprise to enterprise and from moment to moment, what severe rationality of end and method! There is an ancient bust of Cæsar in the British Museum before which one could stand and look for hours. Gazing at this bust, one seems to see in the massive temples broadening back to the space over the ears, in the total

length and grandeur of the head, and then in the care-worn, thought-worn, and sorrow-furrowed face, that matchless union of vast original power with laborious and highly-disciplined purpose. It is in thinking of such a man, at all events, that one sees what discipline is and may be in an individual life—not a mere substitute for genius, or the mere drill of poor natural stuff into some show of efficiency; but the means by which genius itself is fitted to do its utmost, and leave a train of adequate results. What was the life of the Mongolian Attila, squab-visaged sovereign though he was of a momentary empire extending from China to the Danube, or what were the nobler lives of the Gothic Alarics and Hermanns, those savage sons of genius and chiefs of the yellow-haired hosts, compared with the life of the civilized, pale-faced, fastidious, and epileptic Roman Emperor?

What has been said more than hints in what Discipline, as regards the individual, may be said to consist. It consists in law or regulation—in power used to govern power. It identifies itself with Reason or Will, considered as the master-faculty of the total mind. The mind is compounded of tendency, appetite, acquisition, habit, wish, power, aptitude, and other things; and at each moment this compound of powers and dispositions may be considered as having rushed on to a given point, beyond which, if nothing interferes, its course is a matter of physical certainty. But at this point, we know, there *may* be interference. Reason, which is speculative Will, or Will, which is practical Reason, may step in—a power belonging to the same mind, and yet somehow rising freely out of it and looking down upon it; and this power may arrest the current, dam it back, send it on at an angle to its original direction, or let it proceed in that direction charged with a new impulse. The power of the mind to say *No* to itself is one of the most eminent, as it is one of the most common, parts of discipline. But discipline does not consist exclusively in restraint or conti-

nence. That power by which the mind criticises itself may also rouse it when it flags, may point its view to objects far and near, may divert it to new aims, or urge it by new resolutions. In either case, the act is that of imposing a law or purpose upon oneself—of first referring to some rule or notion of right, propriety, fitness, or expediency, and then coming back with a permission to do what was on the point of being done at any rate, or with a mandate to do otherwise.

Most men have, in the very traditions and rules of the professions by which they earn their bread, a discipline ready-made for them. The lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, the merchant, the engineer, and artisans of the different crafts, all more or less have been admitted into their respective walks of life through an established course of training, and have the manner of their daily activity marked out for them by institution, custom, rules of trade and penalties. Life to them, or, at least, the professional part of their life, is, to a considerable extent, governed by routine. It is very different with the man of letters. The most lawless being on earth, the being least regulated by any authority out of himself, is the literary man. What is called Bohemianism in the literary world is only an extreme instance of a phenomenon belonging to literature as such. All literature is, in a sense, though not in the same sense, a vast Bohemianism. It is the permeation of ordinary society by a tribe of wild-eyed stragglers from the far East, who are held in check in general matters by the laws of society, and many of whom, in those portions of their lives that do not appertain to the peculiar tribe-business, may be eminently respectable, and even men of rank and magistracy, but who, in what does appertain to the peculiar tribe-business, work absolutely in secret, and are free from all allegiance except to themselves, and perhaps also, in some small degree, to one another. For what is the peculiar tribe-business? It is thinking and the expression of thought.

This is the most general definition that can be given of literature. Obviously, such a mode of activity is so extensive, admits of so many varieties, that to call it a tribe-business at all, except by way of passing metaphor, would be absurd. On the crowded platform of literature there are scores of tribes inextricably intermixed, as well as stray individuals who, like Harry Gow, acknowledge no tribeship. We hear, indeed, of the brotherhood of literature, of organizations of literature and the like; but, except for certain benevolent practical purposes, these phrases, so far as they are descriptions of fact, are meaningless. There may one day be a brotherhood of literature as there may be a brotherhood of mankind, and an organization of literature as there may be an organization of human labour; but, for the present, almost as well talk of a brotherhood of men who wear wigs, or an organization of men who agree in having turquoise-rings on their fourth fingers, as of a brotherhood or organization of men of letters. What affinity, what connexion is established between two persons by the mere fact that both make the expression of thought of some kind or other their business—i.e. that both wield the pen and can construct written sentences? Surely you have first to ask what the thought is, what kind of man is at the back of the pen, what the sentences contain; and, after being amused, for example, by the writings of the late Mr. Albert Smith, you would not insist on his relationship to Mr. John Stuart Mill; nor, fresh from the perusal of the *Newgate Calendar*, would you speak of the compiler as the late Mr. Wordsworth's spiritual brother. Yet, despite this visible resolution of what is called the literary or intellectual class into as many sorts of men as there are sorts of men who do not write, there is this class-peculiarity common to them all, that, in the exercise of their craft, unless they bring impediments into it from without, they are, more than any other set of men, their own masters. Some conditions and restrictions there, indeed, are even in this

Ishmaelitish business of thinking and expressing thought. In this country most of these are summed up in the one wholesome difficulty of finding a publisher. Where the circumstances of a writer obviate this difficulty, there is still a certain vague agency of restriction in the laws of blasphemy, sedition, and libel. A closer, more forcible, and more constant kind of regulation arises from the fear of that form of public opinion which consists in the criticism by the writing-class itself of each other's productions. But, these and other forms of regulation from without allowed for, it remains true that the man of letters, or the man of intellectual pursuits, is left, more than any other, in the exercise of his special business, to the free drift of his own powers and tendencies, without any discipline save such as he may make for himself. It may be worth while to inquire, then, so far as a swift survey of known instances may serve, in what ways literary genius has been found exercising self-discipline.

The highest development of the military art is what is called Strategy. It is the part of Strategy to plan campaigns, or sometimes even a series of campaigns, in advance—to scheme, in short, the general conduct of a war from a prior consideration of data, to calculate the movements of masses over large tracts of time and country, and to arrange future battle-fields on the map. Wellington had a plan for the Peninsular war which lasted him almost through the whole of it. Now, something akin to this strategy may sometimes be discerned in the lives of men of intellect. There have been men of the intellectual order, who, at an early period of their lives, or at some period less early, have formed a resolution as to the direction of their activity for the rest of their lives, or have even planned their lives in detail a good way forward, and who, amid all the distractions of outward circumstance, and the modifications of their own views, have persevered in their resolution and kept true in the main to their plans. Without going beyond our own country,

have we not such an instance in Bacon? Did he not in youth conceive the notion of putting mankind upon a new method in the search for truth, of shifting the wheels of the human mind out of what he supposed to be the Aristotelian ruts? And through his busy life did he not toil at this notion till he gave us what we have of the *Instauratio Magna*? By this example, indeed, it is suggested that it is chiefly in the lives of men of the speculative order that we are to expect anything like strategy. There is an irresistible native drift in their constitution, or such a drift appears in the total assemblage of their powers and acquisitions at some point of their career; and, though a strong act of will on the first thorough perception of this may be necessary for perfect achievement, yet by the mere persistence of the passive tendency a certain continuity of occupations would be the result. There was, in this sense, a kind of dawdling strategy even in poor Coleridge's life. But it is not in the lives only of powerful philosophic thinkers that strategic duration and continuity of purpose may be discerned. Between the hour when Gibbon, meditating amid the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome, planned the *Decline and Fall*, and the hour, when, in the moon-lit acacia-walk at Lausanne, after having written the last page, he walked to and fro, and was sad that his work was finished, what a lapse of laborious years, what thousands of days and nights, during the changing events of which, and the fatigues of the work itself, there had been incessant need of fresh strokes of volition! In Hallam's three works, too, what have we but the connected remains of three seeming divisions of a well-planned life? The deliberate choice, therefore, of a great subject of history or research, or of several such one after another, may impart a strategic consistency to a life, as well as the spur of speculative originality or a passion for philosophic innovation. Such choice, carried out in effect, involves the consecration of years to one slowly-reached object;

the neglect meanwhile of a thousand delightful or even clamorous irrelevancies, and a heart firm against the songs of sirens on many a charming coast on the voyage. There have been, however, writers even of the poetic order in the main, or of a mixed order, in whose lives, as by a union in them of the two qualities of a strong speculative determination from the first, and a power of mere perseverance in works of labour once undertaken, the same strategic character, the same vertebration through and through by a sustained purpose, has been notably apparent. Such a writer was Milton. He put on record the nature of his intended masterpiece, and pledged himself to its achievement, seven-and-twenty years before he had leisure to do it; and all his intermediate labours were stormy preparations for it, mixed with passionate longings. Nor has the world often seen such an example of strategy in an intellectual life as in that of the poet Wordsworth. With a purpose in his head respecting himself, that iron man of imagination, that man of poetic nerve superimposed upon mere bone, that Wellington of our poesy (there is a look of Wellington in his very face), withdrew in his early prime to his native lake-district, remained there immovable except for an occasional tour, put himself on a milk-and-water regimen for purposes both of health and of economy, was ruthless enough to compel his visitors to the same regimen unless they chose to get spirits for themselves at a public-house, replied to the letters even of celebrated correspondents with a cold, sarcastic sense that seemed heartless at the time, but gives one now an impression of his real superiority, and, all the while, wrote his poems and his prefaces expounding his theory of poetry, and sent them forth to a jeering world. If among our still living British writers we should seek for one in whose life, reviewed as a whole hitherto, the same character of what may be called strategy, the same noble self-discipline on a large scale, though exercised on different material and with quite unlike results, is obvious

with all the clearness of a historic fact of our time, whom should we name but Carlyle?

Few, however, are the men of letters, even among those whom the world regards as of the very highest rank of genius, in whose intellectual career there has been anything of strategy, such as we have described it. Most literary men, God help them! do not see or scheme much farther than into the middle of next week, any more in what pertains to the conduct of their intellect than in their material concerns. Life, for them, is a succession of articles, stories, poems, essays, or whatever else it may be, suggested by occasion one after another, each occupying its portion of time, and flung over the shoulder when it is finished. It is possible, of course, as one or two of the instances cited will have suggested, that even in a life so morselled out into a series of small or not very extensive efforts, there may yet be a real strategic connexion. A writer of powerful individuality by nature, or of gradually acquired purpose, may make his life serve his intention on the plan of multisection, as well as on that of trisection, bisection, or the life-long elaboration of one great scheme. Nay, even where there is no trace of such predetermination, but a writer seems floated on from subject to subject by a mere stream of accident, or actually writes to order, still it cannot but be that, when the straggling series of his writings is finished, a certain unity will be found to pervade them. On the whole, however, so far as there is discipline or self-regulation in the life of such a writer (and the great majority of writers, and especially of popular, poetic, or imaginative writers, are included more or less), it can hardly be of the kind that could be said to constitute strategy. It is rather of the kind that is, or used to be, in military science, called Tactics.

It is not easy to say where Tactics end and Strategy begins; and, in later military theory, the distinction is little insisted on. Still, it has a meaning. Tactics, as the art of efficiently handling

forces that have been brought into a given situation, may very well be conceived as distinct from Strategy, which maps out a campaign or campaigns in advance, determines the situations into which forces are to be brought, and considers how they are to be brought thither. It used to be recognised by military men as possible that a good strategist might be a bad tactician, and, *vice versâ*, that a capital tactician might break down in strategy. With this we have less to do than with the fact that the best strategy may be ruined by bad tactics, and with this other fact—that, in so far as the phrases can be transferred to literary life, it has been chiefly in the kind of self-discipline corresponding to tactics that the majority of men of literary genius have been called upon to prove themselves. In the literary life of Shakespeare himself, admirably and prudently arranged as was his life as a man of the world, there is next to nothing of intentional strategy, but only magnificent tactics. As a dramatist and theatre-manager he takes up one subject after another as a subject on which a play is to be written; and, though there may have been some strategy, intellectual as well as commercial, in his consecutive choice of subjects, it is too lax for detection. What we see when we try to represent to ourselves any moment of his life as a poet is simply his magnificent mind engaged on this or that particular dramatic subject—i.e. those Warwickshire forces acting for the moment in a given situation into which somehow they have been brought. In what else did his literary life consist than in *extempore* invention and expression—in saying on each subject that occurred to him, and in connexion with each situation he fancied, the greatest possible instantaneous quantity of deep, rich, and splendid things! Or take Shakespeare's later cousin, Scott. He, too, was a man of firm, steady, personal character. There were, moreover, visible in him from the first marked constitutional tendencies or veins of sentiment, which necessarily pre-determined to some extent the nature and direction of his

authorship; and in the retrospect of his writings, as a whole, there is therefore to be seen a greater connectedness than in the retrospect of Shakespeare's. But in Scott, too, the kind of literary self-discipline chiefly exemplified was that needed for the management of subject after subject lightly taken up on popular grounds rather than in studied series. And, if Scott and Shakespeare were thus tacticians rather than strategists in their literary lives, our present men of letters need not take it ill, if it is asserted that the same observation holds true of the majority of their body.

It is time, however, to see whether one may not enunciate a principle or two of this said discipline or art of literary self-regulation—such principles, we mean, as will generally be found to have been practised by writers of really effective literary genius, and which, at all events, may be safely recommended to any now-a-days who, conscious of literary power, are anxious for its just and permanently effective use. In what follows we have regard chiefly to that kind of literary self-regulation which we have compared to Tactics. As Strategy, however, depends on Tactics, any principles that may be established even within these limits will, doubtless, be found, by expansion, to be principles of intellectual self-discipline in general.

1. There is the principle of negative Truth—or of striving hard never to say anything that one does not really think. "Striving hard," we say; for, without any excessive harshness of judgment, this strength of phrase does not seem unnecessary in reference to things as they exist. Speaking for myself at least, I cannot but be of opinion, from what I see daily, that, rich and variously able as our now current literature is beyond that of any previous British age, there is yet a great deal of petty untruthfulness in it which it would require some rigour of self-discipline to cast out.

Perhaps it is in the critical department that this petty untruthfulness most abounds, or is most easily detected. I have seen over and over again, I see every week, critical notices in which it is

obvious to me, because of my own previous acquaintance with the productions noticed, that the writers have never read those productions, have probably never even glanced at them, but have at a venture set down words concerning them on the chance of their proving to be about right. I have seen one of the gravest and most thoughtful authors of the day referred to by name, in perfect seriousness, as a "light and humorous" writer—the critic thinking it incumbent on him to seem to know something of the author, and not knowing even the nature of his reputation. And, again and again, I meet with epithets applied to books or papers, supposed to be at that moment on the table of the critic and under his eye, the utter inapplicability of which by any force of contortion to those books or papers tells, as clearly as an affidavit, that Mr. Critic did not even interrogate his paper-knife when it had cut the leaves. This kind of untruthfulness—the untruthfulness of pretending to know where one does not know—is naturally most common in those quarters where reviewing has to be done in masses and in a hurry; and one ought not to forget, in these circumstances, the really astonishing amount of honesty which is, after all, shown in these quarters, in consequence both of conscience on the part of many who labour, and of good business-arrangement on the part of some who direct.

There is a literary dishonesty which requires stronger precautions against it than that of mere statement beyond one's knowledge. It is the dishonesty of statement *against* one's knowledge. In critical literature, especially, malice, envy, ill-will, or, on the other hand, personal connexions of interest or friendship, all operate so as to make it very difficult for the best of us to avoid saying what, if we stopped ourselves and asked, "Do I really think what I am now saying?" we should be obliged to confess we did *not* think. We take up a book by So-and-So, a man whom we do not like, or whom for some reason or other we wish at Jericho. We read on with sneering nostrils, and with gloom on our brows;

but it chances that, as we read, in spite of this black mood, there comes stroke after stroke of real power upon our intellectual nerve, upon our sense for what is good in thought, in humour, in fancy! How many of us are there that, in these circumstances, relax, yield, own ourselves conquered, let the clouds clear away, cry out "That's good, were you Beelzebub himself!" and then, afterwards, in giving our opinion of the book, say exactly what we caught ourselves thinking while we read it, and not what, in our malice, we hoped we should think, or perhaps still, in our malice, try to think? Or, again, we read a book by that important friend, or that delightful lady, and are bound to review it. As we read, we are as bland and placid as a lake under sunshine; we wait expectingly; let there be the least tremor of intellectual motion, the most casual passage of real power, and we shall respond to it eagerly. But no; there is none; from the first page to the last all is dreary, weary, watery, wordy! Where is the Aristides that, in such a case, will—we do not say, express all he does think—but honestly refrain from every approach to saying what he has not been able to think in the least degree?

But all the amount of such dishonesty in literature, arising from private malice or private benevolence, is as nothing compared with the aggregate of petty untruthfulness imported into our current literature by public animosities, political or religious. That wretched polarization of our whole national thought, since 1688, into the two antagonistic currents of common Whiggism and common Toryism, has, indeed, now well-nigh ceased. But there are other antagonisms extant or rising. Perhaps it is in religious controversy that untruthfulness is most rank. How is it that among our liberal and cultured laymen of all sects it is beginning to be a simultaneous belief that the so-called religious journals, whether of their own or of other sects, are, with few exceptions, about the most unscrupulous of periodical publi-

cations, the least truthful, candid, or manly? Where do we find so much as in some of these organs, not only of narrowness of sentiment, of an oblivion of all things on earth lying out of the circle of a few interests, and of slovenly literary faculty, but also of reckless statement, of fulsome adulation of two or three people, and of rabidly malicious insinuation against all who differ from these? Surely a writer might hold firmly to his own religious party, were it the most special that exists, and yet be in the habit of seeing that he really knows or believes a thing before he sets it down. And yet, even when we leave the lower literature of expressly sectarian journals and attend to the articles of able theological controversy that occasionally flame in higher regions, do we not find instances of things asserted as matter of fact, which, had the writer been checked and cross-examined, he would have been obliged to admit were, for him, mere matters of wish, vague supposition, or angry clap-trap. For example, when we find champions on one side of the great theological controversy of the present day not answering the arguments they denounce, but making the assertion that all the arguments on the other side have been triumphantly demolished over and over again, so that to reply once more would only be to slay the slain, are we really to believe that the gentlemen speak what they know? There may be men who could, by reason of their great learning, make such an assertion *bond fide*; and so we suppose there may be men who could say truly they had been in Central Africa. But, if ten men in a room, one after another, were to tell you they had been in Central Africa—much more if you never met anybody that did not, on a particular turn of the conversation, tell you he had been in Central Africa—you would begin to suspect that “having been in Central Africa” was a phrase meaning not at all what the plain words imply, but only that one had read a review of Park’s Travels, or had once seen a panorama of the Nile, or had recently met a negro in an omnibus, or

something of that sort. There is no end, however, to the forms of this vice. I have read crushing replies to one heterodox French philosopher, in which the name of the poor man so crushed was uniformly misspelt. Now, I do not deny that one may have a sufficient acquaintance with a philosopher’s views, and yet not be able to spell his name. But, to say the least, it looks ill, it looks ill.

2. Another principle of self-discipline, capable of being identified with the former, but worthy of being separately named, is that of Temperance, or Suspension of Judgment. Here, again, it is best at once to go to examples. It is very gratifying in many cases, and at the same time very easy, to call a man from whom we differ an ass, a ruffian, an ape, a reptile, or a lunatic. If we should chance not to like a painting, a capital way of saying so is to pronounce it *base*. And so, like Dickens’s Mr. Boythorn, we may go about always in a rage and hurricane of superlatives—seeing or hearing of nothing wrong, should it be but a misquotation or a small impertinence, but straightway the wrong-doer should be kicked, burnt alive, or hanged, drawn, and quartered. But, if we blaze away our powder at that rate, what is to become of us? Why fire an Armstrong gun when a pistol-shot is enough; why move a battalion in double column to do what may be done by a file-march of six men? The time may come when the biggest and most blackguardly word in the dictionary might with perfect fitness be hurled out—when ass, ruffian, ape, reptile, and lunatic might come forth with a precision of application quite exquisite, and when burning alive, or hanging, drawing and quartering would exactly suit. But, if all your big words have been already in constant service, they have, in fact, been rubbed into little ones; if you have been hanging, drawing, and quartering all your life for peccadilloes, what are you to do with crimes? Here, as in other things, bluster is often but weakness, and the strength most to be dreaded shows

itself in gradation, in the proportioning of energy to occasion, in mildness when there is little to do, in reserve of power when the demand for exertion is moderate, in reserve of power still when that demand increases, still in reserve of power stage after stage of waxing excitement, and only in total paroxysm without reserve in a rare and last extremity.

"But, when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why *then* the thing
of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune."

A rule of self-discipline, therefore, with literary genius, ought to be Temperance, or a determination that the words spoken shall be not only words of truth but also words of soberness. In using the phrase Suspension of Judgment as synonymous or nearly so with Temperance, we have, however, indicated a particular extension or application of the rule. It happens to all of us in ordinary society, for example, to be frequently called upon, or at least tempted, to give an opinion upon some subject on which we are really not competent to give one; and public writers are especially liable to this call or temptation. A revolution occurs somewhere abroad, or some important political measure is suddenly brought forward at home, or out of the mere ferment of thought on non-political matters there arises some question for discussion. Straightway there is a rush of the writing-class to the point of commotion; and, for days, weeks, or months, as the case may be, the press teems with articles, pamphlets, letters, and essays on the topic of interest. Now, in the present well-organized state of our public press, it is to be supposed that a great many of those who thus carry on the discussion of important questions as they arise are persons who have had previous acquaintance with these questions, or at least with the data needed for their settlement. A person who writes in an authoritative journal on a

new revolution somewhere in the Austrian dominions is supposed to be well up in the history and politics of the Austrian Empire; and so on. Farther, there are such things as general principles of human nature, of political economy, of politics, &c., on the faith of which those who are in the possession of them may proceed to argue, in an *à priori* or deductive manner, on questions suddenly brought before them. Perhaps all the most valid argumentation on social subjects is of this kind. But there are many persons who have neither any adequate prior information bearing on the questions that are being discussed round about them, nor any apparatus of principles by which to grasp these questions so as to get at sure conclusions. What is to be done in such a case? When all the world is arguing, it is hard to sit by and say nothing—hardest of all for one whose business is speech. Hence the spectacle every day of dogmatism where there is neither knowledge of data nor possession of the requisite apparatus of principles. But, great as are the temptations to this *extempore* certitude of conclusion beyond the warrant either of one's knowledge or of one's intellectual and moral instincts, it is a proper part of self-discipline to withstand them. So far as a writer's knowledge goes, so far as his instincts, principles, or acquired articles of belief will cut into the question, so far, and no farther, ought he to asseverate. Or, if such a half-and-half course would be cowardly, and there should be an imperative duty of coming to a definite conclusion to be proclaimed and maintained, then there remains this obvious plan of becoming qualified—a study of the question, purposely undertaken. This simple phrase, "A study of the question," is one the habit of repeating which for one's own behoof would do a world of good. It is in the power of the mind, when it is perplexed as to the conclusion to be come to, and yet must come to a conclusion, to do, in a small way, what Government almost always does before it proceeds to legislate on a complex matter—issue a

commission of inquiry, to collect evidence and report. Nay, even when the mind is borne along by faith in certain instinctive or acquired principles so as to see and be sure of the conclusion it will press for, this plan of a commission to collect all the facts, and of suspension of judgment on the chance of new light so to arise, may often be followed with advantage. There have been of late, for example, some cases of garotting in the streets of London by ticket-of-leave men. This shows certainly that something is wrong; but what has happened? Why, on the spur of very natural indignation at this one fact, a sudden leap of a hundred frantically-excited writers at once to the conclusion, not only that the Ticket-of-Leave System is radically wrong, but also that the whole of that Humanitarian movement, as it is derisively called, which, for a generation past, has, under the conduct of able and thoughtful men, and in accordance with the progressive sense of mankind, been modifying the treatment of our criminals, ought to be forthwith reversed, and there ought to be a plunge back again into the grand barbaric system of floggings, starvation, galley-slavery, and hangings of half-dozens at a time. Now, where writers have arrived at this conclusion on general principles, and only take the garottings as an occasion on which to expound it, they are, on our present score, blameless. The cases of such strongly-founded opinion, however, seem to be rare. In the general, the reasoning is simply this: There have been garottings; *ergo*, by way of cure, let chaos come again! Perhaps no great harm is done. The fury lulls; other voices are heard; and, before there can be action, there is discussion and a balance of conflicting judgments. But how much better that each one should transact within himself as much of the unavoidable confusion of argument as he can, so that, when he speaks, it may be clearly, thoroughly, and wisely!

3. There is the principle of Sufficient Intellection (allow me the uncouth word), or, let us say rather, of Sufficiently-

organized Intellection, Sufficient Logical Strictness. This principle, also, grows out of the preceding, and may be resolved back into it; but it admits of separate development. Within its domain may be brought, among other things, almost all that belongs to the subject of style.

Writers differ very much in their habits of thought and composition. Some are slow and laborious, and, if they produce a page a day, are content; others are swift, exuberant, fluent, and let the written pages fall on the floor, a dozen or twenty at a sitting; others are fast or slow as occasion acts and it pleases the printer's devil. Perhaps it is in our conception of genius that it should be always naturally fluent, and that, if it moves slowly or warily, it is by self-enforced discipline. We hear now-a-days of a new mode of literary invention and composition, especially in the department of metaphysics and poetry, or in mixed poetry and metaphysics, discovered by the spirit-rappers. You sit down at a table, you or any other man, with the paper before you and the pen in your hand; you make your mind as nearly a blank as you can; you abjure all effort, all self-consciousness, all thought of this or that; you let yourself swoon into a state of Hindoo trance; you sit, you sit, you sit, and wait. Lo, some time—not the first time perhaps, but some time, if you persevere—a power will seize you; some spirit from the Spirit-world, passing accidentally your way and seeing the opportunity, or desecrating you from his place afar off amid the spiritual populations and hierarchies, will elect you as his medium; your whole frame will heave, your whole being tingle; you will become as an *Æolian* harp moaning to invisible breezes; of itself your hand will begin to move, and over the paper it will rush, writing, writing—O, so marvellously!—till nature no longer can sustain the ecstatic working, and you fall down in exhaustion. Such specimens as we have seen of literature so produced have been, we must say, terrible stuff—stuff that would not be creditable to authorship under the in-

fluence of common spirits of alcohol, to let alone supernatural spirits. But in this alleged heavenly mode of composition there is, at least, an image of what, within more natural limits, does often occur when genius is in motion with the steam fully up. The hand moves in writing, and, as it moves, thought after thought comes to it from God knows where. Pshaw! there is no mystery about it—from the mind governed by the laws of association of ideas! Well, that may be one way of expressing it; but, for giving any vivid notion of the reality, it is like angling for Leviathan with a hook. Mind, in the act of inventing or composing, what a miracle it is! A chamber, as we fancy it, and yet a chamber to which there are no walls, no roof, no bounds; a vast transparent space, in the nearer part of which, where it narrows towards utterance, there are the most perceptible stirrings and throbbings, but the whole of which also is clouding and revolving, back to where internal vision ends, and where, for aught that it can tell, there *may* be Powers and Spirits of the Supernatural moving and causing motion; an orderly reappearing, in that airy space, of recollections that well up or shower themselves down, unbidden or hardly bidden, out of lower or upper depths where they have lain inexplicably concealed; a gradual shaking out, as in distinct flocks, and yet all in definite relation and sequence, of some required or available selection of life's miscellaneous memoranda and old forgotten photographs! Such is the process of thought or intellection, as it is practised by all, and more especially in the production of literature. But it may be practised well or ill, rapidly or slowly, with strong purpose or with weak purpose. Hence, as well as from the differences of original constitution and of experience, the endless varieties in what is called a writer's mode of thought, and in his style or diction.

In all literature, worthy of the name, there should, first of all, be sufficient intellection. The mind should really have been at work, and—whether swiftly

or laboriously matters not, if the result is equally attained—should have produced something sufficiently valuable or interesting that did not before exist. This qualification “that did not before exist” is an essential one. It sweeps into nothing, as not really literature at all, save in the etymological sense of smearing or daubing, vast masses of what is every day offered as literature. But, in connexion with this matter of sufficient intellection, one might have a grievous fault to find with a great deal of the most honest and strenuous literary criticism of our time. Whether it is that many of our critics are themselves stunted and broken-winded authors, or whatever else is the cause, certain it is that there is largely diffused through our British critical world a notion as if “sufficient intellection” consisted always in low intellection, in good plain intellection within limits. There are critics, and perfectly honest critics, who fly at every appearance of richness, involution, height, subtlety, picturesqueness, largeness, depth, exuberance, or enthusiasm of thought, like a bull at a red rag. The great masters of our literature that are dead and gone, in all of whom some combination or other of these qualities is apparent—why else are they called great?—these, of course, they do not meddle with. Verse also they generally, though not always, let alone—regarding it perhaps as a form of literature prescriptively licensed for all kinds of intellectual ingenuity and braggardism. They reserve their attacks for Prose. There is but one style of prose that they have any patience for, though they do admit that it is capable of some legitimate range of variation in the matter of syntax—that which may be called good business prose, such as intelligent and educated persons use in ordinary conversation. Anything beyond such plain business prose, or the proximate developments of it, irritates them exceedingly. Now, it is useless to argue on the matter with such critics themselves. They labour under an incurable incapacity of seeing reason on the subject. They have never caught

a glimpse of the principle which it ought to be the chief effect, one would think, of all liberal and academic education to impress upon those who have partaken of its benefits—to wit, that, on every subject and in every department, the well-being of the world depends on power of indefinite advance from what is ordinary or proximate, on the concession to as many as choose of liberty of intellection on and on, according to their own methods, even till, it may be, they are out of sight, not only of the general multitude, but of all save the fleetest few. Fancy a Mathematics, for example, that should now consist, or that should all along have consisted, only of the ordinary mathematics in use in good society, and of its proximate developments! It ought to be seen that, with certain variations due to the nature of the case, the same holds good of Literature—that, so far from literature being, or being required to be, a reproduction of the ordinary talk of common society, there is no fragment of literature of any kind whatever that, through six consecutive lines, answers exactly to this description; and that, in all superior literature, the very peculiarity that makes it superior consists in excess of deviation from this standard, or in the protraction into a business of hours, weeks, months, or years, of what appears in ordinary conversation only at its very best, and then only in gleams or crude suggestions. In short, nothing is more important than that, in theory at least, there should be vindicated for literature, and for prose literature as well as for verse, the right of untrammelled representation, whether as regards matter or as regards form, of whatever any mind, however extraordinary, can, by its most energetic or most persevering action, evolve or generate. Practically, by reason of the power which really thoughtful and cultivated critics do wield, a large amount of our truly best and greatest literature has the benefit of this safeguard. Hence every year we see books of the highest power, in certain kinds—books of calm, laborious thought, or of delicate and

ingenious investigation—taking their place not only without challenge, but with nearly unanimous welcome. But there are kinds of literature which, though theoretically legitimate, are not so safe practically. They are those kinds in which very exuberant, very rich, very vehement, or very impassioned genius is apt to manifest itself—those kinds which are the least held in check, not only by contemporary expectation, but even by literary precedents, and which, in respect of style and form, tend to, or actually end in, what (to save farther trouble of exact description by using popular terms) may be called Prose-poetry, Eloquence, Magniloquence, or Rhapsody.

Nevertheless, without exculpating the critics, here too we may say that the writers often enough have themselves to blame. Throwing aside, as not worth speaking of, all these masses of so-called eloquent writing, appearing every day, which are simply eloquence on false pretences—those heaps of turgid, verbose, grandiose, sentence-making, in which, when they are duly compressed, there is not the size of a pin's-head of real thought or meaning, and which often are but a species of conscious charlatanry—throwing these aside, and attending only to such gorgeous, or eloquent, or otherwise strangely-motived prose as *may* be the natural and necessary element of real genius of certain extraordinary kinds, one may assert, and support the assertion by instances, that, though such writers must always expect to work against a stronger current of critical irritation and opposition than others, yet much of the irritation and opposition they do encounter arises from neglect of the rigid self-discipline which they, above others, require. By them, too, there is often a neglect of those two principles of self-discipline which have been already specified—the principle of negative truthfulness, and the principle of temperance or suspension of judgment. The mere rigorous recollection and application of these two principles would clear the writing of such men of much that is objectionable in it. But

more is needed in their case. There is needed an exercise, close and continuous, of a higher and more complex principle of self-regulation, which is commonly recognised under the name of compression, or concentration, but which we have chosen to describe as intellection sufficiently organized, or sufficient logical strictness.

This principle, as has just been said, is highly complex. It involves at least several sub-principles, of which two are these—the systematic rejection, in every case, of what is already trite, or thoroughly known to every human being within the circle of those addressed; and the equally systematic rejection of whatever, though not trite, is yet irrelevant, or incapable of adhering to the minds of those addressed, for even a single second, so as to further the purpose in view. This second sub-principle is the one the offences against which it might be the most interesting to illustrate. In no kind of literature is it so frequently offended against as in that kind of descriptive literature, now so common, which tries to vie with painting. A perfect piece of verbal description is that in which the words shall hit off to the imagination or mental vision of the reader, in the clearest and most vivid manner possible, the reality described. Yet how often in the description, for example, of a landscape or a cataract, are we caught in a page or in several pages of words which neither ear, eye, nor effort of conception can interpret into any more definite image of the landscape or cataract intended than would have been conveyed at once by the mere substantives “landscape” or “cataract,” together with a touch or two of distinctive epithet rightly added!

Without pursuing, however, the illustration of either of the sub-principles, one may point out that, practically, the due degree of obedience to both is, for the majority of writers of the class now in question, chiefly a matter of the time they allow themselves, or are allowed by circumstances. Where there is hurry, or sudden ex-

citement, there, notwithstanding the stimulus which genius often finds in such a state of affairs, matter must, in the main, be set down as it comes, and there is little room for organization or deliberate revision, *i.e.* for the application of intellect to direct and control itself. Hence one may allege that the fault in all such cases, even where the intellectual action seems most rapid, spontaneous, and prolific, is really, in one way or another, *insufficiency* of intellection. Sufficiency of intellectual expenditure on whatever is produced—this is the absolute rule of all goodness in literature. Or—to state the thing otherwise, and more particularly—that which determines the relative value of all literary productions in the long run, whether they are historical, poetical, or in a precise sense speculative, is the kind and amount of speculative thought incorporated in them, or in which they took their origin. Great literature is literature pervaded, in whatever manner, by great speculative meaning and purpose; rich literature is literature abounding, throughout its parts, with rich intellectual substance; perfect literature is literature in which every paragraph, sentence, or clause is nerved to its last atom with just and vital thought.

Other principles there are of literary self-discipline well worth elucidation. But here we must stop. The remarks on which we have ventured in this paper have been in the main suggested by the perusal of the recently published “Memoir of Christopher North,”¹ or rather by the perusal of that Memoir taken in connexion with the recollections and criticisms of Christopher and his ways which it has called forth. If ever there was a man of genius, and of really great genius, it was the late Professor Wilson. From the moment when his magnificent physique and the

¹ ‘Christopher North’: a Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Compiled from Family Papers and other Sources by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Two vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1862.

vehement, passionate, ennui-dispelling nature that it so fitly enshrined, first burst upon literary society at Oxford, at the Lakes, and at Edinburgh, there was but one verdict respecting him. It was that which Scott and other competent judges expressed when they declared, as they did repeatedly, that Wilson had powers that might make him, in literature, the very first man of his generation. Moreover, what he actually did, in the course of his five-and-thirty years of literary life, remains to attest the amount and vigour of his faculty. In quantity it is large; in kind most various. In the general literature of Britain, a place of real importance is accorded to Christopher North, while his own compatriots—with that power of enthusiastic, simultaneous, and, as it were, national regard for their eminent men, either while yet living or after they are just dead, which distinguishes them from their neighbours the English,—have added him to the list of those illustrious Scots whom they so delight to count over in chronological series, and whom they remember with affection. And yet, not only in disinterested England, but even among admiring Scotchmen themselves, there have been critical comments and drawbacks of opinion with respect to Wilson's literary career and the evidences of his genius that remain; and these are finding expression more than ever in connexion with the present memoir of him by his daughter. So far as I have seen, almost all these criticisms and drawbacks really resolve themselves into an assertion that Wilson, though a man of extraordinary natural powers, did not do justice to them by discipline—that he was, intellectually as well as physically, like one of those Goths of great personal prowess, much of whose prowess went to waste for want of stringent self-regulation, and who, as respects the total efficiency of

their lives, were often equalled or beaten by men of more moderate build, but that build Roman. How far this opinion is well founded there may, perhaps, be an opportunity of inquiring at some other time. In the meantime, let us recommend Mrs. Gordon's memoir of her nobly-gifted father. It is not such a Life of Wilson as would have been produced, had his sons-in-law, Professor Ferrier and Professor Aytoun, or either of them, co-operated in the task with their practised literary power. In some parts, and especially near the beginning, the information supplied is thin and hazy, so that we do not see, with the distinctness desirable in a biography, what was what or who was who. There is also less throughout of carefully accumulated matter of social, political, and literary reminiscence than might fairly have been associated with Professor Wilson's life; and, as he seems to have been one of those men of power who do not throw much of it into letters, such letters of his as are given do not greatly make up for this want. But the memoir is most pleasantly written—with much modest tact wherever the writer herself speaks, with a careful and judicious arrangement of the materials at her disposal, and, in that part of her father's life over which her own filial recollections extend, with graphic fidelity and graceful tenderness. In the materials, also, contained in the shape of extracts and correspondence, there is a great deal to interest, of one kind or another, from first to last. One element of especially pungent interest consists in copies of satirical pencil-sketches and in extracts from the satirical letters of that strange, moody, Mephistophelic, but singularly able, man of letters, of whom the world ought to know more than it yet does—Wilson's first fellow-writer in *Blackwood*, and his friend through life—John Gibson Lockhart.

THE WATER-BABIES :

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

AND what became of little Tom ?

He slipped away off the rocks into the water, as I said before. But he could not help thinking of little Ellie. He did not remember who she was ; but he knew that she was a little girl, though she was a hundred times as big as he. That is not surprising : size has nothing to do with kindred. A tiny weed may be first cousin to a great tree ; and a little dog like Vick knows that Lioness is a dog too, though she is twenty times larger than herself. So Tom knew that Ellie was a little girl, and thought about her all that day, and longed to have had her to play with ; but he had very soon to think of something else. And here is the account of what happened to him, as it was published next morning in the *Waterproof Gazette*, on the finest watered paper, for the use of the great fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, who reads the news very carefully every morning, and especially the police cases, as you will hear very soon.

He was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, watching the pollock catch prawns, and the wrasses nibble barnacles off the rocks, shells and all, when he saw a round cage of green withes ; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

"What, have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lock-up?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue ; so he only said, "I can't get out."

"Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had thought it looked and smelt very

nice, when he was outside, and so it did, for a lobster : but now he turned round and abused it, because he was angry with himself.

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it?"

"Because I can't;" and the lobster twiddled his horns more fiercely than ever, but he was forced to confess.

"I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times, and I can't get out ; I always get up underneath there, and can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and, having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter ; as you may, if you will look at a lobster-pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I'll pull you through hindforemost, and then you won't stick in the spikes."

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he couldn't hit the hole. Like a great many fox-hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country : but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads ; and so the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail.

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him, till he caught hold of him ; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in, head foremost.

"Hullo ! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws, and break the points off those spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster ; "and after all the experience of life that I have had !"

You see, experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit

enough to make use of it. For a good many people, like old Polonius, have seen all the world, and yet remain little better than blokes and boodles after all.

But they had not got half the spikes away, when they saw a great dark cloud over them; and lo, and behold, it was the otter.

How she did grin and girn when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she, "you little meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot, to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose, and held on.

And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

How glad he was when he got out: but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and, the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it, and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom; "or the fisherman see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boatside, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, he gave such a furious and tremendous snap, that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and

safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go, after all, so he just shook his claw off, as the easier method. It was something of a bull, that; but you must know the lobster was an Irish lobster, and was hatched off Island Magee, at the mouth of Belfast Lough.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

Tom asked him why he never thought of letting go. He said very determinedly, that it was a point of honour among lobsters. And so it is, as the mayor of Plymouth found out once, to his cost—eight or nine hundred years ago, of course; for if it had happened lately it would be personal to mention it.

For one day he was so tired with sitting on a hard chair, in a grand furred gown, with a gold chain round his neck, hearing one policeman after another come in and say, "What shall we do with the drunken sailor, so early in the morning?" and answering them each exactly alike—

"Put him in the round house till he gets sober, so early in the morning!"—

That, when it was over, he jumped up, and played leap-frog with the town-clerk till he burst his buttons, and then had his luncheon, and burst some more buttons, and then said: "It is a low spring tide; I shall go out this afternoon and cut my capers."

Now he did not mean to cut such capers as you eat with boiled mutton. It was the commandant of artillery at Valetta who used to amuse himself with cutting them, and who stuck upon one of the bastions a notice, "No one allowed to cut capers here but me," which greatly edified the midshipmen in port, and the Maltese on the Nix Mangiare stairs. But all that the mayor meant was that he would go and have an afternoon's fun, like any school-boy, and catch lobsters with an iron hook.

So to the Mewstone he went, and for lobsters he looked. And, when he came to a certain crack in the rocks, he was so excited, that, instead of putting in his hook, he put in his hand; and Mr.

Lobster was at home, and caught him by the finger, and held on.

"Yah!" said the mayor, and pulled as hard as he dared: but the more he pulled the more the lobster pinched, till he was forced to be quiet.

Then he tried to get his hook in with his other hand; but the hole was too narrow.

Then he pulled again; but he could not stand the pain.

Then he shouted and bawled for help; but there was no one nearer him than the men-of-war inside the breakwater.

Then he began to turn a little pale; for the tide flowed, and still the lobster held on.

Then he turned quite white; for the tide was up to his knees, and still the lobster held on.

Then he thought of cutting off his finger; but he wanted two things to do it with—courage and a knife; and he had got neither.

Then he turned quite yellow; for the tide was up to his waist, and still the lobster held on.

Then he thought over all the naughty things he ever had done: all the sand which he had put in the sugar, and the sloe-leaves in the tea, and the water in the treacle, and the salt in the tobacco (because his brother was a brewer, and a man must help his own kin).

Then he turned quite blue; for the tide was up to his breast, and still the lobster held on.

Then, I have no doubt, he repented fully of all the said naughty things which he had done, and promised to mend his life, as too many do, when they think they have no life left to mend. Whereby, as they fancy, they make a very cheap bargain. But the old fairy with the birch rod soon undeceives them.

And then he grew all colours at once, and turned up his eyes like a duck in thunder; for the water was up to his chin, and still the lobster held on.

And then came a man-of-war's boat round the Mewstone, and saw his head sticking up out of the water. One said it was a keg of brandy, and another that it was a cocoanut, and another that it

was a buoy loose, and another that it was a black diver, and wanted to fire at it, which would not have been pleasant for the mayor: but just then such a yell came out of a great hole in the middle of it that the midshipmen in charge guessed what it was, and bid pull up to it as fast as they could. And somehow or other the Jack-tars got the lobster out, and set the mayor free, and put him ashore at the Barbican. He never went lobster-catching again; and we will hope he put no more salt in the tobacco, not even to sell his brother's beer.

And that is the story of the Mayor of Plymouth, which has two advantages—first, that of being quite true; and second, that of having (as folks say all good stories ought to have) no moral whatsoever; no more, indeed, has any part of this book, because it is a fairy tale, you know.

And now happened to Tom a most wonderful thing; for he had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a water-baby.

A real live water-baby, sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, "Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby! Oh, how delightful!"

And it ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other for ever so long, they did not know why. But they did not want any introductions there under the water.

At last Tom said, "Oh, where have you been all this while? I have been looking for you so long, and I have been so lonely."

"We have been here for days and days. There are hundreds of us about the rocks. How was it you did not see us, or hear us when we sing and romp every evening before we go home?"

Tom looked at the baby again, and then he said:

"Well, this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells, or sea-creatures. I never took you for water-babies like myself."

Now, was not that very odd? So odd, indeed, that you will, no doubt, want to know how it happened, and why Tom could never find a water-baby till after he had got the lobster out of the pot. And, if you will read this story nine times over, and then think for yourself, you will find out why. It is not good for little boys to be told everything, and never to be forced to use their own wits. They would learn, then, no more than they do at Dr. Dulcimer's famous "suburban establishment for the idler members of the youthful aristocracy"—where the masters learn the lessons, and the boys hear them—which saves a great deal of trouble—for the time being.

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this poor dear little rock; a great clumsy boulder came rolling by in the last storm, and knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its flowers. And now I must plant it again with seaweeds, and coralline, and anemones, and I will make it the prettiest little rock-garden on all the shore."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital fun they had till the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing, and singing, and shouting, and romping. And the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripple. So he knew that he had been hearing and seeing the water-babies all along; only he did not know them, because his eyes and ears were not opened.

And in they came, dozens and dozens of them, much bigger than Tom and some smaller, all in the neatest little white bathing dresses; and when they found that he was a new baby they hugged him and kissed him, and then put him in the middle, and danced round him on the sand, and there was no one ever so happy as poor little Tom.

"Now then," they cried all at once, "we must come away home, we must

come away home, or the tide will leave us dry. We have mended all the broken sea-weed, and put all the rock pools in order, and planted all the shells again in the sand, and nobody will see where the ugly storm swept in last week."

And this is the reason why the rock pools are always so neat and clean; because the water-babies come in shore after every storm, to sweep them out, and comb them down, and put them all to rights again.

Only where men are wasteful and dirty, and let sewers run into the sea, instead of putting the stuff upon the fields, like thrifty reasonable souls, or throw herrings' heads, and dead dog-fish, or any refuse, into the water, or in any way make a dirt upon the clean shore, there the water-babies will not come, sometimes not for hundreds of years (for they cannot abide anything smelly or foul,) but leave the sea-anemones and the crabs to clear away everything, till the good tidy sea has covered up all the dirt in soft mud and clean sand, where the water-babies can plant live cockles and whelks, and razor shells, and sea-cucumbers, and golden-combs, and make a pretty live garden again, after man's dirt is cleared away. And that, I suppose, is the reason why there are no water-babies at any watering-place which I have ever seen.

And where is the home of the water-babies? In St. Brandan's fairy isle.

Did you never hear of the blessed St. Brandan, how he preached to the wild Irish, on the wild Connemara coast; he and five other hermits, till they were weary, and longed to rest? For the wild Irish would not listen to them, or come to confession and to mass, but liked better to brew potheen, and dance the pater'pee, and knock each other over the head with shillelaghs, and shoot each other from behind turf-dykes, and steal each other's cattle, and burn each other's homes; till St. Brandan and his friends were weary of them, for they would not learn to be peaceable Christians at all.

So St. Brandan went to the top of

old Kylemore, and looked out over the Atlantic far away. And there, before the setting sun, he saw a blue fairy sea, and golden fairy islands, and he said, "Those are the islands of the blest." And he and his friends got into a hooker, and sailed away and away to the westward, and were never heard of more. But the people who would not hear him were changed into gorillas, and gorillas they are until this day.

And when St. Brandan and the hermits came to that fairy isle, they found it overgrown with cedars, and full of beautiful birds; and he sat down under the cedars, and preached to all the birds in the air. And they liked his sermons so well that they told the fishes in the sea; and they came, and St. Brandan preached to them; and the fishes told the water-babies, who live in the caves under the isle; and they came up by hundreds every Sunday, and St. Brandan got quite a neat little Sunday-school. And there he taught the water-babies for a great many hundred years, till his eyes grew too dim to see, and his beard grew so long that he dared not walk, for fear of treading on it, and then he might have tumbled down. And, at last, he and the five hermits fell fast asleep, under the cedar shades, and there they sleep unto this day. And the fairies took to the water-babies, and taught them their lessons themselves.

And some say that St. Brandan will awake, and begin to teach the babies once more: but some think that he will sleep on, for better for worse, till the coming of the Cocqigrues. But whether men can see it or not, St. Brandan's Isle once actually stood there: a great land out in the ocean, which has sunk and sunk beneath the waves. Old Plato called it Atlantis, and told strange tales of the wise men who lived therein, and of the wars they fought in the old times.

But, on still clear summer evenings, when the sun sinks down into the sea, among golden cloud-capes and cloud-islands, and locks and friths of azure sky, the sailors fancy that they see, away to westward, St. Brandan's fairy isle.

And from off that island came strange flowers, which linger still about this land—the Cornish heath, and Cornish moneywort, and the delicate Venus's hair, and the London-pride which cover the Kerry mountains, and the little pink butterwort of Devon, and the great blue butterwort of Ireland, and the Connemara heath which grows in the garden, and the bristle-fern of the Turk waterfall, and many a strange plant more; all fairy tokens left for wise men and good children, from off St. Brandan's Isle.

But when Tom got there, he found that the isle stood all on pillars, and that its roots were full of caves. There were pillars of black basalt, like Staffa; and pillars of green and crimson serpentine, like Kyname; and pillars ribboned with red and white and yellow sandstone, like Livermead; and there were blue grottoes, like Capri; and white grottoes, like Adelberg; all curtained and draped with seaweeds, purple and crimson, green and brown. And all were strewn with soft white sand, on which the water-babies sleep every night. And, to keep the place clean and sweet, the crabs picked up all the scraps off the floor, and ate them like so many monkeys; and the rocks were covered with ten thousand sea-anemones, and corals and madrepores, who scavenged the water all day long, and kept it nice and pure. And, to make up to them for having to do such nasty work, they were not left black and dirty, as poor chimney-sweeps and dustmen are. No; the fairies are more considerate and just than that; and have dressed them all in the most beautiful colours and patterns, till they look like vast flower-beds of gay blossoms. But, if you think I am talking nonsense, I can only say that it is true; and that an old gentleman named Fourier used to say that we ought to do the same by chimney-sweeps and dustmen, and honour them instead of despising them; and he was a very clever old gentleman: but, unfortunately for him and the world, as mad as a March hare.

And, instead of watchmen and policemen to keep out nasty things at night,

there were thousands and thousands of water-snakes, and most wonderful creatures they were. They were all named after the Nereids, the sea fairies who took care of them, Eunice and Polynoe and Phyllodoce and Psamathe, and all the rest of the pretty darlings who swum round their Queen Amphitrite, and her car of cameo shell. They were dressed in green velvet, and black velvet, and purple velvet; and were all jointed, in rings; and some of them had three hundred brains apiece, so that they must have been uncommonly shrewd detectives; and some had eyes in their tails; and some had eyes in every joint, so that they kept a very sharp look-out; and, when they wanted a baby-snake, they just grew one at the end of their own tails, and when it was full-grown it dropped off; so that they brought up their families very cheaply. But if any nasty thing came by, out they rushed upon it; and then out of each of their hundreds of feet there sprang a whole cutler's shop of

Scythes,	Javelins,
Billhooks,	Lances,
Pickaxes,	Halberts,
Forks,	Gisarines,
Penknives,	Poleaxes,
Rapiers,	Fishhooks,
Sabres,	Bradawls,
Yataghans,	Gimblets,
Creeses,	Corkscrews,
Ghoorka swords,	Pins,
Tucks,	Needles,

And so forth,

which stabbed, shot, poked, pricked, scratched, ripped, pinked, and crimped those naughty beasts so terribly, that they had to run for their lives, or else be chopped into small pieces and eaten afterwards. And, if that is not all, every word, true, then there is no faith in microscopes, and all is over with the Linnean Society.

And there were the water-babies in thousands, more than Tom, or you either, could count. All the little children whom the good fairies take to, because their cruel mothers and fathers will not; all who are untaught and brought

up heathens, and all who come to grief by ill-usage or ignorance, or neglect; all the little children who are overlaid, or given gin when they are young, or are let to drink out of hot kettles, or to fall into the fire; and all the little children in alleys and courts, and tumble-down cottages, who die by fever and cholera, and measles, and scarlatina, and nasty complaints which no one has any business to have, and which no one will have some day, when folks have common sense; and all the little children who have been killed by cruel masters, and wicked soldiers; they were all there, except, of course, the babes of Bethlehem, who were killed by wicked King Herod, for they were taken straight to heaven long ago, as everybody knows, and we call them the Holy Innocents.

But the poor little children were there whom King Darius, like a passionate old heathen sultan as he was, threw into the lions' den along with their fathers (though he was quite right in throwing their fathers in, for that was according to the laws of the great fairy Madam Bedonebyasyoudid, which alter no more than the laws of the Medes and Persians). And the forty and two little boys were there whom the bears ate for mocking Elijah; but, because they were heathens, and knew no better, the fairies took to them, and taught them; and they were growing to be the civillest boys in all the sea. And, when Tom heard their story, he was quite frightened, and determined never to grin at old women through the railings, or heave half bricks at people any more, lest the sea-bears should eat him, as the land-bears had eaten them.

But I wish he had given up all his naughty tricks, and left off tormenting dumb animals, now that he had plenty of playfellows to amuse him. Instead of that, I am sorry to say, he would meddle with the creatures, all but the water-snakes, for they would stand no nonsense. So he tickled the madrepores, to make them shut up; and frightened the crabs, to make them hide in the sand, and peep out at him with the tips of their eyes; and put stones into the

anemones' mouths, to make them fancy that their dinner was coming.

The other children warned him, and said, "Take care what you are at. Mrs. Bedonebysyoudid is coming." But Tom never heeded them, being quite riotous with high spirits and good luck, till, one Friday morning early, Mrs. Bedonebysyoudid came indeed.

A very tremendous lady she was; and, when the children saw her, they all stood in a row, very upright indeed, and smoothed down their bathing dresses, and put their hands behind them, just as if they were going to be examined by the inspector.

And she had on a black bonnet, and a black shawl, and no crinoline at all; and a pair of large green spectacles, and a great hooked nose, hooked so much that the bridge of it stood quite up above her eyebrows; and under her arm she carried a great birch-rod. Indeed, she was so ugly, that Tom was tempted to make faces at her; but did not, recollecting the forty-two boys and the bears. Besides, he did not admire the look of the birch-rod under her arm.

And she looked at the children one by one, and seemed very much pleased with them, though she never asked them one question about how they were behaving; and then began giving them all sorts of nice sea-things—sea-cakes, sea-apples, sea-oranges, sea-bullseyes, sea-toffee; and to the very best of all she gave sea-ices, made out of sea-cows' cream, which never melt under water.

And, if you don't quite believe me, then just think—What is more cheap and plentiful than sea-rock? Then why should there not be sea-toffee as well? And every one can find sea-lemons (ready quartered too) if they will look for them at low tide; and sea-grapes too sometimes, hanging in bunches; and, if you will go to Nice in Italy, you will find the fish-market full of sea-fruit, which they call "*frutta di mare*:" though I suppose they call them "*fruits de mer*" now, out of compliment to that sweet saint who has just taken the place under his gracious protection. And, perhaps, that is the very reason why the place is

called Nice, because there are so many nice things in the sea there: at least, if it is not, it ought to be.

Now little Tom watched all these sweet things given away, till his mouth watered, and his eyes grew as round as an owl's. And he hoped that his turn would come at last; and so it did. For the lady called him up, and held out her fingers with something in them, and popped it into his mouth; and, lo and behold, it was a nasty cold hard pebble.

"You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to whimper.

"And you are a very cruel boy; who puts pebbles into the sea-anemones' mouths, to take them in, and make them fancy that they had caught a good dinner? As you did to them, so I must do to you."

"Who told you that?" said Tom.

"You did yourself, this very minute."

Tom had never opened his lips; so he was very much taken aback indeed.

"Yes; every one tells me exactly what they have done wrong; and that without knowing it themselves. So there is no use trying to hide anything from me. So now go, and be a good boy, and I will put no more pebbles in your mouth, if you put none in other creatures'."

"I did not know there was any harm in it," said Tom.

"Then you know now. People continually say that to me; but I tell them, if you don't know that fire burns, that is no reason that it should not burn you; and if you don't know that dirt breeds fever, that is no reason why the fevers should not kill you. The lobster did not know that there was any harm in getting into the lobster pot; but it caught him all the same."

"Dear me," thought Tom, "she knows everything!" And so she did, indeed.

"And so, if you do not know that things are wrong, that is no reason why you should not be punished for them; though not as much, not as much, my little man" (and, the lady looked very kindly, after all), "as if you did know."

"Well, you are a little hard on a poor lad," said Tom.

"Not at all; I am the best friend you ever had in all your life. But I will tell you; I cannot help punishing people when they do wrong. I like it no more than they do; I am often very, very sorry for them, poor things; but I cannot help it. If I tried not to do it, I should do it all the same. For I work by machinery, just like an engine; and am full of wheels and springs inside; and am wound up very carefully, so that I cannot help going."

"Was it long ago since they wound you up?" asked Tom. For he thought, the cunning little fellow, "She will run down some day; or they may forget to wind her up, as old Grimes used to forget to wind up his watch, when he came in from the public-house: and then I shall be safe."

"I was wound up once and for all, so long ago that I forget all about it."

"Dear me," said Tom, "you must have been made a long time!"

"I never was made, my child; and I shall go for ever and ever; for I am as old as Eternity, and yet as young as Time."

And there came over the lady's face a very curious expression—very solemn, and very sad; and yet very, very sweet. And she looked up and away, as if she were gazing through the sea, and through the sky, at something far, far off; and, as she did so, there came such a quiet, tender, patient, hopeful smile over her face, that Tom thought for the moment that she did not look ugly at all. And no more she did; for she was like a great many people who have not a pretty feature in their faces, and yet are lovely to see, and draw little children's hearts to them at once; because, though the house is plain enough, yet out of the windows a beautiful and good spirit is looking.

And Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleasant for the moment. And the strange fairy smiled too, and said:

"Yes. You thought me very ugly just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head, and got very red about the ears.

"And I am very ugly. I am the ugliest fairy in the world; and I shall be, till people behave themselves as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world; and her name is Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. So she begins where I end, and I begin where she ends; and those who will not listen to her must listen to me, as you will see. Now, all of you run away, except Tom; and he may stay and see what I am going to do. It will be a very good warning for him to begin with, before he goes to school."

"Now, Tom, every Friday, I come down here and call up all who have ill-used little children, and serve them as they served the children."

And at that Tom was frightened, and crept under a stone, which made the two crabs who lived there very angry, and frightened their friend the butterfly into flapping hysterics: but he would not move for them.

And first she called up all the doctors who give little children so much physic (they were most of them old ones; for the young ones have learnt better, all but a few army surgeons, who still fancy that a baby's inside is much like a Scotch grenadier's), and she set them all in a row; and very rueful they looked; for they knew what was coming.

And first she pulled all their teeth out; and then she bled them all round; and then she dosed them with calomel, and jalap, and salts and senna, and brimstone and treacle; and horrible faces they made; and then she gave them a great emetic of mustard and water, and no basons; and began all over again; and that was the way she spent the morning.

And then she called up a whole troop of foolish ladies, who pinch up their children's waists and toes; and she laced them all up in tight stays, so that they were choked and sick, and their noses grew red, and their hands and feet swelled; and then she crammed their poor feet into the most dreadfully tight boots, and made them all dance,

which they did most clumsily indeed ; and then she asked them how they liked it ; and, when they said not at all, she let them go : because they had only done it out of foolish fashion, fancying it was for their children's good, as if wasps' waists and pigs' toes could be pretty, or wholesome, or of any use to anybody.

Then she called up all the careless nurserymaids, and stuck pins into them all over, and wheeled them about in perambulators, with tight straps across their stomachs, and their heads and arms hanging over the side, till they were quite sick and stupid, and would have had sun-strokes : but, being under the water, they could only have water-strokes ; which, I assure you, are nearly as bad, as you will find if you try to sit under a mill wheel ; and, when you hear a rumbling at the bottom of the sea, sailors will tell you that it is a groundswell : but now you know better. It is the old lady wheeling the maids about in perambulators.

And by that time she was so tired, she had to go to luncheon.

And after luncheon she set to work again, and called up all the cruel schoolmasters—whole regiments and brigades of them ; and, when she saw them, she frowned most terribly, and set to work in earnest, as if the best part of the day's work was to come. More than half of them were nasty, dirty, frowzy, grubby, smelly old monks, who, because they dare not hit a man of their own size, amused themselves with beating little children instead ; as you may see in the picture of old Pope Gregory, teaching children to sing their fa-fa-mi-fa with a cat-o'-nine tails under his chair ; but, because they never had any children of their own, they took into their heads (as some folks do still) that they were the only people in the world who knew how to manage children ; and they first brought into England, in the old Anglo-Saxon times, the fashion of treating free boys, and girls too, worse than you would treat a dog or a horse : but Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid has caught them all long ago ; and given them many

a taste of their own rods ; and much good may it do them.

And she boxed their ears, and thumped them over the head with rulers, and pandied their hands with canes, and told them that they told stories, and were this and that bad sort of people ; and, the more they were very indignant, and stood upon their honour, and declared they told the truth, the more she declared they were not, and that they were only telling lies ; and at last she birched them all round soundly, with her great birch rod, and set them each an imposition of three hundred thousand lines of Hebrew to learn by heart, before she came back next Friday. And at that they all cried and howled so, that their breaths came all up through the sea, like bubbles out of soda-water ; and that is one reason of the bubbles in the sea. There are others : but that is the one which principally concerns little boys. And by that time she was so tired that she was glad to stop ; and, indeed, she had done a very good day's work.

Tom did not quite dislike the old lady ; but he could not help thinking her a little spiteful—and no wonder if she was, poor old soul ; for, if she has to wait to grow handsome, till people do as they would be done by, she will have to wait a very long time.

Poor old Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid ! she has a great deal of hard work before her, and had better have been born a washerwoman, and stood over a tub all day ; but, you see, people cannot always choose their own profession.

But Tom longed to ask her one question ; and after all, whenever she looked at him, she did not look cross at all ; and now and then there was a funny smile in her face, and she chuckled to herself in a way which gave Tom courage, and at last he said :

"Pray, ma'am, may I ask you a question ?"

"Certainly, my little dear."

"Why don't you bring all the bad masters here, and serve them out too ? The butties that knock about the poor collier-boys ; and the nailers that file off

their lads' noses and hammer their fingers; and all the master sweeps, like my master, Grimes? I saw him fall into the water long ago; so I surely expected he would have been here. I'm sure he was bad enough to me."

Then the old lady looked so very stern, that Tom was quite frightened, and sorry that he had been so bold. But she was not angry with him. She only answered, "I look after them all the week round; and they are in a very different place from this, because they knew that they were doing wrong."

She spoke very quietly; but there was something in her voice which made Tom tingle from head to foot, as if he had got into a shoal of sea-nettles.

"But these people," she went on, "did not know that they were doing wrong: they were only stupid and impatient; and, therefore, I only punish them till they become patient, and learn to use their common sense like reasonable beings. But as for chimney-sweeps, and collier-boys, and nailer lads, my sister has set good people to stop all that sort of thing; and very much obliged to her I am; for if she could only stop the cruel masters from ill-using poor children, I should grow handsome, at least, a thousand years sooner. And now do you be a good boy, and do as you would be done by, which they did not; and then, when my sister, Madame Doasyouwouldbedoneby comes on Sunday, perhaps she will take notice of you, and teach you how to behave. She understands that better than I do"—and so she went.

Tom was very glad to hear that there was no chance of meeting Grimes again, though he was a little sorry for him, considering that he used sometimes to give him the leavings of the beer: but he determined to be a very good boy all Saturday; and he was; for he never frightened one crab, nor tickled any live corals, nor put stones into the sea-anemones' mouths, to make them fancy they had got a dinner; and, when Sunday morning came, sure enough, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby came too. And all the little children began dancing

and clapping their hands, and Tom danced too with all his might.

And as for the pretty lady, I cannot tell you what the colour of her hair was, or of her eyes; no more could Tom; for, when any one looks at her, all they can think of is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, jolliest face they ever saw, or want to see. But Tom saw that she was a very tall woman, as tall as her sister: but instead of being gnarly, and horny, and scaly, and prickly, like her, she was the most nice, soft, fat, smooth, pussy, cuddly, delicious creature who ever nursed a baby; and she understood babies thoroughly, for she had plenty of her own, whole rows and regiments of them, and has to this day. And all her delight was, whenever she had a spare moment, to play with babies, in which she showed herself a woman of sense; for babies are the best company, and the pleasantest playfellows, in the world; at least, so all the wise people in the world think. And therefore, naturally, when the children saw her, they all caught hold of her, and pulled her till she sat down on a stone, and climbed into her lap, and clung round her neck, and caught hold of her hands; and then they all put their thumbs into their mouths, and began cuddling, and purring like so many kittens, as they ought to do. And those who could get nowhere else sat down on the sand, and cuddled her feet—for no one, you know, wears shoes in the water, except horrid old bathing-women, who are afraid of the water-babies pinching their horny toes. And Tom stood staring at them; for he could not understand what it was all about.

"And who are you, you little darling?" she said.

"Oh, that is the new baby!" they all cried, pulling their thumbs out of their mouths; "and he never had any mother," and they all put their thumbs back again, for they did not wish to lose any time.

"Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so get out all of you, this moment."

And she took up two great armfuls of babies—nine hundred under one arm, and thirteen hundred under the other—and threw them away, right and left, into the water. But they minded it no more than the naughty boys in Struwpeter minded when St. Nicholas dipped them in his inkstand ; and did not even take their thumbs out of their mouths, but came paddling and wriggling back to her like so many tadpoles, till you could see nothing of her from head to foot, for the swarm of little babies.

But she took Tom in her arms, and laid him in the softest place of all, and kissed him, and patted him, and talked to him, tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard before in his life ; and Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, and loved, till he fell fast asleep from pure love ; for, not being accustomed to it, it tired him very soon.

And when he woke, she was telling the children a story. And what story did she tell them ? One story she told them, which begins every Christmas Eve, and yet never ends at all for ever and ever ; and, as she went on, the children took their thumbs out of their mouths, and listened quite seriously : but not sadly at all ; for she never told them anything sad ; and Tom listened too, and never grew tired of listening. And he listened so long that he fell fast asleep again, and, when he woke, the lady was nursing him still.

"Don't go away," said little Tom. "This is so nice. I never had anyone to cuddle me before."

"Don't go away," said all the children ; "you have not sung us one song."

"Well, I have time for only one. So what shall it be ?"

"The doll you lost ! The doll you lost !" cried all the babies at once.

So the strange fairy sang :—

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
dears,

And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week,
dears ;

But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day :
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows,
dears,

And her hair not the least bit curled :
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

What a silly song for a fairy to sing !
And what silly water-babies to be quite
delighted at it !

Well, but, you see, they have not the advantage of Aunt Agitate's Arguments in the sea-land down below.

"Now," said the fairy to Tom, "will you be a good boy for my sake, and torment no more sea-beasts, till I come back ?"

"And you will cuddle me again ?" said poor little Tom.

"Of course I will, you little duck. I should like to take you with me, and cuddle you all the way, only I must not ;" and away she went.

So Tom really tried to be a good boy, and tormented no sea-beasts after that, as long as he lived ; and he is quite alive, I assure you, still.

Oh, how good little boys ought to be, who have kind pussy mammas to cuddle them, and tell them stories ; and how afraid they ought to be of growing naughty, and bringing tears into their mammas' pretty eyes !

To be continued.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT SHALL HE BE?

WHEN we said of the Signor Avvocato, that he was not only troubled at home, but abroad, we alluded to the painful pre-occupations with which the disastrous turn of the war oppressed his mind. The battle of Custoza, fatal to our arms, had forced the Piedmontese to retreat, a movement which ended shortly after in their total evacuation of Lombardy. Milan was once more in the clutches of Radetzky; an armistice had been signed between the belligerents, both of whom had accepted the mediation of England and France. Such was the deplorable end of the campaign of 1848. All this Iliad of woe had been consummated within the short compass of Vincenzo's term of apprenticeship as a labourer—less than a fortnight.

Bad and fraught with danger as the crisis was, the panic of alarmists of the Signor Avvocato's hue made it still more so. There was no sort of evil they did not prognosticate. Deprived of their scarecrow of an Austrian occupation, which the armistice distinctly put out of the question, they dressed up another, the inevitable abolition of the Statuto, and the restoration of the old state of things—that is, despotism, with its natural retinue of Jesuits and *Codini*, and consequent crusade against the Liberals. Nor were there wanting those who assumed, and *mordicus* contended, of course, backed by plenty of proofs, that the Statuto and the war had been a comedy played in concert with Austria, to bring to light the Liberals, and get rid of them at one blow. I would not chronicle here such absurdities, if I had not heard them with my ears *passim*—not in hamlets, but in large towns; not from illiterate folks in fus-

tian, but from gentlemen in black coats, who knew how to read, write, and cast accounts.

Truth to say, even from quarters less prone to groundless fears than the Signor Avvocato and Co., arose indications of uneasiness touching the maintenance of the newly-born public liberties. These came from those who had watched the growing tide of discontent pervading the ranks of our soldiers, at the far from friendly reception given them by some of the elated population of Lombardy; at the taunts launched at them of coming to reap the fruit of a victory not their own (as if, with the quadrilateral in the hands of the foe, there remained nothing to be done); and at the systematic hostility of a considerable part of the press, never wearied of denouncing the king and the generals as incapable, and worse. Those, we say, who knew all this, and knew also what a ready engine for reaction an army embittered by ill success and injustice is apt to be, wore anything but cheerful countenances.

Nor were the feelings of the sovereign, as far as they might be prejudged, likely to differ much from those of his army. If man had ever had provocation, that man was Charles Albert. Of all those who figured in the campaign of 1848, not one had been more misconstrued, reviled, cursed, bespattered with contumely and insult than Charles Albert. But a few days before the armistice, the palace he inhabited at Milan had been fired upon, and violently broken into by the mob. All the blood in his veins must have been turned to gall. And this man had only to nod his head to have all opposition silenced. It seemed almost impossible that he should not give the signal; the very certainty of success was an inducement. Diplomacy urged him, old and tried

friends implored him with tears to put the Statuto 'aside, at least for a while. Plausible reasons were not wanting to give weight to the advice. It was the only means of keeping his hold on the army ; it was the only means of recomposing the unsettled minds of his people ; it was for the good of the country at large, a temporary remedy, no opposition to be apprehended, no blood to be shed — *a coup d'état à l'eau de rose.*

It is to the eternal honour of Charles Albert that he did not will it—that he willed the contrary. He had sworn to the Statuto, and he would hold to it for better for worse. His first care was to issue a manifesto to re-assure the kingdom on this head. It spoke encouragement in dignified words. The sovereign exhorted his people not to sink under unmerited misfortune, but to stand by and show themselves worthy of those liberties which he had willingly intrusted to them, and which it was his own unalterable resolve to uphold and maintain. This manifesto, so firm and frank, went far to allay, if not entirely to uproot, the misgivings which had stolen into part of the Liberal camp. Even the chronic alarmists were surprised into hoping that the disasters of the army would exercise, after all, no fatal influence on the organic institutions of the country. Every day that passed carried away some particles of the remaining distrust, and brought with it a corresponding revival of confidence.

At the end of some time, even Rose's father felt in a magnanimous mood, and charged Rose to announce to Vincenzo, that his term of banishment from the family dinner was over. Vincenzo received this mark of returning favour with due deference, and resumed his accustomed place at his godfather's table in a modest and manly manner. This act of graciousness on her father's part, as it seemed to Rose—of tardy reparation, according to Barnaby's notion—did much towards restoring a good understanding between father and daughter, and master and servant. Rose entirely recovered her conversational powers and her merry laugh ; and Barnaby, on his

side, condescended no longer to ignore the existence of his master, as he had done ever since the famous day of Vincenzo's volunteering as a field labourer. The Signor Avvocato's intercourse with the lad was at first meagre and reserved, but it improved gradually, until at the end of a fortnight it was on the old footing.

Vincenzo no longer strolled about the grounds all day as of yore, but put some method in his life, a little to the annoyance of his fair playmate: regularly before and after mid-day he would sit down to his books and read or write for hours. Nor was it unusual for the Signor Avvocato to stop at his godson's desk, and take up his translation from Tacitus—a favourite author with the student—and nod approvingly at it, or suggest some improvement, which was thankfully received.

One day, towards sunset, Rose and Vincenzo were sitting in the green arbour, so often mentioned—the latter expatiating enthusiastically on the glories of the western sky, and trying, but with little success, to transfuse into his young companion a portion of that keen poetic sensibility to nature which he himself so largely possessed. Rose, who had been looking abstracted for the last ten minutes, as if lost in a reverie, said, as he ceased speaking, "Vincenzo, have you indeed made up your mind—quite determined to abandon the career for which you were destined from childhood?"

"Indeed I have," said Vincenzo.

"Are you sure that, in so doing, you are not yielding to a temptation of the evil one, whose aim is your eternal perdition?"

"How can I know? I hope not," said Vincenzo.

"You hope not, but you are not sure," resumed Rose. "Had you, therefore, not better try, and make sure of what are God's designs for you?"

"So I would, if I could see any means of doing so."

"I will show you the means," continued Rose, warmly ; "that is, not I, but Father Terenziano, my confessor—

you know him, he is a saint, and has performed miracles. Well, I asked his opinion as to your call, and he says that you are under the influence of some malignant agency, which ought to be fought against."

"I prayed so earnestly to God to enlighten my mind," pleaded the youth.

"I told the holy father so," went on Rose, "and he replied that it is not enough to pray—the great point is to pray well, and one cannot do that but under proper direction. He is willing to vouchsafe you his guidance, if you will retire for a few days to his convent, and go through the spiritual exercises that are being practised there for some novices. If, after that, you are unchanged, then we may set our hearts at rest that your want of vocation is real, and not a delusion of Satan."

"But—" faltered Vincenzo, with a shudder at the recollection of the well-known tomb-like silence of the cloister, of the darkened church, of the sepulchral voice, evoking images of death and terror.

"Do it to satisfy me," said Rose, anticipating a refusal; "just for my sake, won't you? Should your mind remain the same after the trial, I promise to help you with papa in all your further plans; I will indeed."

This promise of support had far less weight with Vincenzo than the wish to please her; that was, perhaps, at this moment, the paramount desire of his heart. There were very few things Vincenzo would not have done, or endeavoured to do, to please his young mistress. He accordingly declared his willingness to grant her request, subject, of course, to the Signor Avvocato's approval, which Rose in high glee took upon herself to obtain. The Signor Avvocato offered to what he styled his daughter's childish whim just opposition enough, just loudly enough spoken, to clear himself of all responsibility in the matter, and yet let her have her own way. And so it came to pass that, one fine morning, shortly after the *tête-à-tête* in the arbour, Vincenzo disappeared from the palace, to return five

days later much depressed, bewildered, and worn out, but, as to the main point, unchanged.

Rose, now satisfied that it was not the will of God that he should enter the Church, bore the disappointment with Christian resignation, and immediately began to busy herself to redeem the pledge she had given to Vincenzo. What would he like best to do? Barnaby had told her that he must make choice of a profession, and go to the university—was there any profession for which he felt more inclination than for another? Vincenzo answered dutifully that it was not for him, but for his godfather, to make a choice for him. Rose said yes—it was with her father that the ultimate decision must rest; yet, as there were several equally eligible professions, to none of which her father was likely to object, Vincenzo might as well frankly avow the one he felt most inclined to adopt. Vincenzo, thus pressed, said at last that, if at liberty to make his own selection, he would choose the army.

This declaration startled Rose, nor did she conceal the painful surprise it caused her, nor her unequivocal aversion to the profession of arms. She affirmed that it was not one fit for a Christian, least of all for one who had been intended for the Church. Only think what it was—making the killing of one's fellow-creatures into a science. She felt that she could never bear to look at him again if he were a soldier. Vincenzo was at no loss for arguments whereby to vindicate the honour of a soldier's vocation, but he preferred giving up the point without further discussion. His prepossession for a military life was not so strong as to make him run the risk of never being looked at again by sweet Miss Rose. And then—the thought was uncharitable, but such thoughts will steal, like thieves, into one's mind—and then Rose's sweeping condemnation of soldiers had this drop of honey in it, that it included of necessity young Del Palmetto. Del Palmetto was, so to say, Vincenzo's born rival in Miss Rose's affections, and that young

nobleman's considerable outlay of amiability of late seemed to point to an issue which, natural as it was, and quite in the regular course of things between young people of fortune and station, and near neighbours, Vincenzo could not contemplate without discomfort.

The only career for which the lad had any predilection being once excluded, there was no reason why his proposal of leaving his fate in his godfather's hands should not be agreed to ; and upon this understanding Rose prepared to open negotiations with her father. Her first attempts met with anything but encouragement. A man is not check-mated, let his disposition be ever so amiable, without his feeling a little sore towards the giver of the check. It was not his business, said the Signor Avvocato, to find employment for those who spurned his good offices. He spoke of employment, because, as to any of the liberal professions, there could be no question of such for Vincenzo—he was far too backward in his education, and without much natural talent.

"What he does not know he can learn," said Rose ; "and, as for cleverness, you said yourself that he wrote a far better letter than you had thought him capable of doing."

"A letter—a letter—what does a mere letter prove as to ability, even taking it for granted that he concocted it himself? Any one may have a moment of inspiration. And then he is ignorant of mathematics, my dear ; and, without mathematics, how can he ever get Master of Arts tacked to his name—the *sine quâ non*, those two letters M.A. for the study of law or medicine? I mention medicine for form's sake, as it ranks as a liberal profession ; but what man who might go to the bar would be such a goose as to prefer medicine?"

"Are mathematics, then, so dreadfully difficult to learn?" asked Rose.

"Very—indeed, it is not every head that is capable of the study of mathematics."

"Who can tell but that Vincenzo may have just the head for that sort of thing?"

"Even supposing it to be so, it would be too late for him to begin—the greatest aptitude is lost for want of early training. By the time I was fifteen years of age I had my Euclid at my fingers' ends."

"Can't he be a merchant then?"

"Ah! yes, to be sure, a merchant—you are a clever little woman when you like. And the capital on which he is to trade, will you provide him with that?"

"Not I, but you, papa ; everybody says you are rich."

"And if I am, is that any reason why I should fling my money at the head of the first fellow who wants it?"

"But Vincenzo, papa, is quite different ; he is your godson, and you promised his father to take care of his orphan son."

"Have I been untrue to my promise?" asked the Signor Avvocato.

"Oh no, dear papa, you have been always very good to Vincenzo, and he is the first always to say so. Next to God, I do believe, he loves and reveres you. You used to be fond of him too."

"Well, well," interrupted the father, touched, and endeavouring to dissemble his emotion under a certain brusquerie ; "what is the good of all this bothering of yours? Have I cast him off, or turned him out of the house, or said I would do nothing for him, or given any one the right to suppose I would not? Methinks he is not so ill off as it is ; he lives under my roof, dines at my table, has all he wants, I believe ; where is the necessity for such a hurry? I can't see it—surely I may be allowed a little time to look about me—something available for him may turn up ; if not, well, I shall keep my eyes open ; but give me time. I have some friends still, thank God, some little interest ; but let's hear no more about liberal professions."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BARNABY PITCHES INTO IT, AND SETTLES THE QUESTION.

THE substance of the above conversation—reported, as was natural, by Rose to Vincenzo and Barnaby, assembled in council—made on both a lively, but quite opposite impression. It so clearly evidenced the formal renunciation by the Signor Avvocato of his original scheme for his godson, that it was welcomed by that young man as the best news he could possibly receive. Now, then, he felt finally relieved from that awful sword of Damocles, which had been hanging over him for such a length of time. What mattered it to Vincenzo whether he was to be a barrister, a clerk to some merchant, or in some office, so that he was the one or the other with his godfather's consent and approbation? Barnaby, however, took quite a different view of the matter. His master's exclusion of any of the liberal professions for Vincenzo was, in Barnaby's eye, nothing less than a denial of justice, at which he naturally chafed. Talk to him of employment, indeed! He knew what employment meant—sweeping the floor of some counting-house with neither profit nor honour, and plenty of people to lord it over you. Nothing short of the law was worthy of a young fellow who knew Latin. Vincenzo must be an avvocato; if the Signor Avvocato grudged his being so, let him till the earth—better handle a hoe than a broom. That was how Barnaby reasoned. The chief gardener *ad honorem* had been a Jack of all trades before his meeting at Mexico with his old master and benefactor, the Signor Avvocato's father, and probably he had seen enough of the drudging of clerks to give him an enduring horror of that way of gaining a living. As to his high conceit of a lawyer's calling, it took its rise forty years back, when Signor Pietro, then on the eve of sending his son to study law at the university, used to descant to Barnaby on the glories of the bar, and pronounced the

title of avvocato to be one of the highest and proudest.

The month of September was half gone, and still Vincenzo's fate was hanging in the balance. More than once had Rose, during the interval, returned to the charge, without eliciting from her father any more definite answer than when she had first mooted the subject. Did Vincenzo complain of the life he was leading? If not, then he could wait. Somehow or other he would provide for him. So far the Signor Avvocato pledged himself—was not that sufficient? must he also be dictated to as to the time and manner?

Was the good gentleman concealing any settled plan under this procrastination? Not at all. He was only yielding to a little pique, and to the natural indecision of his character. He was not sorry to keep Vincenzo and his aiders and abettors on a gentle rack, as a sort of retaliation for the defeat he had sustained at their hands; and then there was another and more humane reason for this dilly-dallying. Though in his heart of hearts greatly inclined to give Vincenzo the chance of being called to the bar, the Signor Avvocato still hesitated to send him to Turin for that purpose, lest the lad should be plucked at his first examination, and ignominiously sent back, to his own and his godfather and patron's great mortification.

Barnaby, in the meantime, who was not in the confidence of his master's secret inclination, and who, moreover, with a logic all his own, saw in the system of dilatoriness pursued in regard to Vincenzo a perverse determination to refuse him what was his due, and consign him to the dust of some office or other—Barnaby, we say, had reached that pitch of exasperation which no longer finds a safety-valve in negative tokens of indignation, but must needs assert itself in action. One day, accordingly, as his master was passing him in the garden, Barnaby put on his ugliest face and said, "If you please, sir, I shall soon want that little money of mine, which is in your keeping." (Ever since the death of Signor Pietro,

the Signor Avvocato had been the depository of the old man's savings.)

The tone of the demand, trenchant, almost threatening, accounted for the cold laconic answer it met. "Very well ; do you want the whole of it ?"

"Yes, every farthing of it, at your earliest convenience."

"It is all in my desk ; you can have it whenever you like."

"Thank you, sir."

"It is a pretty round sum," observed the master ; "may I know to what use you destine it ?"

"Welcome to the knowledge," replied Barnaby, with the savage joy of an Iroquois scalping an enemy. "I destine it to make a man of a good lad, shamelessly abandoned by those whose duty it was to uphold him."

"Abandoned ! duty !" exclaimed the gentleman in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, abandoned ; what do you call burying a Christian for life in an office, but abandoning him ?"

"Who means to bury anybody ? You seem to have lost your senses, Barnaby."

"Would to God I had," retorted the infatuated old man. "I should then, at least, be spared the shame of seeing you disgrace yourself."

"You ought rather to be ashamed of imputing to others the bad dreams of your fancy," exclaimed the master, nettled.

"What do you mean to do for the lad ? answer me that," cried Barnaby, his arms akimbo.

"What I consider best for him," was the cool rejoinder.

"Will you send him to Turin to study law ; yes or no ?"

"I tell you again, I shall do that which I think best for him," repeated the master.

"Ah, then, you won't do it ; you confess you won't !" shouted the exasperated servant. "Well and good ; he shall be an avvocato for all that."

"I wish you and him joy of it," said the Signor Avvocato, turning away ; "the sooner you come for your money the better."

"And I give you warning I am going

also," called Barnaby after his master ; "I give you warning I am going also."

"With all my heart," answered Rose's father. For once our easy-going gentleman's blood was up. Not that he attached more importance than it deserved to the outpouring of Barnaby's irate dotage ; it was Vincenzo's black ingratitude which stung him to the quick. After all that he had done ! after all that he intended to do ! such was the return he was to meet. He had not expected it from that quarter ; well—let it be so—the lesson, though rather late in the day, would serve him for the rest of his life. Never too late to mend. For the first time in his life, this kind-souled man felt intensely misanthropic—all this on the assumption, and, it must be allowed, a very natural one, that Vincenzo was art and part in Barnaby's project. For, how suppose that a man in his right senses would push things so far, without first making sure of the acquiescence of the person most interested ?

Barnaby's bravado to his master had occurred between seven and eight in the morning. The Signor Avvocato returned home for his coffee, swallowed it hastily, withdrew to his study, and immediately began examining his account-book, to ascertain how many years' wages he owed to Barnaby. He then added the amount to Barnaby's savings, put the whole sum, most of it in bank-notes, into a canvass bag, and drew up a minute and explanatory statement of capital and interest, debit and credit—as minute and explanatory, as if, instead of his and his father's confidential servant and friend, it concerned the most punctilious and hair-splitting of his tenants. This was all done furiously and before the least dawn of a reaction of feeling, as was unmistakably indicated by the sharp "Come in !" which he gave in answer to a rap at his door.

It was Vincenzo, who craved admittance, and who appeared looking much disturbed.

"Are you come to fetch the money ?"

asked the Signor Avvocato, in the bitter tone he could command.

"Oh, sir, how could you ever believe this of me?" said Vincenzo, at first almost with reproach in his voice, which ended in a pleading. "Oh, for God's sake, sir, don't think me worse than I am; never, till now, had I the most distant surmise of Barnaby's extravagant scheme in my behalf; I swear to God I had not. I no sooner heard of it, only a minute ago, than I hurried to you, sir, to disclaim all knowledge of it—all idea of taking advantage of it—to protest to you my entire acquiescence and contentment in whatever you may decide for me. Ask Miss Rose, if I have not always said so; the most promising offer would have no temptation for me, if it did not come from you. I will not be indebted to any one but you; from you I will accept of anything with thankfulness. Do believe it, sir, for it is the truth; it is indeed."

The Signor Avvocato felt it to be so, felt relieved and happy in that belief, and all the sluices of his heart opened and flowed over at once. He drew Vincenzo to his bosom, and said with much emotion, "I do believe you; you are a good brave boy, and I bless you for it; it was wrong of me to doubt you even for a moment—yes, it was, and I will make amends for my fault. Perhaps I have not dealt with you according to your deserts. . . ."

"Oh, sir!" interrupted Vincenzo, with half a sob.

"But my confidence," went on the Signor Avvocato, "is yours from this moment. You have no idea, my boy, of all the good you have done me—I was waxing distrustful, suspicious—I felt as if I could dislike my fellow-creatures. Of all the misfortunes of this world, dislike of one's fellow-creatures is the greatest—you have cured me of that, thank you; you have been a consolation to me in this instance, and so you will be to the last, I am sure. I don't tell you to dry your tears" (Vincenzo's were flowing fast the while) "because I know that their source is sweet."

After a pause, the Signor Avvocato continued, "And now that we are good friends again, better friends than we have ever been, let us talk of the future. What do you really wish to do, Vincenzo?"

"Anything that may please you, sir."

"Then, suppose we realize Barnaby's plan, and make you an Avvocato? Law leads to everything, you see. What do you say?"

"If it is your pleasure, sir, it will be mine."

"Very well; but, to be accepted as a student of law, you will have to go through an examination, of which geometry forms part. Are you disposed to work hard so as to conquer geometry?"

"If hard work will do it," said Vincenzo, resolutely, "I don't think I shall fail."

"If so, there is no time to lose. The university re-opens in two months; if you set to it in right earnest, two months, with the assistance of a good teacher, will be enough for such geometry as is required for your first examination. Time is precious, as you perceive; go to Ibella after dinner, buy yourself a hat, and order a suit of black. Whatever other additions your wardrobe may require can be easily procured at Turin. Persuade the tailor to fix as early a day as possible for letting you have your clothes, and on that same day I will go with you to Ibella, and secure you a place in the diligence for Turin. There's a family from Rumelli there, poor but kind and honest people, who used to take lodgers and boarders. I will give you a letter to them; if they have no room themselves for you, they will find one somewhere else. But no word of all this to any one. If Rose and Barnaby question you as to what has passed between us, say you are under orders from me to be silent."

"I must take leave of Don Natale," observed Vincenzo.

"With him you are safe," was the answer; "only caution him as to my wish. There, now you can go."

"Thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart," said Vincenzo, covering his

godfather's hand with kisses ; " it shall be the study of my life to behave so as never to give you cause to rue your fatherly kindness to me."

" I am sure of it," said the Signor Avvocato.

" Will you allow me, sir, to ask a last favour ?"

" Let me hear it."

" Barnaby was mistaken, but he meant kindly by me ; do, pray, sir, forgive him."

" Set your heart at rest on that score, my boy. Barnaby for many a year has been like a constitutional king with me—irresponsible for his sayings and doings. His only punishment shall be the not knowing, for a little time, that his plan for you is being carried out by me."

Four days later, immediately after dinner, the smartest of the Signor Avvocato's gigs came to the door. Rose and Barnaby, indeed the whole household, assembled by special command, were standing by it. " Now then," said the Signor Avvocato, drawing forth his watch as Vincenzo, unusually pale, joined the group, " five minutes granted for leave-taking—Vincenzo is starting for Turin—no questions allowed ;" in spite of which warning, the announcement, received at first by a general oh ! of surprise, was instantly followed by a cross fire of questions, remonstrances, wailings, and what not.

" One minute gone ; look sharp !" cried the Signor Avvocato, jumping into the gig, watch in one hand, whip in the other. Action and look bespoke determination to adhere to his programme ; so everybody made the best of the remaining time, and hand-shakings and kisses followed in quick succession. " If you want anything, mind and write to me," whispered Rose to Vincenzo, who received a similar recommendation from Barnaby.

" Now then," cried the Signor Avvocato, clacking his whip. Vincenzo got free at last, and jumped in. Adieu—good-bye—a good journey—and the wheels were already grinding on the smooth, well-kept drive. Down rushed

mistress, maids, and men, to the Belvedere, there to shout once more adieu—good-bye—a good journey—as the gig passed below it. Vincenzo waved his hat—poor soul, his voice had got drowned in his tears. The Signor Avvocato, in extraordinary elation at having for once taken his own way without consulting anybody, used his whip lustily.

CHAPTER XIX.

TURINESE SILHOUETTES.

THERE was no railroad from Ibella to Turin in the year 1848—the only line that existed at that time in the sub-alpine kingdom was one which, with sundry gaps here and there, connected Turin and Genoa. So for many an hour had Vincenzo to jog along in a stiffling close and far from capacious cage, before he arrived at his destination. He reached it at last, and went straight to the address given him by his godfather. Fortunately, the family from Rumelli, who took in boarders and lodgers, had an unoccupied room, or rather a light closet, with just space enough in it for a bed, a small table, and two chairs—and with just light and air enough to allow of seeing and breathing—but it was very cheap, and that decided Vincenzo to take it. He had determined with himself to cost his godfather as little as possible. He made his arrangements at once ; he was to have his lodging and board for a trifle more than two sovereigns a month.

Turin was not in 1848 what it is in 1862 ; but even then it was inferior in nothing to any second-rate capital in Europe—neither in grandeur, comfort, activity, nor population. What with refugees from Lombardy and other Italian provinces, and what with foreigners, Turin counted that autumn from thirty to forty thousand inhabitants more than at the beginning of the year. Vincenzo, who had no other point of comparison to go by than Ibella or Novara, felt positively crushed by the magnitude and splendour of the city, and the

immensity of its population. His first impression was naturally one of bewilderment and discouragement, and more than once did a rush of impetuous and fond regret seize his heart at the thought of that quiet haven he had left, and which absence still more embellished. But he bravely shook off this mood, nor lacked arguments wherewith to spur himself on to manly exertion. He had his godfather's good opinion to justify—his kindness and affection to deserve—Miss Rose's good graces to improve—fortune's high favour to show himself equal to. Such were the cordials which helped him to overcome his momentary faintheartedness.

Vincenzo's most urgent need, as we know, was to find a teacher of mathematics. Without an acquaintance in Turin, he had no alternative but to consult his landlord, Signor Francesco, and this he did on the very afternoon of his arrival. Signor Francesco knew that there were plenty of teachers of mathematics, and every other branch of science ; only at that instant he could not bring to mind the name of any one of them. His memory had sorely failed him since his misfortune, but he could and would inquire. Ah ! by-the-bye, he would ask Signor Onofrio. Signor Onofrio was sure to know ; he knew everything. "Pray, who is Signor Onofrio ?" asked Vincenzo. Signor Onofrio was a refugee of 1821, who had just returned from exile—a member of parliament, a statesman, philosopher, a literary and scientific man of the very first calibre—worth his weight in gold, or rather in diamonds. If he had not a seat in the Cabinet, it was not from want of proposals. He might be prime minister any day or hour. Signor Onofrio was one of Signor Francesco's lodgers and boarders, and Vincenzo would meet him at dinner that very day at six.

Such was the character given of Signor Onofrio by Signor Francesco, in his way also a remarkable individual, remarkable for his tendencies to superlativeness and querulousness. The first he applied to everybody and everything, the second exclusively to "his mis-

fortune." He took it for granted that his "misfortune" was as notorious as the Siege of Troy, or the earthquake of Lisbon, and allusions to it studded his speeches even when addressed to utter strangers. The fact is that, previous to living himself and his family in incredible holes to make room for lodgers, Signor Francesco had begun life as a bookseller in a very small way, and want of capital and industry had soon sent his little concern to the dogs. This consummation had been shortly preceded—not in the least influenced, mark—by a summons to the police, and the administration of a severe reprimand for the clandestine sale of a certain pamphlet against the Jesuits. This happened in the good olden time when Jesuits and police were hand and glove. Signor Francesco, denying the charge, was shown a copy of the obnoxious book, and told the exact day and hour at which it had come out of his shop. Upon no stronger foundation than the circumstances just related, and the supposition, false or true, that the buyer and informer against him was a Jesuit in disguise, did Signor Francesco lay at the door of the Jesuits the ruin of his business, and give himself out as a victim of the company of Jesus—an assumption which, by dint of repeating, he ended by believing himself. Accordingly, he had never ceased, since the promulgation of the Statute, to petition king, parliament, and every individual minister and deputy, for redress and damages. His panegyric of Signor Onofrio, and the assiduous court he paid him, were in reality with the aim of ingratiating himself with the minister *in posse*, and securing an indemnity through his patronage.

The Jesuits at that time were the scapegoats for all sins, the Alpha and Omega of all evil, the cloak under which to conceal all meannesses and asking of alms. No official dismissed for dishonesty or incapacity but was their victim ; no humbug asking for Government employment but had suffered persecution from them on account of his Liberalism ; no petitions—and God knows

that there were bushels of them, for petitioning was the social evil of this epoch—no petitions, but Jesuits some way or other figured in them. Never had the proverb that “only the rich find lenders” received a more extreme application.

When asked by Signor Francesco whether he could recommend a good teacher of mathematics, Signor Onofrio, without turning his face from his plate, inquired for whom ; and, on being told that it was for his new fellow-lodger, he looked up at Vincenzo with that particular corrugation of the brows and shutting of the eyelids which denotes at once shortsightedness and a habit of concentrating attention on any given point. “Is it for cramming ?” he asked. “I beg your pardon,” stammered Vincenzo, not understanding the question.

“I mean,” explained Signor Onofrio, “do you wish to study mathematics in earnest, or only just enough to allow of your passing some examination ?”

“To pass an examination is certainly my motive for learning mathematics,” said Vincenzo, “but that does not exclude my having the wish thoroughly to master them, supposing I have head enough to do so. I should not like to learn as a mere parrot.”

“Rationally thought and spoken,” said Signor Onofrio, evidently pleased ; “I think I know of a man who will suit you. We’ll go to him to-morrow morning at seven. Come and remind me, will you ?”

On the morrow, at seven, Vincenzo, after a little hesitation, rapped at Signor Onofrio’s door—their rooms were contiguous. The door was immediately opened by Signor Onofrio himself, in a very much worn-out dressing-gown. The glimpse Vincenzo had of the room did not speak much in favour of the tenant’s habits of order—everything, books, papers, clothes, lay pell mell, as if they had fallen at random from the ceiling. Signor Onofrio was neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, neither handsome nor plain—a very commonplace sort of man for the superficial observer, though

his friends gave him credit for a commanding figure and a very fine head. Probably his was one of those mobile faces which, like some pictures, must be looked at near, and in a particular light, to produce their effect and be duly appreciated. Certain it is, that his profile was full of character and distinction, and bore a striking similarity to that of Tatius, King of the Sabines, which must be familiar to all students of figure-drawing. His dark chestnut hair had preserved all its original hue and thickness, and fell in three distinct graceful wavelets, separated by high receding interstices, upon his large forehead and temples.

Such personal advantages, however, as he possessed, he seemed to ignore ; certainly he neglected them to a fault ; witness his dishevelled hair, his week’s unshorn beard, his whole attire made and worn at random, and rather shabby than not. Let us add in extenuation that Signor Onofrio was poor. In the course of a whole life spent in gathering treasures of knowledge and experience throughout the world, he had never once tried to improve his material condition, or lay by anything for old age ; on the contrary, he had spurned all occasions of doing so which had presented themselves, content with earning his daily bread by teaching languages and mathematics. Still, poor teacher as he was in Paris, London, or New York, he had won high esteem and respect for himself and his country, and counted staunch and numerous friends everywhere.

“Sit down, my young friend,” said Signor Onofrio, making an armful of the medley of articles that incumbered a chair, and throwing them in a bundle on the bed, “sit down and let us have some talk. I mentioned last evening that I had a teacher in view for you—I meant myself—I have taught mathematics for seven-and-twenty years, and I think I know them well. Besides, if I teach you at all, I shall do it *con amore*, it being in my nature to do nothing by halves. In saying this I mean to imply that with me for a master, if you have any talent, you will

improve steadily and rapidly. Wait a moment. But—there is a but you see—but only on three conditions will I undertake your tuition: the first, that your lessons shall take place between six and eight in the morning, for I have other engagements which leave me no other available time; the second, that you apply yourself in earnest to master mathematics thoroughly; the third, that you will devote, exclusive of the lessons, six hours daily to this one pursuit. Now, do you agree to my conditions?"

"With all my heart, and with grateful thanks!" cried Vincenzo, enraptured.

"Very well; then we will begin to-morrow. I have got plenty of books, compasses, slates for the purpose, so you needn't buy anything. And now, that we may feel quite at ease with one another, tell me something of yourself. Where do you come from? How old are you? What sort of education have you received? Are your parents alive? What relations or friends have you? Have you ever turned your thoughts to politics? Now, mind, if you have an objection to answer any one of my questions, let it alone as though unasked."

Vincenzo replied to all without reticence, and with the candour and warmth belonging to his age and nature.

"Very good," said Signor Onofrio; "I see we shall soon be friends—indeed, we are so already; but keep in mind our agreement, and good day for the present."

"But—" said Vincenzo, who had his *but* also, one very hard to put into words; "but you have not mentioned—the—return—I mean, compensation—"

"Ah! you are right," replied Signor Onofrio; "for your sake and mine it is best you should pay me. I'll write to your godfather, and settle the matter with him. Adieu."

Vincenzo, on his side, wrote immediately to the Signor Avvocato, to acquaint him with his safe arrival and whereabouts in Turin, and with his subsequent good fortune in meeting with Signor Onofrio, contenting himself for the nonce with sending, instead of

a letter to Miss Rose, as his heart prompted, only his kind remembrances to her and Barnaby, and, indeed, every one in the palace. Until relieved from the prohibition to reveal the object of his stay in Turin—a prohibition which would cease, as he guessed, in a couple of months, that is, after the passing of his examination—Vincenzo thought it safer not to write to Miss Rose, in order to avoid even a shadow of risk of betraying, by implication, the secret trusted to him. After all, it was superfluous care, Rose and Barnaby having perfectly guessed, the moment Turin was spoken of as Vincenzo's destination, the object for which he was sent thither.

The lessons in mathematics began on the morrow, and continued daily without intermission, save on Sundays, to the mutual satisfaction of master and pupil. Signor Onofrio's room, in which they were given, looked into a spacious court, and from the very first day Vincenzo noticed bursts of sound coming from the windows opposite, as if from some one declaiming while in motion. One morning he caught sight of the mysterious orator, who, absorbed in some train of thought, had come to a stand-still at one of the windows, continuing, however, his harangue aloud. The bust was all that was visible, and that was square-built—the head round and massive—the eyes shaded by gold spectacles. Vincenzo drew Signor Onofrio's attention to this gentleman, observing, "I suppose an actor studying his part."

"An actor in truth, but not in the limited sense you mean," answered Signor Onofrio—"an actor in the grand drama of the world, and who may, for what we know, play one of the principal parts in it. At least, he is full of ambition to do so, and has the iron will that will accomplish what he desires. Ambition and will are the two great levers by which men achieve success. That is Count de Cavour, a newly-elected deputy. I hear him morning and evening addressing an imaginary audience, to qualify himself to address

and master a real one ; possibly he has, like Demosthenes, some defect of utterance to conquer. He used to practise thus even before he was in the House. It says much for him. He is evidently a man thoroughly in earnest, and who knows his own mind—a good example to follow.”

Signor Francesco's boarding-house happened to adjoin the Palace of Count Cavour, situated, as every one now knows, in the street of the Arcivescovado, part of which, at this time of writing, is deservedly named after the great departed statesman. The trifling incident, just related, was not without some influence on Vincenzo's future—and that is the reason why it is here put down—inasmuch as it acted upon him as an encouragement not to allow himself to be rebuffed by difficulties, but to work steadily on, and imitate, in his minor career, the living example before him.

Master and pupil took to each other every day more and more, and before the lapse of a month they used often to go out together for a lounge in the solitary avenues on the banks of the Po ; when Signor Onofrio, for ever lighting a cigar, which was for ever being extinguished, would repeat his demonstration of the morning, or sift to the bottom some point of the politics of the day ; oftener, perhaps, descant on the grandeur of the Alps frowning down upon them from the north, or on the beauty of that delicious crown of hills, smiling on them from the contrary direction. Signor Onofrio was sober of words in company, and seldom spoke in Parliament ; he would say that there, where every body was bit by the tarantula of long speeches, silence was the best way of serving one's country ; but with only a few friends, or, better still, in a congenial *tête-à-tête*, he could be even talkative and humorous. Some of his political opinions and dicta Vincenzo remembers to this day with grateful acknowledgment of the great benefit he derived from them in after life.

Onofrio took anything but a sanguine view of the Italian movement in 1848 ;

he likened it to a child inevitably doomed to stumble and fall in its first attempts to walk, but still learning something from every fall and failure ; and those who wondered and wailed at the loss of the first campaign, to a mother silly enough to expect her baby to walk without learning to do so at its own cost. The objectors to C. Albert, on account of some of his precedents, he compared to pioneers, who, having a strong gate to burst open, quarrelled with the axe, which could alone do the deed, because of some spots of rust on it, and threw it away, to use their nails instead. The only clear and incalculable gain which had accrued to Italy out of the hurly-burly of 1848 was, in Signor Onofrio's eyes, the accession of the Italian Idea to the throne, by which he meant that the House of Savoy henceforwards stood openly and irrevocably pledged to the triumph of the Italian Idea.

The Liberal party in Piedmont—in deed, throughout Italy—was just then divided into two great sections—those who were for renewing the war, and washing away the stigma of the late defeat as soon as possible, and those who deprecated all aggressive measures for the present, leaving to time and circumstance to fix the moment for a new struggle. Signor Onofrio sided with these last, and openly advocated their policy in Parliament ; which, by the way, made him very unpopular out of doors. But he little cared ; and to his opponents, who taunted his politics with being wanting in generosity, he answered, “Be just before you are generous ; war is not an affair of sentiment, but of calculation of probabilities ; and probabilities, under the circumstances, are eighty per cent. against us”—an opinion which after events but too sadly confirmed. However, we must not anticipate.

To fit himself for the examination, which was to open to him the way to the temple of Themis, Vincenzo had other studies to follow, besides that of mathematics, of all of which, however, he had already a smattering ; and in

the pursuit of these he found a precious auxiliary in his elderly friend, who grudged him neither advice, direction, nor encouragement. Thus helped on by friendly hands, and his own steady will, our youth made great strides towards the attainment of his first honours.

In the accommodation, and especially the diet, at Signor Francesco's establishment, there was room for improvement. The deficiencies, such as they were, Vincenzo and Signor Onofrio did not, however, remark ; and might have ignored for ever, but for the tolerably plain hints of a third boarder, a notary's clerk, only seen at meal-times, and who, not unreasonably, considered that salad and salad, and always salad, should not be the staple of every repast. Perhaps Signor Francesco thought light food better for the stomachs of perseveringly studious persons than substantial meat, which, in fact, was scarce at his table, and generally tough. But, in God's name, what dainties can one expect for forty shillings a month ? Washing, it is true, was not included in that sum ; but it was seldom that Vincenzo was put to any expense on that score, thanks to the motherly care of Signora Francesco, who managed so that he never knew what it was to want clean linen—and all for love. She had neither means nor time otherwise to show her good will to the lad, who came from so near her native place. Signora Francesco was the maid-of-all-work in the house—she made the beds, swept the rooms, cooked, washed, marketed, and waited at dinner—all this in incredibly dirty gowns and caps, and with three little ragamuffins for ever hanging on her skirts, whom she unceasingly implored to return to some mysterious *home* in which they were hid at night.

Sunday was her only grand gala day of the week. Attired in a black silk gown and red velvet bonnet, with her eldest boy properly washed and decently clothed, forth sallied to mass Signora Francesco on the stroke of twelve, Signor Francesco remaining at home to watch over the safety of the other two

little scions of the house. By two o'clock she returned home, and sat in state in her drawing-room, until her invariable Sunday guest for the last six years, Signor Tommaso, made his appearance. Signor Tommaso was perhaps the dimmest of all the nebulae which had left the sky of Rumelli for that of Turin. He was head clerk to an official vendor of lottery tickets, and sat as his employer's *alter ego*, in a dingy shop, icy cold in winter, stifling hot in summer, perfectly idle during five of the working days of the week, and slaving like a negro on the sixth, to meet the demands of a throng of applicants, who naturally waited to the last moment to make their choice of numbers. His salary was, of course, in proportion to his amount of work in the five first days of the week, that is, of the scantiest, and his appearance corresponded to his salary. A leaner, shabbier little fellow of fifty or thereabouts, it would be difficult to conceive.

Then, a little after two o'clock of a Sunday, Signor Tommaso called at the establishment, in the street of the Arcivescovado, invariably bringing with him a penny bunch of violets, or of orange flowers, for the Signora, as well as the tidings of the last great lottery prize, and of the favourite numbers for the next drawing. On hearing them, Signora Francesco would observe with a deep sigh : " Oh ! if you could bring me word of the three numbers sure of coming up."

" Ah ! if I were a priest, I could," sighed Signor Tommaso, in answer, alluding to the common belief among the vulgar, and in which he shared, that at the moment of the elevation of the host the priest sees the numbers that will come up ; " but I shouldn't, though, for to tell is a mortal sin."

Signora Francesco, after a little, expressed a hope that Signor Tommaso would do her and her husband the honour of taking pot-luck with them, a hope immediately nipped in the bud by Signor Tommaso's plea of impossibility. Upon this Signor Tommaso took his leave, but looked in vain for

his hat, which had disappeared. At this juncture Signor Francesco intervened, and said it was all nonsense ; the lost hat should not be found till after dinner, &c. New protests from Signor Tommaso, who now, joining action to words, would squat on the floor to look under tables and chairs, and poke his nose into all sorts of cupboards, till, panting and hot, and still protesting, he sank on a seat, and surrendered at discretion. The dinner hour was four o'clock on Sundays, instead of six.

At the end of his first month at Turin, Vincenzo had a great surprise and a great joy. He received by the diligence *franco* a deal box, bearing his address in Miss Rose's well-remembered writing, and containing half a dozen fine shirts and as many handkerchiefs,

neatly arranged, and strewn with lavender and bits of a sweet-smelling red stuff, which answered the same purpose as sachets of patchouli. He took up with reverence one article after the other, laid them out side by side on his bed for his own admiration, kissing as he did so the initials her dear fingers had formed. And not contented with that, he called Signor Onofrio and Signor and Signora Francesco to come and admire also, which they did unreservedly. Beautiful as, no doubt, the shirts and handkerchiefs were in themselves, they had a superlative merit in his eye ; they were the work of that sweet Miss Rose, who was for Vincenzo the type of all that is beautiful, good, and worthy in womankind.

To be continued.

THE END OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

It is all over. Last Saturday's foggy daylight shone for the last time on that wonderful crowd surging up and down the nave between dome and dome, on the still thicker mass moving—or moved, for volition was doubtful—inch by inch along the picture-galleries, on the quieter and more scattered groups that, in the various side courts, delighted themselves once more over treasures and curiosities which they will likely never see again. True, for a "day after the fair," or even fourteen days, our six-months' friend, become such a familiar friend now, may drag on a sort of galvanized semi-existence ; but his real life is ended ; the Great International Exhibition of 1862 is no more.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. There will be plenty of people to abuse it, this vanished show : let us speak only kindly of it : for, be it bad or good, successful or unsuccessful, it is probably the last of its race. Even should there be, in London, and during this generation, another Great Exhibition, that time is so far in the future that we ourselves shall have

grown quite elderly people. The more reason, therefore, for us to remember this one tenderly, to count up all the good it was meant to do and did, all the innocent pleasure that we gained from it. Let us forget the aching heads, wearied limbs, pushing crowds, bad dinners, fights for omnibuses, and insane struggles after cabs, and only recall that bright pleasant place—where, if there was a ray of sunlight to be found anywhere in London, it was sure to be caught by the great glass dome, and reflected upon the odious—well, we'll not call it odious now—Majolica fountain, and borne thence down the misty vista of the nave. Ay, it was a pleasant place, diffusing a general sense of beauty, both of colour, form, and sound, which, we scarcely knew how, put us into a cheerful frame of mind. Probably, out of the multitudes that have visited it, there has not been one who did not carry away from it a certain amount of actual enjoyment, to be, as all pure happiness is, an eternal possession.

The humours of the Exhibition, its various phases, social, intellectual, and moral, from May to November, would make a curious book, even supposing all instructive views of it were carefully omitted. Regarded as a place of study and general information, its wonders never ended, its interest never flagged. Has not the *Times* found matter for one article, often two, *every day* for six months? And is not this present writer acquainted with an energetic juror who has visited it daily ever since it opened, yet on last Saturday was seen as brisk and beaming as ever, though with a certain tender melancholy overspreading his countenance, investigating something he had never seen before? Nay, putting aside those who went on business, or for scientific study, how continually one heard of people who, for mere entertainment, had been twenty or thirty times, or of whole families who located themselves for a month or two in Brompton, and spent every day, and the whole day long, in the Great Exhibition—dining, meeting their friends, and transacting their business; in fact, doing everything but sleep there.

The mere chronicle of the crowd—as it changed from month to month, from the stately season-ticketers and five-shilling folk of June to the middle-class country visitors of July, and then again to the excursionists, charity-sent schools and workhouses, mechanics with their families, down to the ultra-agricultural element, which appeared in smock-frocks and clouted shoes just before or immediately after harvest—this of itself would be a curious record. What “odd fish” one used to see sometimes!—people who might have been unearthed from the most distant places and times, of whom you wondered what on earth had induced them to come here, how they got here, and, still more, how they would ever get home again? The sight of such as these, mingling in the ordinary crowd, was either intensely ludicrous or extremely pathetic. I remember one lady, whom I met at intervals during one five-shilling day, who might have been Dickens’s study for *Miss Havisham*. Her costume,

rich and good, must have been made every item at least twenty years ago. There she was, amidst all the modern crinolines, flowing *bourous*, and sweeping demi-trains, in her short-skirted gown, hanging in straight folds to the ankles, her little silk tippet, her large muslin collar, with a point on either shoulder, and her poke bonnet, exactly the attire of our mothers and aunts when we were little children. The sight of it brought back, with an instantaneous flash of memory, all we were then, and all we felt, till it was impossible to laugh: one felt much more inclined to cry.

Besides strange apparitions like this, what queer people one used to see perambulating about—chiefly in groups, with a vague perpetual terror of being separated—I saw one day three big grown-up youths who went everywhere in a sort of string, never letting go each other’s hands—or in little family knots, father, mother, and children, who kept as close as possible to one another, and in whose round healthy faces, full of mingled alarm and ecstasy, was “country cousin” written as plain as light. How amusing it was to listen to their naïve comments on the wonders about them, especially the pictures; and how strongly their broad provincial tongues and rough, rugged provincial manners contrasted with the genteelly-dressed and quick-spoken Londoners, who never seemed as if they could condescend to be surprised at anything. Yet, sometimes one of these sharp Londoners—shopman or clerk—would be found benignly escorting two oddly-clad maiden aunts, or a tribe of blowsy cousins; to whom he was very patronising and kind, though just a thought ashamed of his connexions; busy imparting much and perhaps learning a little too. For how pleasant and honest-looking were many of these country-folk—how intense was their enjoyment—how open their demonstration thereof! How they would fraternise with anybody or everybody: coming and throwing themselves upon one for information or sympathy, in the most innocent and confiding way! And, viewed as a whole, what a grand im-

pression they gave—ay, with all their oddities, foibles, and simplicities—of the foundation-class of our empire—the strong, reliable, persevering, true Britons, that “never, never will be slaves.”

As the year went on, what a year it was! London, in 1862, was a sight never to be forgotten; the streets, from being full, grew almost impassable, and transit by cab or omnibus became a thing to be contemplated with awe and doubt. Still, the state of things had its bright side. Be your own inconvenience ever so great, or your temper ever so bad, you could not help being struck with the extreme patience and good-humour of the often wearied-looking crowd who thronged every omnibus terminus and railway station, making wild and vain rushes for seats; and especially you pitied the continuous stream that might be seen flowing daily between Brompton and Hyde Park Corner, vivaciously pouring along of mornings, and of evenings dragging itself wearily back; husbands helping wives, and wives carrying babies—for babies, as in '51, formed one of the grand features of the Exhibition. Then, about August, came the great influx of foreigners, who also went about in groups, or rather in lines stretching across the street pavements, smoking, jabbering, and gesticulating, perplexing omnibus conductors and squabbling with cabmen; but, on the whole, very civilly treated by the general British public, and behaving themselves civilly in return. Since—full as London was, so that how the extra population ever found food to eat and beds to sleep on, seemed a perpetual mystery—the crowd was a holiday crowd, disposed to be on the best of terms with both self and neighbour, the word “neighbour” being understood to bear, for this year only, the widest interpretation.

So much for the external aspect of London. Of its internal and social life, as affected by the International Exhibition, no doubt all householders could unfold volumes. Everybody, in every class, seemed to keep open the doors of house and heart, to the last extremity of expansion. Rich and poor, idle and busy, all devoted themselves to

the duties and delights of hospitality. Perhaps, in summing up the good done by our friend who has departed, this one small item ought not to be omitted—that the number of old ties riveted afresh, broken ties reunited, and new ties formed by the holiday-making of the year 1862, will probably influence society for half a generation.

Summer ended, London went “out of town,” though by the aspect of the streets you would never have thought it. And still at the Great Exhibition was found the same eager contented crowd, though it varied a good deal in its character, especially on shilling-days. Then, by far the greatest proportion of visitors was sure to be of the working-class—hard-handed, rough-headed, fustian-coated; or else clad sublimely in well-kept broadcloth, lighted up by a scarlet waistcoat, or a necktie of every colour of the rainbow. Wives, daughters, and sweethearts emulated the same splendour, and the number of times one's teeth were set on edge by combinations of pink and crimson, blue and green, lilac and yellow, would defy calculation. Still, how happy they were! though they enjoyed themselves in a different way from the early frequenters of the place. They deserted the long fashionable promenade of the nave, and, except when the organs were playing, or there was a performance on Cadby's grand piano, or Distin's band, they scarcely lingered even under the pleasant domes. But they pressed eagerly to the picture-galleries, and they haunted in banded multitudes the machinery annexe.

It was grand to watch them there—looking so thoroughly at home among the locomotives, mules, power-looms, steam hammers, and sugar-mills—shaking hands with the smart Manchester girls or other operatives who attended to the various machinery: nay, sometimes even trying hard to enter into conversation with the queer foreign *ouvriers*, in blouse and moustache, who formed such a contrast to themselves. And their spirit of inquiry knew no limit—witness the tightly-packed circle, wedged as close as human beings could squeeze, that always surrounded the

carpet-weaving, ice-making, printing, and other machines. They had a keen sense of fun, too—as you saw if you watched the faces round that eccentric machine which could be made at will to puff out wind enough to blow a man's hair confusedly about, or waft his newspaper, or his pocket-handkerchief right up to the ceiling. Nor could one mingle among this throng without being struck by the large average of intelligence that exists, and necessarily must exist, among their class. What cool, clear, clever heads they must have—those men whom we are wont to term mere “hands.” Most deft hands they are; but there must be a head to guide them; and a head sound and steady, endowed with both ingenuity and patience—

“Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.”

You could read it in their looks, oftentimes. One of the finest faces I ever saw—as fine as that of the wife in Millais' “Order of Release,” and of much the same character—was that of a young woman who stood at one of the power-looms, day after day—grave and busy—apparently quite unconscious of her own beauty: not merely prettiness, but noble beauty. And I never shall forget the face of a working weaver at, I believe, a Manchester loom. He was weaving a very common material for gowns, such as would be sold for sevenpence or eightpence the yard—a plain fabric with a stripe at equal distances across it. In looking about (I fear—oh, pardonable weakness!—it was at a very pretty girl who stood watching his labour) the poor man lost count of the times his shuttle should fly, and wove a double instead of a single stripe. A small error—but it could not be allowed to pass. Looking doleful but determined, he stopped his loom at once, and taking out his penknife, cut, thread by thread, and picked out, with pains and care, the superfluous stripe; refilled his shuttle with a different colour; and then, after full five minutes' delay, he set the loom going and the shuttle flying. The web was all right—the error remedied—the victory won. A

lesson, methought, for more than poor Manchester weavers.

Yes, it was worth being squeezed almost to a pancake, half deafened with the noise of machinery, and half suffocated by the smell of oil and hot iron—to see that earnest, eager, intelligent crowd. One ceased to wonder at those heroic, patient, silently-suffering Lancashire operatives—one saw here the sort of stuff they were made of. God help them!—and may their country-people help them too, out of their present straits, before the enormous amount of dormant power in the class, instead of working itself out healthily in honest labour, be turned by the force of starvation and misery into anarchy, confusion, and crime.

But I linger over these living memories of our lost friend, when I meant only to speak of his latter days. People began to say he was dying, and that it was time for him to die; that he ought to be put an end to, ere he faded out, the miserable ghost of his summer splendour, in the November fogs. There was truth in that. As the attendance lessened, the hour of “ringing out” was made earlier and earlier; yet still, before visitors departed, mists were seen gathering down the vaulted nave, and one gaslight after another—not unneeded—appeared like glowworms about the darkening courts; one began to feel that our old friend had lived his life, and it was time for him to depart. Nevertheless, when we really knew that the 1st of November was to be his death-day, we all felt sorry. And it seemed, the final week, as if all the procrastinators in London, or Britain, had made up their minds at last, and came in a body to the Great Exhibition.

On the penultimate shilling-day, they streamed in a continuous flood, on foot or in omnibuses, down from Hyde Park Corner. Foggy the air was, muddy were the streets—to the heart's delight of many a busy shoe-black—yet the crowd rolled merrily on, past the shut-up Gospel Hall, the bureau for Bibles in all languages, the telegraph office, and the office for foreign newspapers—those temporary erections which will soon

vanish like mushrooms. Once more the Exhibition doors opened, as if they were to keep open for ever; and once more the people poured in by tens, twenties, hundreds, thousands, till in an hour or two the building was full.

Sixty-two thousand human beings collected under one roof is of itself a rare, grand, and touching show. As you sat on the benches under Dent's great clock, which goes solemnly moving on like the visible finger of Time, and looked down on the ever-stirring, yet ever-stationary sea of life below, you were filled with a sense of inexpressible awe. Your own individuality dwindled into nothing. Why, every monad before you was just as important as you; had its own pleasures, pains, and passions, no less keen than yours; must, like you, live alone, die alone, and pass into eternity alone. What were you, poor atom! to dare to dictate, criticise, condemn, or hate; or, indeed, to do anything but love and have pity, even as may the Highest in His infinite pity have mercy on us all!

But it was necessary to cease moralizing, and rise, in order to wander for the last time through the already crowded picture-galleries, full of riches that we shall never see again. The saddest thing about pictures is, that they are, to the many, such a fleeting possession, and then vanish away into unknown galleries and rich men's drawing-rooms to delight our eyes no more. It was grievous to bid good-bye to our familiar English favourites; and scarcely less so to part with those which, more than any other foreign painters, seemed to have taken hold on the British heart—the Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish pictures, so pathetically simple and true in themselves, and so charming as indications of that Northern life of which we know but little. One cannot turn from one to the other, whether it be Tidemand's "Haugians, a Religious Sect in Denmark;" or the same artist's exquisite "Administration of the Sacrament to Sick Persons in a Norwegian Hut;" the little cabinet pictures, so womanly and sweet, of Amalia Lindegren; or Exner's equally sweet "Sunday Visit to Grandpapa;"

and Schiott's "Offer of Marriage"—nay, I might name a dozen more—without feeling what a fine race these Northmen must be; how essentially domestic, honest, and sincere. And we go away, glad to think that our newly-betrothed Princess comes from this race; and that her pleasant girlish face, even in unflattering photographs, has in it all the strength and all the tenderness of the North.

On, past the Belgian horrors, grandly painted, but horrible still; and the gaudy rubbish of Southern art—how changed from mediæval Italy and Spain!—till we creep downstairs and refresh ourselves with the noble sculpture of the Roman Court, and with Magni's "Girl Reading," said to be a portrait of Garibaldi's daughter. Whether or not, it is enough to comfort us for walls full of bad Italian pictures—this almost perfect bit of sculpture, at once truest Nature and highest Art.

This is enough fatigue for one day, even though it be nearly the last day; so we will just sit quiet until the bells ring and we have to cast ourselves into that awful whirlpool of departure, thankful if we come to the surface somehow, without being engulfed in omnibuses, or dashed under cab-wheels, or meeting otherwise a summary and untimely end.

Everybody said that Saturday, November 1st, would be a very quiet day; that, there being no ceremonial, the crowd would not be greater than on ordinary Saturdays. But everybody was wrong. The public refused to part so easily from their six months' friend. Half an hour after opening, the picture-galleries were full to suffocation; not merely with the usual "half-crown people," but with many who, from their appearance, must not easily have scraped together their thirty pence, in order to see the Exhibition for, probably, the first and last time. In the nave the regular season-ticketers were in enormous force; not promenading, as usual, in slow lines, but collecting in knots, greeting and talking; everybody seeming to meet everybody they knew, and to unite in little consolatory chats, as they assisted at this farewell to the scene of so much enjoyment.

Still, there was a change. No gay May and June toilettes; most of the visitors were in sober winter dress, suited for the day—a thorough November day. Many of the courts were half dark, and the dreary white fog, which Londoners know so well, began soon after noon to gather overhead in the arch of the nave. Ay, it was time for our friend to die; but we were determined he should die bravely, even cheerily, like a Briton.

Though there was no formal notification of the fact, it was understood that God save the Queen would be sung about four o'clock under the western dome; and thither, about three o'clock, the visitors slowly pressed. Forty thousand of them, the *Times* stated next day, were gathered together at that one point, and we could well believe it. They filled area, staircases, galleries, thick as swarming bees. In the darkening twilight, they became a sight mysterious, nay awful; for they were such an enormous mass, and they were so very still. That curious sound, familiar to all Exhibition-goers, almost like the roaring of the sea, only that it came not in waves but continuously, had altogether ceased. Wedged together in a compact body, the people waited silently for the first notes, which stir every British heart to the core, and ever will.

God save the Queen! Here, at closing of the building, which she must have thought of and looked forward to so long, yet where her foot has never been, who could help a thrill deeper than ordinary as the notes burst out—thin and quavering at first—they were only sopranos in unison and unaccompanied—but gradually growing steadier and clearer, till the ending of the third line, when the organ took it up.

That was the moment—a moment never to be forgotten by any who were present. After a bar's pause, the people took it up too. From nave, transepts, and galleries, from the whole forty thousand as with one voice, arose the chorus—

“God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.”

Again the shrill sopranos led the tune, and again the people answered it, louder, steadier than before:—

“Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!”

It was an outburst of popular emotion—actual emotion—for I saw many, both men and women—(better terms than “ladies and gentlemen,” though they were such likewise)—stand singing out loud with the tears in their eyes. Such a sight was worth all the show ceremonials that could have been planned. Foreigners must have marvelled at it, and have seen in it some index of the reason why amidst crumbling tyrannies and maddened republics, we Britons keep our balance, with love and loyalty, that, we pray God, may never end.

As the anthem ceased, what a cheer arose! How interminably it lasted! And when, with a multitudinous roar, the public demanded it again, how it was chorussed grander than before—the sound of it whirling and whirling almost like a visible thing up to the great glass dome, where used to be blue sky, but was now all but darkness.

Here, I wish I could end. I wish I had not to record a sad anti-climax—a great mistake. The ill-advised organist, probably in compliment to foreign visitors, struck up “*Partant pour la Syrie*.” The sopranos began to sing it, and failed; a few voices started in the crowd, and also failed; there was a feeble cry for “Hats off!” but the British public unanimously refused. It would not—how could it?—take its hat off to any but its own rightful Queen. A generally uncomfortable feeling arose. There were outcries for “Yankee Doodle,” and other national airs; a few hisses, cat-calls, and the like; and the public, which had taken the ceremony so entirely in its own hands, was becoming a very obstreperous public indeed. It evidently felt, and with justice, that it was not a right or decorous thing for the last notes heard in our great International and National Exhibition to be a foreign tune; nor that the farewell

cheer given therein should be given for anybody but our own beloved Queen.

It was a difficult position, for we could hardly have "God save the Queen" a third time; until some bold spirit in the crowd settled the matter by shouting out at the top of his voice, "Rule Britannia!" The crowd leaped at the idea. Overpowered by acclamations, the organist returned to his seat; once more the choir began, and the organ joined in chorus, together with the whole multitude below and around, who testified their not unworthy triumph by singing out, with redoubled emphasis, how "Britons never, never will be slaves."

So ended this strange scene, and with it the last day of the Great Ex-

hibition of 1862. Slowly and peaceably the visitors dispersed; many pacing for a long time up and down the shadowy nave, and in the French or Italian courts, where the cases, already covered up, looked in the dusky light like gigantic biers, faintly outlined under the white palls. And in spite of the deafening clang of innumerable bells, many still lingered round the Majolica fountain—lingered till it was nearly six o'clock, and quite dark, taking their last look of the familiar scene.

Yes, it is all over; and the chances are many that we of this generation shall never see an International Exhibition again. Let us remember this one tenderly. Let us say "*Requiescat in pace*," and go our ways.

DECEMBER, 1862.

TWO SONNETS, BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

I.

In a great house by the wide sea I sat,
And down slow fleets and waves that never cease
Looked back to the first keels of War and Peace;
Saw the Ark, what time the shoreless flat
Began to rock to rising Ararat;
Or Argo, surging home, with templed Greece
To leeward, while, mast-high, the lurching fleecy
Swung morn from deep to deep. Then in a plat
Of tamarisk a bird called me. When again
My soul looked forth I ponder'd not the main
Of waters but of time; and, from our fast
Sure Now, with pagan joy, beheld the pain
Of tossing heroes on the triremed Past
Obtest the festive gods and silent stars in vain.

II.

And, as I mused on all we call our own,
And (in the words their passionate hope had taught
Expressing this late world for which they fought
And prayed) said, lifting up my head to the sun,
"Ne quibus diis immortalibus," one
Ran with fear's feet, and lo! a voice distraught
"The Prince" and "Dead." And at the sound methought
The bulwark of my great house thunder'd down.
And, for an instant,—as some spell were sapping
All place—the hilly billows and billowy hills
Heaved through my breast the lapping wave that kills
The heart; around me the floor rises and falls
And jabbling stones of the unsteady walls
Ebb and flow together, lapping, lapping.

AN AMERICAN PROTECTIONIST.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

AMERICAN writers on the Northern side are apt to complain with too great sensitiveness of English want of sympathy. They certainly cannot complain that we do not take sufficient interest in their affairs, although it is true that the interest is generally on what they consider the wrong side. Any one who doubts it had better take up for a time the advocacy of the North in any English society. Whatever else happens to him, he will never be left, in Yankee phrase, "spoiling for a fight." He may be accommodated with as many and as eager opponents as any prize-fighting champion. He may dispute all day, and every day, against every conceivable view of the question. If he does not invariably find a very profound acquaintance with the facts, or any very intelligible political theories, he will have, at any rate, to contend against opinions which no amount of facts or theories could make more obstinate. We think, ourselves, that the supporters of an unpopular cause will, if they are wise, prefer even this hostile feeling to anything like indifference. It shows that if Englishmen are not fonder of Americans on account of their common blood, their relationship enables them, at any rate, to enter into the spirit of the thing; we feel like one of the family; though, as people generally do, we abuse our relations, when we once set about it, a good deal more heartily than we do other people. Whatever else may be the upshot of the present quarrel, it will be hard if it does not leave a good many people, on our side of the water as well as theirs, wiser as well as sadder men. There is, indeed, one cause which is generally said to detract from the interest of American politics, and to make the Northerners in particular less capable of affecting our sympathies than they

would otherwise be. No great man has as yet shown himself capable of concentrating the popular admiration, and standing as a symbol of the cause. It is very desirable for any foreign enterprize to have some one to represent the angelic hero, or, at least, some one to support the opposite character, if the English people are to be thoroughly excited. Probably the ordinary drayman has no very definite opinions as to Hungarian independence, and knows very little about Austrian despotism. But he has excellent reasons for appreciating the flogging of women; and, when Austrian tyranny was personified before him in an actual flesh and blood woman-flogger, with a long beard, the British brewer's breast was stirred even to an objectionable extent. In the opposite direction, we humbly venture to doubt whether even English hatred of Popery would produce a very strong enthusiasm for the idea of Italian unity, were it not for the well-known figure in a red shirt, with a sword in one hand and a flag in the other. Now, although the Americans may, perhaps, have a candidate for Haynau's place in General Butler, they have certainly not yet turned out a Garibaldi. President Lincoln is a benevolent elderly gentleman with an unpleasant trick of setting his foot down in the wrong place. General McClellan has, at present, although he has shown undeniably great qualities, not exhibited those which are calculated to excite popular enthusiasm. It is not quite enough for him to avoid irreparable defeat. Neither Lincoln nor McClellan are men exactly qualified to stand as personifications of the strongest aspirations of a great people. And yet we doubt whether the American cause suffers in real interest from this absence of commanding figures. The extraordinary zeal and energy of the great mass of the people

becomes the more imposing from the very absence of leaders of distinction. There is a grandeur about the unanimous movement of a vast multitude, as well as about the more orderly motions of a disciplined army. If the Americans have no Garibaldi to lead them, neither is it possible for any one to restrain and govern their passions, whether rightly or wrongly excited, by the personal intrigues and sharp practice of a Napoleon and a Cavour. A people who can raise armies, build fleets, and fight battles as the Americans have done, may claim, at any rate, the praise due to unrivalled energy; moreover, the motives which could raise such masses and set such forces in action, cannot, whatever else they may be, be over-refined or skin-deep. They must be tolerably simple or they would not be understood by the mass of the people, and tolerably strong or they would not produce such a startling development of energy. It is this characteristic which makes the struggle peculiarly interesting to some observers. We seem, at any rate, to see the great motives which influence vast populations, actually at work, unmasked by the ordinary diplomatic proprieties. The revelations may not always be agreeable, but they are, at any rate, genuine. Our cousins may not always secure our approval, but, at any rate, we can understand what they are after. "Rough they may be," as the Yankee remarks in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but they are tolerably plain-spoken.

When the struggle began it was a favourite device of those who sympathised with the South, to pooh-pooh the notion that the real question at issue was slavery, or any other tolerably creditable subject for debate, and to say that it was simply a question of Free-trade or Protection. For the reasons we have been giving, we always considered this argument very unadvisable. In the first place, it was obviously untrue, and, secondly, it was extremely damaging to the cause it professed to support. It was damaging to the cause of the South, because it assigned an

utterly contemptible motive for incurring the fearful evils of a civil war, and breaking up the greatest and most successful confederacy in history. Even in the merest profit and loss point of view, it would puzzle the advocates of the South to say how many years of the Morrill Tariff would inflict one-tenth part of the injury upon the commerce of the country that one year of war has done; and still more, how a Free-trade secured at such a price would pay for the mere commercial injury caused by breaking up the firm, by introducing hostile tariffs, standing armies, and national debts into America itself. But the falsity of the assertion made was, at least, equally obvious. It becomes daily more palpably certain that so comparatively trifling a matter could never have produced such momentous effects. The diverging interests of some of the States in questions of tariffs may well have added something to the bitterness of feeling, but that it should have produced that difference may be at once dismissed as something incredible. The real points of difference must have lain far deeper, and touched far more vital questions. The cause suggested is simply inadequate to have produced the known effects, even omitting the very obvious consideration that the effects would have been not only more trifling, but specifically different—that the line of division, as determined by the collision of commercial interests, would be something very different from that which has actually been produced. In fact, however, the question has pretty nearly slipped out of sight, in presence of the far more important interests involved.

Although the question of Free-trade is therefore, in our opinion, a mere collateral issue, it is still one of no small importance in itself. Our relations with America are so intimate that it must always be a matter of great interest to us to observe the natural tendencies of their commercial policy. Moreover, it is worth while to consider how much of the national bitterness which has been produced may be owing to this policy. Free-trade may not be the great bone

of contention between North and South, but it is, perhaps, that point in dispute between them which most immediately affects us. If every individual Northerner were an energetic abolitionist, and voted for the war simply to overthrow slavery, and if, at the same time, they were also protectionists, our hatred of slavery would scarcely induce us to pardon their meditated injury to our commercial interests. As we doubt their being disinterested opponents of slavery, we find it all the harder to pardon their love of protection.

A curious illustration of the patriotic Northerner's creed is to be found in a work lately published, entitled "*The Tariff Question*," by Erastus B. Bigelow. A work bearing on its titlepage the name of Erastus B. Bigelow can, perhaps, hardly be said to want no other recommendation. When we add that in size it is a kind of young folio, and that it is deliberately written to prove the doctrine of Free-trade to be a fallacy, we shall hardly make it more attractive. We have, however, had the courage to open it, and, to some extent, to read it. The enterprise is not quite so difficult as might be expected. A hundred pages contain what we may, by courtesy, call the argument. Two hundred and thirty more are filled with endless columns of figures. Opening these pages at random, we find such facts as the number of tons employed in the cod fishery of the United States from 1815-60, the duties payable on perfumed soap, periodicals, pestles and mortars; and an indefinite number of other articles, in various tariffs, and an endless variety of other refreshing statistical facts. We are not prepared to say that some human beings might not be found capable of swallowing and digesting these columns, and even of bringing out some useful results. We can, however, confidently state that, if Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow has swallowed them, they have decidedly disagreed with him. They have resulted in about a hundred pages, in which, fortunately, the type is large and the margin broad; moreover, the argument includes a very small

allowance of that Yankee bluster which is so offensive to most educated Englishmen; and the whole is also an instructive illustration of the commercial policy which commends itself to the American mind. We must also acknowledge the industry which has brought together a large and, in some respects, valuable collection of statistics. But this is all we can say in praise of him.

The political economy may be judged of from a couple of specimens. Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow still seriously quotes Chalmers to prove the exploded fallacy of a general glut of commodities. We are constantly, it appears, on the very borders of the awful danger that such an immense amount of production will take place that everybody will have more of everything than he can possibly want; and, consequently, the production of commodities will be discouraged. Protection is recommended us as a specific for this distressing malady. It is certainly likely to prove an effective one.

At another place Mr. Bigelow expresses his indignation that England should profess to be a free-trading country. We actually impose a greater duty upon imports from America than the United States impose upon imports from England. On looking at the figures, we find that much more than nineteen-twentieths of this duty upon American imports is imposed upon tobacco. An Englishman would, as Mr. Bigelow foresees, humbly submit that this could scarcely be called a protective duty. So far from taxing foreign tobacco in order that we may grow it ourselves, we actually forbid ourselves to grow it. But this objection is received with indignant contempt, and we are treated to a prospective sneer at the inconsistency between our practice and our profession "of spreading the blessings of civilization and Christianity by means of commercial freedom."

After this, it would clearly be rash to argue with Mr. Bigelow. There is a quality against which the gods themselves contend in vain. Moreover we must confess to a certain feeling of

sympathy with Mr. Bigelow's last argument. We do, indeed, most firmly believe that civilization and Christianity are spread by free-trade. We believe that this is, perhaps, the truest recommendation of free-trade. But we are rather inclined to doubt the propriety of putting forward this argument, as is sometimes done, to the exclusion of certain much more humble ones, which are not, however, necessarily less effective. When a beggar asks for sixpence, he is apt to put it to you, that by giving it him you are exercising a Christian virtue. You know, however, perfectly well, that he wants the sixpence with a view to a loaf of bread or a glass of gin; and that your exhibition of Christian virtue is comparatively a matter of indifference to him. When English writers recommend the adoption of free-trade by foreign nations, they sometimes, perhaps, pitch their note a little too high. They are rather fond of treating the poor benighted foreigner as a professor of political economy would treat a labourer about to strike. They tell him that he is contravening the great laws of supply and demand, that he is, in fact, running his head against a stone wall, and is very much in want of a guide with a pair of eyes in his head. They imply that the English people, being generally perfectly well acquainted with certain abstruse scientific laws, only dimly visible to the rest of the earth, acted with a grand reliance upon them, when they repealed the corn-laws, and were not simply taking the shortest way they could to get cheap bread. All this is, perhaps, more or less true, but it is not the less "aggravating." It has evidently considerably annoyed Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow. Mr. Cobden and others, he says, have recommended free-trade to him, because it would tend to spread Christianity and civilization. When he came to look into the matter, he discovered that free-trade would also keep up the profits of English manufacturers. He found out that whilst England might, perhaps, be spreading civilization, she was undoubtedly putting money into her own pocket. He fancied

that this last process was equivalent to taking it out of other men's pockets; and he therefore very erroneously concluded that the English apostles of free-trade were little better than false prophets, who were trying to make money under the guise of a disinterested zeal for truth. We need hardly point out the complete confusion of ideas involved in all this; but we may, perhaps, not be the worse for seeing ourselves a little as Mr. Bigelow sees us. When we lecture other countries on their gross ignorance of political economy, we may as well remember that the immediate cause of our repeal of the corn-laws was not the thorough saturation of the popular mind with scientific doctrines. The farmers and the agricultural interest were not persuaded by a study of Adam Smith or Mr. Mill. The arguments which in fact did the work were absolute famine and the direct interest of other classes. In fact, a larger and more influential part of the population had a very clear gain in cheap bread than the part which was temporarily benefited by dear bread. Fortunately it was impossible for us to do good to ourselves without doing good to others. A policy, which, like most policy of a sensible character, was adopted at first on selfish grounds, ultimately was as useful as if it had been purely disinterested. It is well to remember these things in order that we may not speak too harshly or with too much apparent arrogance of countries, which have not yet followed our course. Especially we must expect that in a country like America, where the mass of the people are much less dependent upon the advantages of free-trade, and where the mass has much more weight in comparison with the enlightened classes, they will be slow to see the course which true wisdom would dictate. By following out Mr. Bigelow's argument a little further, we shall, however, be able to form a more accurate notion of the way in which free-trade presents itself to a patriotic, if not very intelligent, Northerner.

What, in particular, is the disadvantage which Mr. Bigelow really sees in free-

trade? What are the special evils which he expects it to produce in the North? He is not, we should say, a confirmed protectionist. He has, of course, a certain leaning to the prevailing fallacy that it is an advantage to a country to make its own manufactures, when it can get them much more cheaply by making things to exchange for them. But he has also a sort of vague impression that commercial restrictions cannot be defended on principle. His real defence of them is on two grounds; both of which are intelligible, though singularly unsuitable, it seems to us, to an American mouth. The first is his impression that a country ought to protect its own manufactures until they are sufficiently organised to be able to support foreign competition. It would be hard to say that this was in itself necessarily an absurdity. Perhaps cases might be produced in which an industry has actually been originated by a protective system, which would not have sprung up otherwise, and which has nevertheless been able to maintain itself afterwards. Such, for example, was the case of beetroot sugar, which began in France during the late war; and which, it appears, has increased fourfold during the last twenty years, during which it has been subject to unrestricted competition. But such an argument, as applied to America, is absurd in the extreme. In a country where every one is accustomed to rely upon Government to take the initiative in everything, where competition is so torpid, and labour so unintelligent, that it is necessary to employ official power to induce people to put money into their own pockets, and to show them how to do it, such a policy might be defensible. The United States are the exact opposite to all this. There is nowhere keener competition, greater skill in applying labour and machinery, or less want of any kind of Government assistance. The only respects, as Mr. Bigelow himself observes, in which we have the advantage of them, are cheap labour and abundant capital. Even in these they will every year be treading more closely on our heels. It is, therefore,

absurd to suppose that they will delay developing their manufactures one instant longer than that period at which they can make them themselves more cheaply than import them. They are the last of all people who ought to wish the Government to take them by the hand, in order to show them their own interests. Supposing that, in some cases, we can undersell their manufacturers even in their home-markets, they may be quite sure that we shall not be permitted to do this one instant longer than it is an advantage to them, as well as to us. So soon as they can make their own goods more cheaply than they can import them by any application of skill and energy, so soon they will be certain to do it. We may dismiss this argument as being not only absurd in itself, but one that can hardly have any effect even upon the minds of Americans themselves. The real objection goes deeper. Mr. Bigelow objects to buying our manufactured goods, even though it is clearly more profitable, commercially, to buy our goods than to raise them at home. His reason for this is curious and instructive. It is a simple inversion of the ordinary argument for free-trade. Mr. Cobden, as we have already seen, has rather excited Mr. Bigelow's wrath by stating that Free-trade tends to promote civilization. It tends to make nations more dependent upon each other, and, therefore, to make war more expensive and disagreeable. Mr. Bigelow practically admits this: but to him the argument tells exactly in the opposite direction. Free-trade makes war more hurtful, is his argument, but war is a necessity; therefore, let us avoid free-trade. We must always be expecting a fight; the expectation of universal peace is simply Utopian; therefore let us keep as clear as we can from any engagements with our neighbours. Certainly Mr. Bigelow's argument is a remarkable one. It is frequently said, as an argument against facility of divorce, that, the more firmly man and wife are tied together, the more disagreeable they will find it to quarrel; and the common conclusion is that they should be tied

as firmly as possible. Mr. Bigelow's argument would be exactly the contrary. He would say, Men and wives always will quarrel; it is Utopian to expect that they should not; consequently let us make it as easy for them to separate as possible. The fact which he states is undeniable. We have only too good reasons for knowing how sensitive we are, not only to our neighbours quarrelling with us, but even to their quarrelling amongst themselves. The mere fact that we imported in the year 1860 between fourteen and fifteen millions of quarters of corn would itself be sufficient to show to what an extent we now depend upon foreign countries for the necessaries of life. Indeed, it becomes rather hard to see how our policy can be so profoundly Machiavelian in his eyes as he represents it. We at any rate must appear to him to be trusting pretty implicitly to the spread of civilization and to the decline of war, when we place ourselves so unreservedly at the mercy of foreign countries for our supplies of food. Probably he conceives that the cunning man has over-reached himself: whilst we were laboriously contriving and scheming in order that we might have the pleasure of producing manufactures for foreigners, we unwittingly came under the misfortune of depending upon them for great part of our food. This is undeniably true; and, if Mr. Bigelow considers that the first was a great advantage, he will not improbably look upon the other as a heavy retribution. Meanwhile we will try to throw out for him this piece of consolation. He seems to be haunted by the fear that the Americans will be reduced to the condition of the Israelites, when there was no smith throughout the land, because the Philistines feared they might make swords or spears. Even under these circumstances the Israelites would have had a considerable advantage if the Philistines had been dependent on them for bread; and, in the same way, every increase of international trade makes war in the long run as disagreeable for one party as it does for the other. However much, therefore, the Americans

may suffer in case of war by allowing themselves to become partially dependent upon England for implements of war (and it seems that for the present they are pretty well able to hold their own in this respect), they may be comforted by reflecting that they would injure us equally by cutting off our supplies. The whole theory, however, is obviously too preposterous to bear argument. It is strange that any one should seriously recommend a great nation to deprive themselves of much of the advantage of a foreign trade in order that, some time or other, they may be able to go to war with less inconvenience. It is, we must suppose, the result of the present state of feeling of the North. They have, as we have already said, shown an amount of energy for which no one could have been prepared. They have shown themselves ready to sacrifice anything and everything in order to carry on the war. National credit becomes a trifle, and a debt is almost a thing to be proud of. It is not strange that they should be willing to sacrifice foreign trade too, if it seems at first sight to injure the war-making power of the country. They have been enjoying a profound peace so long that, when waked up to a tremendous war, which occupies every faculty they possess, the rebound makes them attribute an exaggerated importance to war. Everything whatever that can interfere with the one object of carrying on war successfully must go to the wall. Mr. Bigelow has an impression, to a certain extent true, that the more a country depends upon foreign trade, the more liable it is to be injured by war. Let every country, therefore, learn to form an independent community as far as possible, making its own clothes, growing its own food, and especially manufacturing its own powder and shot. As Mr. Bigelow objects to our saying that free-trade has a civilizing tendency, we will not ask too curiously what effect upon civilization his own pet schemes would probably produce.

The theory, indeed, that every nation ought to live in a separate compartment shut out from the rest of the world, in

order that it may be more ready to fight, is one too much opposed to common sense, and too much opposed to the interest of individuals, to be tenable except in times of extreme excitement. We have referred to it chiefly because it is an interesting example of the extreme lengths to which even a well-informed and laborious observer may be driven. It shows how powerfully the idea of war has seized upon the imagination of Americans, and how it has ousted all common sense. It would be more interesting to inquire what were the chances, that, when peace returns, a more intelligent view may become popular. On the one hand, all the statistics which Mr. Bigelow has collected show how strong is the interest which many classes in America have in free-trade. We need not speak of the cotton trade. The enormous regions of the West have a direct interest in obtaining freedom of trade in agricultural products, and an interest which must every year become stronger. The farmers, who exported the endless quantities of corn which Mr. Trollope saw pouring through Chicago, will, doubtless, be slow to see the advantage of paying heavily for manufacturing products, in order to foster the development of the Eastern States. It is to be observed, however, that these evils, generated by protection, are not likely to press heavily on the population. We cannot expect much from the necessarily slow progress of enlightenment in the science of political economy. The planters, who are sometimes commended to our sympathy because of their wish for free-trade, are quite quick enough to ask for protection whenever they fancy that they want it. They naturally do not ask for protection to cotton. It is, probably, only one class who would wish for protection to the negro-trade. But, as Mr. Bigelow tells us, the amount of protective duties levied on products of the planting States in 1860, namely, on sugar and tobacco, was ten millions of dollars, those levied on manufactured commodities being about eighteen millions. We do not expect any rapid progress of perfectly

disinterested views sufficient to convert producers of protected articles. It will, probably, be some time before the consumers of them will feel a sufficient pressure to induce them to stir themselves. Mr. Bigelow argues against free-trade in general, because the progress of English commerce has been less rapid for the last ten years than that of the United States under a protective system. The argument is sufficiently weak, and is an example of the complete impossibility of treating such a subject by a mere appeal to statistics. It is just as sensible an argument as if we were to say that it was healthier to live in London than the country, because a boy of seventeen had grown an inch in a year in London, and, when removed to the country, had ceased to grow at all. There are many other circumstances upon which the growth of a country depends than its commercial system. Providentially, there is scarcely any amount of Government interference which can possibly prevent a country from progressing. If a nation, with the enormous resources of which Mr. Bigelow justifiably boasts, had not made rapid progress, the fact would indeed be a startling one. If the British coalfields, he says, are represented in area by the number 54, those of the United States will be represented by 2,691; and their supplies of iron are simply inexhaustible. Without quoting more statistics to illustrate what nobody doubts, the unrivalled productive powers—of the United States, and the skill and enterprise of their possessors—we need merely remark that, even if confined to their own manufactures entirely, they could no doubt afford to get on without very sensibly feeling the increased cost of production. This being the case, the interests immediately affected will probably be able to retain protection for some time longer, in a country especially where private interests know how to make themselves respected, whether by fair means or foul. There are, no doubt, a good many people in America who would at first lose considerably by free-trade; and the benefits resulting from it

would be comparatively indirect and little felt, because spread over a far larger area.

We can only hope that Americans will gradually see that they are after all only "cutting off their nose to spite their face," and hurting themselves a great deal more than anybody else. With the markets of the world open to us, we shall be able to get on, even though the half-dead giant Protection still manages to sit up in his cave apart and gnash his teeth at us. When an intelligent people see the advantages which we derive from our freer system, and a few more advances, such as that made under the treaty with France, have caused those advantages to be an article of popular belief here, as they must do before long, we can hardly doubt that the contagion will reach America too. Unless their spirit has become strangely changed, it cannot fail to be so.

No one will doubt that the policy which Mr. Bigelow advocates judiciously unites the advantages of being unchristian in its results, and foolish as regards the commercial interests of his country. It must also be confessed that it is extremely natural, especially in the frantic state of excitement which makes all Americans look through a distorting glass for the present. As to its bearings upon the sympathy with which Englishmen should regard America, we cannot say that we think it of any importance whatever. Whether it is desirable, or not desirable, for our commercial interests, that the North should be separated from the South, is far too large a question to be discussed here. But, to say the truth, the other interests involved are so enormously great, that we should consider it utterly unworthy of any Englishman, with a soul above that of a stockbroker, to consider the subject from this point of view. The North may possibly be wrong in carrying on the war; we do not now ask whether they are or are not; but no one can deny that the objects for which they fight are sufficiently intelligible, and that the war is, at any

rate, not liable to the reproach that it is carried on for trivial ends. We therefore protest against the attempt to make so superficial a question as this of tariffs the one which is to determine English sympathies. If the South wants free-trade, they want it just because it will directly increase their profits. If the North are protectionists, it is because they fancy (erroneously, it is true) that protection will do them good. When we remember how strenuously the battle was fought in this country, how stubbornly protection was demanded long after every unprejudiced observer could see that it was absolutely necessary to the interests of the country, we should be careful not to speak too contemptuously of those who are now simply reproducing our own arguments. They are reproduced with a little more show, perhaps, of reasoning, because they have been more discussed of late years, and are put more roughly and more brutally, so to speak, because men's passions are more excited. But in judging of them, it is absurd to deny that morally, North and South are in this matter, exactly on a level. Intellectually, the Northern writers occupy an untenable position, no doubt, and one which no English writer could now maintain. But it is one which many of us occupied not long ago, and from which we were only driven by the plainest possible views of our own interest. We should, therefore, endeavour to speak of them with a little more generosity, and less arrogance than is common in the pages of some of our newspapers. We should endeavour to show our superiority to them, if we are conscious of it, by taking a view of the quarrel, not entirely determined by the pounds, shillings, and pence, or the immediate pecuniary interests of England. Meanwhile, we hope that, whenever they are again at peace, the advantages procurable by freedom of trade will have become so obvious, that they will have no chance but to follow the rest of the world in a path which ought to be more natural to no one than to Americans.

NELSON'S SWORD.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the bowery lanes of Woodfield stands a square red brick house of the Georgian era, old but not ancient, with narrow sash-windows and a black street-door, surmounted with a fan-shaped light decorated with meagre imitations of Gothic tracery painted white.

This domicile is called The Wood Grange, from its proximity to the last remnant of the aboriginal forest, which formerly extended over a considerable portion of the parish of Woodfield.

Those green lanes which intersect each other near the Grange, and have the appearance of four arcaded avenues of approach, were anciently glades cut through the forest—the first roads used in Woodfield.

In front of the house is a quaint, pleasant garden, fenced with a close-clipped tall privet hedge, resembling a green wall, so thick as to form a good screen from the north-east winds. A fruitful orchard occupies the back-ground. The garden is separated from a meadow which skirts the wood by a picturesque pond, garlanded with aspens, elders, willows, ash, and other water-loving trees and plants.

Woodfield Grange was one of the favourite haunts of our celebrated Suffolk artist, Gainsborough, who was a friend and frequent visitor of its former possessor, and painted many of his sylvan sketches while sojourning beneath his roof. The oaken panels of the dull north parlour devoted to his use, which he called his studio, and those of his bedchamber, were enriched with original sketches from his brush.

I remember being struck with the beauty and nature of a life-like group of sunburnt peasant children gathering primroses in a nook of one of those

green bowery lanes near the Grange, and the arch expression of the faces of two merry urchins peeping over the shoulder of an elder brother, who was angling in a half-recumbent posture on the shady margin of the unmistakeable pond at the bottom of the garden, and evidently much inconvenienced by their intrusive curiosity in pressing upon him to watch his manœuvres while in the critical act of landing the perch he had hooked.

Then there were in his bedroom the whole-length portraits of two black-eyed maidens, apparently of the ages of thirteen and fourteen, in eager chase of a butterfly, attended by a spaniel as full of glee and animation as themselves, leaping up and baying at the object of their pursuit.

On an opposite panel the same damsels were depicted in soberer mood, walking hand in hand in a flowery parterre, wearing furbelowed blue silk dresses, point-lace stomachers and aprons, and blue high-heeled shoes with carnation-coloured rosettes. These and various of Gainsborough's unfinished studies from nature—which, if brought to the hammer in Christie's auction-rooms, would have realized more than enough to have bought the fee-simple of the Wood Grange Estate—have all disappeared; but how, when, and where they went, no one knows: not even the person who finally inherited the mansion has ever been able to ascertain.

The Wood Grange, it is true, remained empty for several years after the death of Gainsborough's friend; but it is certain that the abstraction of the panels enriched with those precious sketches was not effected at that period, as I saw them during the occupation of the mansion by John Dashwater, the tenant to whom it was subsequently let.

This worthy, whom I must now have the honour of introducing as the hero of my historiette, was a fine old veteran seaman from Great Yarmouth. He was called, per courtesy, Captain Dashwater, having for many years commanded the swift-sailing packet between that town and Heligoland. He had reluctantly resigned that post in his seventieth year, in consequence of having rashly entered into the bonds of matrimony with a third wife of very unsuitable age. Perceiving that, unlike the affectionate and discreet matrons her predecessors, she had more love for balls, plays, and evening parties than for his society, he thought it prudent to remove with her into a retired neighbourhood, where few temptations to enter into scenes of dissipation were likely to occur, and they might both enjoy a life of innocent rural felicity. With this object in view, he secured a seven years' lease of the Wood Grange at a low rent; purchased a pony-gig and quiet pony, that he might have the pleasure of driving Mrs. D. to church, and occasionally to Scratchby, to have a look at the sea, and chat with the seafaring folk while she was making her purchases at the shops, or transacting business with her dressmaker: "the only thing," she said, that relieved her dullness in the outlandish place to which it had pleased Captain D. to transport her from the gay world of Great Yarmouth."

"Mrs. D.," remonstrated John Dashwater, "you are quite out of your reckoning in calling Woodfield an outlandish place, its only fault is it is four miles from the sea. I tell you, my dear, it is an inland place. Howsomever, I am going to set up a flagstaff tall enough for my old messmates to see as they are going down to the north, or up to London along the coast, that they may know where I have come to anchor. I am thinking too, my dear, you would not be quite so dull if you had something to do in the way of useful employment; nor I either, if so be I had a little occupation to pass away the time, as I have been always accustomed to an active life."

"Pray, Captain D., what can you or I or any one else do here?" asked she, disdainfully. "We might have plenty to amuse us at dear old Yarmouth, if you would go back there, or even if you would hire a pretty little marine villa at Gorleston."

"No, no, no! Mrs. D.," said Captain Dashwater; "I am not going to make such a fool of myself as to move backwards and forwards. I have taken a lease of this pretty house, and I mean to live here and be comfortable—that is, if you will allow me to be so; and, as we are spliced together for better or worse, I can only tell you it will be your best plan to rest in smooth waters. And now, as I am a dutiful husband, and don't wish to hide anything from my wife, I think it only proper to tell you that I am going over to Yarmouth to-morrow by the mail."

"Why not drive over in the pony-gig, and then I can go with you, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Dashwater, eagerly.

"Because, messmate, it is too stiff a journey for poor Billy, and I sha'n't want you at all, for I am going to an auction on the Denes to buy a few things, such as you can be no judge of, to make these premises complete and suitable for us both," replied he.

"I think it very unhandsome of you, Captain D.—very unhandsome, indeed, to go to Yarmouth and leave me alone in this horrid dull place, where I don't know a creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Dashwater, indignantly; "and as for going to an auction without me to lay out our money, it is what I do not at all approve."

"Sorry for it, Mrs. D., but you will be very well satisfied when you see the purchases," said the old seaman, who, when he had made up his mind, never allowed anything to shake his determination.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, in defiance of all conjugal remonstrances, he was up and took his place outside the Yarmouth Mail at

six in the morning, to attend the auction. He returned in the evening with his purchases in a waggon, seated in state in an old boat that was perched on the top of a load of timbers from a broken-up wreck, the mast of a brig, a large chest of carpenter's tools, and a superannuated bathing-machine.

He bore a flag in each hand, with which he saluted the house as soon as he was near enough to be recognised by his indignant spouse.

"What a cargo of detestable trash!" cried she, rushing to the door; "and I wonder how you are ever to be got down from that fool's throne!"

"Never you trouble about that, my dear," replied he, laughing. "Don't you know I am an old flying-fish?" Then, casting out a coil of rope, one end of which was fastened to the boat, he swung himself down with the activity of a squirrel, caught her in his arms, and attempted to close her lips with a hearty salute.

"Let me alone!" cried she, angrily rejecting the conjugal caress. "I am very much displeased with you, Mr. D."

"Very sorry to hear it, messmate, for you look prettiest when you are pleased," replied Dashwater; "and you ought to be pleased, for I have brought you home some capital bargains."

"What use is all that wretched lumber to me, I wonder?" exclaimed Mrs. Dashwater contemptuously.

"Wait awhile till you see, my deary," rejoined her husband. "You know, Mrs. D., I bought, the day before yesterday, at Farmer Mills's auction, a cow, two pigs, a brood goose, twelve ducks, a score of hens, and a cock."

"Yes, my dear, like the fool you are; and, when they came home we had no place to put them in but the stable and the gig-house, and a precious row they have been making all day!" cried the indignant matron.

"Ay, ay! messmate, I believe you," exclaimed he, laughing, "for I heard them all at it this morning when I started, and thought I should catch it when I came home; but never mind, sweetheart; I am going to build houses

and coops for them all out of these timbers."

"And, pray, what are you going to do with that frightful old boat?" interrupted Mrs. Dashwater.

"Why, my dear," replied he, pointing to a handsome young mechanic, who now descended from the waggon," this honest chap, Carpenter Jack, and I are going to saw it in two to-morrow a-midships, and make a couple of prime alcoves out of the two ends, for me to smoke my pipe in with you by my side, with your stitching or knitting and knotting, when the sun shines, and you are in a good mind."

"I never shall be in a good mind, Mr. D., when I see such trash stuck up to make us look ridiculous," said Mrs. Dashwater, turning disdainfully away.

"Why, Mrs. D., my dear, don't be so cross-grained about what is meant to please you! You know all the skippers at Southtown and Gorleston have them for smoking-seats in their gardens."

"Only those who are very low, Mr. D.—very low indeed! And pray, Mr. D., what on earth have you bought that article for?" continued Mrs. Dashwater, pointing to the bathing-machine? "I suppose to turn into a summerhouse, to complete our disgrace!"

"Well, not exactly, my dear; though, as you perceive, it would do very nicely for the purpose you mention," replied old Dashwater, eyeing his purchase complacently, and rubbing his hands. "Yes, very nicely, if I gave it a lick of grass-green paint to make it look rural, and fitted it up with a flagstaff to hoist one of my flags on a fine day; but I mean to turn it into something that will be very useful to you."

"I shall be happy to hear what that can be."

"A travelling poultry-house, my dear."

"A travelling poultry-house!" ejaculated Mrs. Dashwater, with a look of ineffable scorn.

"Yes, my dear," rejoined he, rubbing his hands again: "a three-decker on wheels, which can be moved at the word of command to avoid the N.E.

wind ; but I see you don't quite comprehend my plan, so I'll explain. The lower deck will be for goosey and her goslings ; they will go in at the door, and a capital berth I shall make up for them. I shall put a shelf over their heads to make a second deck for the cock and hens, and fit it up with perches for them to roost on, and lockers for the hens' nests, which will tempt them to lay plenty of eggs. They shall have a companion-ladder outside, so that they may march in at the windows ; and above them I shall put in another shelf, and fit up some snug pigeon-lockers. That is to be the first job Carpenter Jack and I start with after we have sawed the boat in two, and set up our alcoves."

"Carpenter Jack, indeed !" exclaimed Mrs. Dashwater ; "and am I to be saddled with the trouble and expense of keeping and feeding him too ?"

Jack touched his paper cap, and tried to look penitent for his unwelcome intrusion, while Captain Dashwater sturdily replied :

"In course, my dear, and I hope you and your maid will make him very comfortable, as he comes to oblige me. He is my old ship-carpenter's mate, as honest a lad as ever broke biscuit, and a very smart chap at his trade. He has promised to stay with me till he has put us all in tack, and I think it will not take less than a fortnight to do that."

Mrs. Dashwater heaved a sigh, that almost amounted to a groan of disapprobation, but said no more. She had been married six months, and, in the course of that period of conjugal experience, had learned that her old man was determined to be the master of his own house, in his own queer way. He was never out of temper, laughed at all her lectures, and did as he pleased.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Captain Dashwater and Carpenter Jack rose with the lark, and made the echoes of Woodfield Forest vocal with snatches of sea-songs,

accompanied with the rough music of their saws and hammers ; while all the children from all the cottages in the lanes and back settlements of the parish hastened thither to watch their operations, with no less interest than if the performances were acts in a pantomime.

The boat was sawed in two the first day, to the infinite regret of the band of juvenile spectators, who had hoped to see her launched on the pond and sailing about there. And, though their nautical neighbour, goodnaturedly, took the trouble of explaining to them that, being no longer fit for the water, it was intended to make two pretty alcoves of the two ends, the youngsters pathetically lamented her destruction.

When this feat had been accomplished, the possibility of the two ends being upreared in the respective stations Captain Dashwood had assigned to them was doubted ; but the energetic veteran, who was wont to declare "that he had scratched the word 'impossible' out of his dictionary," was at no loss on this occasion ; for, saddling his dapple-grey pony, he ambled down to Scratchby, and, making his need known, in a rich nautical harangue, to the seafaring folk assembled at the pilot's lookout station on the centre cliff, he had the immediate offer of a dozen goodnatured able-bodied fellows, in blue jackets, to assist him in his difficulty. He rode home, in high glee, at the head of this jolly squadron of volunteers, and, aided by their active exertions, succeeded in uprearing his two alcoves, fixing them in very advantageous situations, and planting his tall flagstaff, surmounted with a vane to indicate the way of the wind, having the figure of a sailor with a pipe in his hand to act as pointer. He then hoisted his union jack with three cheers, in which he was lustily joined both by his nautical auxiliaries and the excited spectators of his proceedings, the peasantry of Woodfield, who, being released from their own labours at six o'clock in the evening, had hastened to the scene of action with their wives and children, postponing the enjoyment of their suppers till

a later hour than ordinary, in order to witness the operations of their new neighbour at the Grange and his seafaring assistants.

Such of the cottage youngsters as were possessed of pocket-handkerchiefs—red, blue, spotted, or checked—tied them on sticks to convert them into flags; those who had not had seized their mothers' aprons, or the patchwork cover-lids of the babies' cradles, for the same purpose, and waved them aloft in token of their delight at the novel spectacle.

Captain Dashwater was not the man to send his jolly bluejackets away fasting after their toils. He called loudly on "Mrs. D.! Mrs. D.!" and "blue-eyed Sally the maid," to bring out all the good cheer the house afforded; while Carpenter Jack, and two or three handy fellows among his helps, arranged four planks laid square, and supported on some of the pieces of the wreck, to serve for a table, covered with a clean sail. Then knives, forks, spoons, plates, mugs, and a loaf of bread were brought out; a basket of biscuits, a huge piece of hung beef, two Hamburg sausages, a black pudding, and a sea-pie; a gallon bowl of gooseberry-fool, a new cheese, four pats of butter in cabbage-leaves, a plate of radishes, a plate of young green onions, a jug of home-brewed beer, and a jug of milk.

Captain Dashwater and his company were far too happy to require such pernicious means for exhilaration as spirit-drinking, especially as Mrs. Dashwater—who, although a scold and a confirmed grumbler, was by no means deficient in the virtue of hospitality—provided them two gallons of coffee and tea *ad libitum*, by which she saved her more expensive stores, obliged her husband, and won golden opinions from all the sailors. They drank her health with all the honours, and a prayer that her days might be long in the land.

Surely, it was an evening indelibly recorded in the mental log-book of every seaman in that company—an evening of neighbourly exchange of kindness, and of innocent rural enjoyment!

The full May-moon rose bright and

broad above them, in a cloudless sky, long before the party rose from table; for they had got into the patriotic vein, and begun to recount the triumphs of the British flag on the main, from the defeat of the Armada down to the Battle of Navarino. Then they sang naval songs, to the infinite delight of the agricultural witnesses of their pleasure outside the white rails which separated the woodland meadow where they had worked, and were now banqueting, from the green lane.

At the conclusion of every song, men, women, and children without the barriers gave unbidden shouts of applause, and raised the rude East Anglian chorus,

"Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one,"

Captain Dashwater duly responding to the compliment by flinging biscuits and oranges among them for a scramble. His own rich full voice, unspoiled by time and distinguished above the rest by its manly depth, was glorious in "Rule Britannia," "Hearts of Oak," and "Ye Mariners of England"—those heart-thrilling national melodies which are now unworthily superseded in the fashionable world by untranslatable Italian or German bravura songs.

After rising and singing bareheaded their loyal finale "God save the King,"—it was in the reign of our sailor sovereign William IV.—the grateful bluejackets gave three cheers for Captain Dashwater, as many for Mrs. Dashwater, and one for blue-eyed Sally the maid, bade good-night, and went their way merrily home by moonlight, with hats and hands full of flowers, and hearts overflowing with glee.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN DASHWATER, having indulged his professional and national enthusiasm, next proceeded to devote his energy and industry to more utilitarian purposes. With the assistance of Carpenter Jack, he constructed a cow-house, a pair of pigstyes, half-a-dozen hen and chicken coops of various forms

and sizes, and a floating duck-house in the fashion of a Noah's Ark. This he launched on the bosom of the pond, having first fastened a rope to it, by which he might draw it to shore at will and examine the state of the nests, which he had made with his own hands, in order, as he said, to encourage the ducks to increase and multiply.

Unfortunately, the ducks perversely preferred constructing their nests, according to their own instincts, among the rushes or the roots of the trees on the margin of the pond, and rarely entered their floating ark except for the purpose of devouring the frogs, newts, and other amphibious creatures which made it their head-quarters. The crowning effort of Captain Dashwater's ingenuity, aided by the practical skill of Carpenter Jack—the conversion of the superannuated bathing-machine into a three-decked ambulating poultry-house—was not a whit more to the tastes of the tenants for whose benefit it was designed. Nothing could induce the goose to enter the berth provided for its accommodation, unless carried thither *vi et armis*. Captain Dashwater made a point of doing this every night, in spite of the kicking and screaming of the refractory object of his kindness.

"Goosey" had a will of its own, and evidently suspected Captain Dashwater's intentions were of a murderous nature. She always endeavoured to circumvent him by swimming into the middle of the pond at his approach, and there remained, alike regardless of his admonitory shouts of "Ahoy, goose! Goosey, ahoy! Why don't you come home to your house, you vile jade?" and his cunning allurements of holding up a basket of oats, and rattling it to tempt her; while, if blue-eyed Sally appeared on the opposite bank, crying, "C'up (come up), my dear! C'up, my love, c'up!" the goose would sail over to her in the twinkling of an eye, and nestle itself, fluttering with delight, at the maiden's feet.

Carpenter Jack declared this was a proof of goosey's good taste and discrimination, and vowed that, if blue-eyed

Sally would only call him by such pretty names, he would "follow her from Peru to Archangel—ay, all the world over!" Sally, however, coquettishly exhorted him not to talk any of his deceitful nonsense to her, for she had lived in a farmhouse, and knew how to behave to geese, so as to make them obey and treat her with proper respect."

The brood goose, after all, turned out to be a gander, and the only consolation Captain Dashwater had was in killing, and making it into a sea-pie with his own hands; but neither Mrs. Dashwater nor blue-eyed Sally could be persuaded to partake of it.

The hens could not be induced to roost in their storey of the travelling poultry-house, and disappeared mysteriously—seduced, as he suspected, into Woodfield Forest by those gay strutting villains, the cock pheasants—and all his pigeons flew away.

The worst of it was, he received no sympathy from Mrs. Dashwater, who attributed all these disasters to his want of judgment, and fretted and scolded instead of laughing at them.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN DASHWATER was very dull after the departure of Carpenter Jack and the failure of his poultry experiments; complained that he had nothing to think of and nothing to do, a state of things by no means to the taste of the energetic old seaman; so, for want of other amusement, he took to gardening, greatly to the discomfiture of his wife. He knew nothing about it, and, instead of purchasing the requisite tools, he sacrilegiously converted any of her household gods, that appeared to him likely to answer the purpose, into substitutes for the homely implements required for carrying on his horticultural pursuits.

One day he surreptitiously abstracted her meat-saw to amputate a dead limb from an apple-tree, unluckily snapped it in two, and flung both pieces into the pond to conceal the trespass. On another occasion he took her new scis-

sors to trim the box borders, and, being called away in haste, left his job unfinished, and the scissors sticking upright in the little hedge, as he called it, where they were at last discovered by the indignant owner utterly spoiled. But his most unforgivable offence was carrying off the new highly-polished steel shovel from the drawing-room to dig up some new potatoes for supper, and leaving it out of doors all night in the rain to rust unheeded; which outrage was the cause of raising such a domestic storm, that he was fain to rush off to Yarmouth to buy another to replace it, and at the same time to purchase the smartest shawl he could find, as a peace-offering for his justly offended spouse.

In defiance of all conjugal rebukes and discouragements, Captain Dashwater persisted in his horticultural labours, to the infinite amusement of his neighbours—especially my father, who greatly enjoyed what he called spinning a yarn with the droll veteran seaman, and drawing him out.

One day we called to bring him a present of flower-seeds, and found him in his garden busily engaged in constructing a new bower, which he was hollowing out of the thickest part of his tall privet hedge. He had thrown off his blue jacket and sable cap, and was working in his shirt-sleeves, bare-headed, with the noonday sunbeams pouring down on his picturesque white hair, which waved back from his temples in crisp glistening flakes.

He had been a remarkably smart, handsome man in his day, and truly, for his time of life, was so still. His manly countenance was flushed with exercise and bespoke indomitable determination as he slashed and dashed into the arch he was fashioning, with no meaner weapon than a naval dress-sword, the handsomest I ever saw, the green ivory handle of which was exquisitely mounted in a magnificent filigree pattern of frosted and burnished cut silver, flashing, as he waved it backwards and forwards, like clusters of diamonds. Unconscious of our ap-

proach, he was tuning his energetic strokes to the measure of Campbell's exquisite national lyric, the "Battle of the Baltic." We paused to look at the man, and to listen to the deep thrilling cadences of his rich, full voice, as he sang of the unforgotten contest:—

"When to battle came forth,
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

"Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew,
On the lofty British line.
As they drifted on their path,
Where was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time."

A vigorous cutting and slashing into the breach old Dashwater had broken in the closely interlaced network of green and snowy blossoms followed; the boughs, leaves, and flowers fell thickly round him, and bestrewed the ground at his feet at every descent of the sword. We advanced a few steps, but his back was to us, and his thoughts apparently far away; as, pausing for a moment from his work of destruction, he lowered his warlike blade, and, with deep and pathetic feeling, concluded—

"Let us think of them who sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!"

"Bravo, Dashwater!" cried my father, clapping him on the shoulder. "How well that song suits your voice! And you sing it with as much spirit and feeling as if you had been one of the heroes of that hard-fought day."

"Ay!" exclaimed Dashwater, turning about with flashing eyes; "Didn't you know I was there?"

"You at the memorable Battle of Copenhagen, Mr. Dashwater?" echoed my father, in surprise. "May I ask in what capacity you served on that occasion?"

"As one of the mariners of England, who had the honour of contributing, in a humble degree, to the victory," replied

he, raising the sword he grasped above his head, and giving a sweeping slash among the privet branches.

"Hallo!" cried my father, "you will spoil that magnificent sword if you make such an unworthy use of it. A bill-hook would answer your purpose far better."

"I have not got such a thing," replied Dashwater, with some *naïveté*.

"I wanted to borrow the carving-knife of Mrs. D., but she wouldn't trust me with it; so, as I was in a hurry to make the bower, and this was hanging up in my bedroom quite useless, I thought it would do a great deal more execution than the carving-knife, and I shouldn't get into any disgrace about it, seeing that it was my own property before ever she was born—given to me, by Nelson, after the Battle of Copenhagen."

"Given to you by Nelson!" we both exclaimed.

"Ay, with his own hand. It was the very sword he wore himself on that glorious Second of April, 1801, when he thrashed the Danes in sight of their own metropolis, and taught them a lesson they will never forget. The fellows fought well, though, and it was a tight business for us coming to such close fire in those confounded narrow seas among the rocks and shoals."

"Tell us how you obtained so great a distinction as the gift of Nelson's Sword?" we asked.

"Sit ye down then in my alcove, out of the glare of the sun, and I'll spin ye as short a yarn of it as I can," replied Dashwater with a good-humoured smile. "Only it will be necessary for me to begin at the beginning by telling you something about myself, or you won't understand how I came to be in the Battle of Copenhagen. My father was a Yarmouth skipper in the Baltic trade, and he made a good mariner of me by taking me early to sea with him, so that I got to know all the ins and outs of the Sound and the Belt, and I could now draw a chart from memory of all the rocks and shoals one has to be aware of in that dangerous navigation. I was studying to fit myself

for a king's pilot, but my father was for my entering the king's service as a master's mate. Well it was in the heat of the war, and old Billy Douglas, our port admiral, stood my friend and got me an appointment on board that tight little frigate the *Defiance*, Captain Darrell, where I saw a little service, and got further experience in the navigation of the North Seas and the Baltic. At last I got a shove up, and was promoted to be the master of the gunbrig ———, through the interest of that same noble gentleman—God rest his soul, for he always stood my friend!

"I was then married to my first wife, the best good dear in the world, and the prettiest girl in all Yarmouth; but I don't boast of her beauty, though it is a great set-out to a man to have a pretty wife, specially if she is, like my Peggy, a virtuous and kindly one. Just before I got my appointment to the ———, she had brought me a brace of fine twin babbies, both of them boys, the biggest beauties you ever saw, with pipes as loud as a pair of boatswains; and it seemed hard to leave them and their mother; and so Peggy said, and tried to persuade me to give up my appointment and enter the merchant service. But I was forced to brace up my mind against all that, for the honour of my native town and the glory of Old England. I knew the ——— was under sailing orders as part of Sir Hyde Parker's secret expedition, and I guessed pretty well where she was bound, and that we were going to have a brush with the Danes, and mayhap the Russ, and that we should have hot work. I pacified my wife as well as I could by promising that, if I came safe back into the port of Yarmouth again, I would leave the king's service for her sake; so we shook hands upon it and parted.

"My commander had been married about a fortnight when we sailed, and did not like to leave his bride. She told him she had dreamed that he was killed with a cannon-ball on his own deck; and that, I suppose, made him faint-hearted at the forcing of the passage of the Sound,

where we had to take up our station off Cronenburgh Castle, to cover the fleet from the fire of the Danish batteries, when it passed, for the first time, without vailing topsails to the flag of Denmark. The next day, five minutes after ten A.M., the battle began to which that of the Nile and all others in which Nelson had been engaged were but as child's play.

"The Danes fought in their own seas, and among their own rocks and shelves, and knew what they were about. They had removed all their buoys and marks whereby the shoals and sunken rocks were signified, and our pilots were, for the most part, bewildered.

"When the signal was given for our gunbrig to lead the squadron of gunbrigs into the action, our captain 'was taken ill,' he said, and skulked in his berth below, for fear his wife's dream should be brought to pass. The command of the vessel, of course, devolved on me, and my experience of the navigation of the difficult channel through which we had to pass enabled us to dash gallantly through into the thick of the fight.

"It is of no use describing what we did in seafaring lingo, which you would not comprehend; nor am I the man to sound my own trumpet. It will be enough to say that, Nelson's quick eye having been attracted by our gunbrig and the services it was her goodhap to perform in the engagement, he asked her commander's name; and on being told the captain was sick, and Jack Dashwater, the master, commanded on that occasion, bade his secretary book the circumstance for inquiry.' Well, sir, after the victory was won, the armistice with the Prince of Denmark signed, and the wounded cared for, the slain disposed of as might best be permitted, and the stains of battle removed from our decks, Nelson invited the commanders of all the vessels, great and small, that had been engaged in conflict to dine with him on board his own ship, the *St. George*. My captain being well recovered then, and highly pleased at the idea of dining with the admiral, rigged himself

out in his dress-coat—which still retained its first gloss, for neither the shade of gunpowder nor the spray of blood had touched it—and entered with the rest.

"'Who are you, sir?' asked Nelson, sharply.

"'I am Lieutenant ———, the commander of the ——— gunbrig, my lord,' answered he.

"'Where were you during the engagement?' demanded Nelson.

"'I—I was sick, Admiral, and unable to leave my berth,' faltered he.

"'So I have heard, sir,' said Nelson, sternly, 'and am surprised that, after skulking in the time of danger, you find yourself strong enough to present yourself before me, among these gallant officers who have so nobly performed their duty, and entitled themselves to my thanks and the grateful remembrance of their country, by the share they have had in winning the Battle of Copenhagen. Send Mr. Dashwater, the master of the ——— who performed your duty on that occasion. It is he who is entitled to the place reserved for the commander of the ——— and you, sir, may withdraw.'

"When I entered, you may believe I was made a proud and happy man, for Nelson welcomed me as if I had been a brother; said he was proud to shake hands with me; expressed his approbation of my conduct and services in the action in terms too gratifying for me to repeat, and told the company 'that I was a Norfolk man as well as himself, and had given the Danes more dumplings without any gravy, on the glorious Second of April, than they could well digest.'

"When he had made an end of all these pleasant sayings, he called on his old servant Allen to unbuckle his sword from his side; for, having lost his good right hand and arm, he could not do it himself, you see. Then he took both sword and belt in his left hand, and presented them to me, in token, he said, of his approbation of my conduct at the Battle of Copenhagen."

"And is this the care you take of such honourable testimonials of your

valour, precious relics as they are, too, of our greatest naval hero?" exclaimed I, unable to repress my indignant feelings at seeing the blade of Nelson's Sword gapped and half-covered with privet leaves and flowers, and its richly-chased scabbard suspended, by the admiral's regulation-belt, from the arm of an apple-tree opposite.

Old Dashwater laughed heartily, and replied: "The wars are all over you know, miss, and we are told in Scripture that we are to beat our spears into pruninghooks and our swords into ploughshares, in the thousand years of peace that are now begun; so I have not been so far out of the way in the use I am making of mine."

"Sir, it is a relic of Nelson, and ought to be valued as such, and treated with proper respect," said my father.

The old seaman carefully wiped the blade of the sword on his blue jacket, and, after polishing it with his leather glove, consigned it to the scabbard, and, throwing the belt round his neck, professed his intention of not misusing it for the time to come.

My father asked him, "why he did not continue in the navy after having won the proud distinction of Nelson's praises, and the gift of his sword."

"Because," said he, "I had promised my wife to quit that service if I came home safe from the expedition to Copenhagen, and I could not break my word. Glad enough my Peggy was to see me return in a whole skin. I gave my boys a jolly christening, and named one Nelson and the other Parker, after the two gallant admirals under whose command we had thrashed the Danes."

"Did you bring your boys up for the navy?" asked I.

"That was my intention," he replied, "but it was not to be. My two young admirals, as I called them, both lie in the old churchyard at Yarmouth, and their dear mother with them. The boys both caught the scarlet-fever and died, and it was the breaking of her heart to lose them, for she never looked up again. I always try to forget grief and kill care by finding something to do; so I got

the command of the Heligoland Packet. She was none of your newfangled chimney-boats, but a dashing little sailing vessel, that spread her canvas to the breeze, and skimmed over the water like a white-winged butterfly. I sailed in her till I married the present Mrs. Dashwater. I had another wife, though, between my pretty Peggy and her—a very good woman, and with a good lining to her pocket too, and plenty of chairs and tables, and silver spoons; for she was a rich widow what took a fancy to me, and we lived very comfortably together, considering that she was sixteen years older than me—so, in course, she died first. Now I have got a Mrs. D. young enough to be my granddaughter, and, when an old fellow like me is fool enough to marry contrary to the table of forbidden degrees in the Prayer Book, he must expect to be snubbed now and then by his wife."

"The table of forbidden degrees only relates to improper nearness of consanguinity," observed my father, smiling.

"Begging your pardon, sir, it has a twofold meaning," rejoined Captain Dashwater; "for, whereas it says a man may not marry his granddaughter, nor a woman her grandfather—to which sins, I think, there could be small temptation—it also signifies that good Christians ought not to be unequally yoked in wedlock with spouses of unsuitable ages, seeing they belong to a different generation, and never could be intended for each other. Now, my sweet Peggy was born in the same year with me, and I do believe our marriage was made in heaven. I have left it in my will, that, when I die, I am to be carted off to Yarmouth and laid by her side in the old churchyard, that we may both rise together when all hands are piped up at the last day.

"My second wife I laid between her first husband and her second, where she had provided a snug berth for herself. As for my present Mrs. D., she will be sure to marry again; so she may be buried by her next husband or husbands, according to her own pleasure, if so be

the survivor will be civil enough to let her have her choice of anchorage."

At the conclusion of this conversation, old Dashwater led us into his drawing-room, that we might see him hang up Nelson's Sword between the two windows over a pier-table, on which reposed his compass, his sextant, a silver tobacco-box, a huge Dutch pipe, a pair of pistols, and a telescope: "All mine own private property," he observed, "with which Mrs. D. has no sort of concern, and had better let them alone." And so Mrs. D. did till he was summoned to London as a witness in some mercantile trial; and, as he refused to take her with him, she consoled herself by having the drawing-room papered and painted in his absence, and removed all his treasures, Nelson's Sword among them, into the north bedroom, to be out of the way of the workmen.

Several years afterwards I had been spending a quiet evening with Mrs. Dashwater's sister, the widow of a brave naval officer to whom they gave a home, and she took me into the north room to look at Gainsborough's sketches on the panels. There I recognised Nelson's Sword in the fireplace, leaning against the hob of the rusty neglected stove, in company with a vile poker and viler tongs, broken candlesticks, and other lumber that had been thrown there to be out of the way. The richly-cut silver-work that decorated the hilt of Nelson's Sword flashed brightly from among this dingy collection of rubbish, as the rays of our solitary candle gleamed upon it through the darkness of the deserted room; but the good blade, which had been left partially drawn, was covered with corrosive spots, and was for ever fastened to the scabbard from the effects of damp and rust. It was impossible to behold without a sigh the state to which so interesting a relic of our greatest of naval heroes had been reduced by the neglect and ignorance of those into

whose hands it had fallen. It has probably been sold for the value of old metal.

The unrecorded anecdote of Nelson with which it was associated deserves to be rescued from oblivion, as an historic fact which has escaped the attention of his biographers. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since I heard it from the lips of the brave but illiterate seaman whom the victor of Copenhagen, in guerdoning with his own sword, had probably rendered an object of envy to the proudest officers in the fleet.

Unfortunately, the recipient of that gift lacked the better part of valour, chivalry, and the sensibility to glorious recollections and associations, which should have taught him to regard such a testimonial as the most precious of his possessions, to treasure with especial care as long as he lived, and bequeath it is an heirloom to his family, or, better still, to his native town, to be enshrined as a memorial that would connect his name with Nelson and the Victory of Copenhagen.

Our old neighbour, whose real name I have veiled under that of Dashwater, possessed the instinctive courage of a lion or a bulldog, and not a whit more sentiment. He was a brave man and a skilful navigator, but devoid of the ennobling feelings which make the principal distinction between the gladiator and the hero, the gentleman and the boor.

I cannot conclude this paper without citing the touching incident of Nelson's care of the sword of his uncle, Captain Suckling, which, after the death of that revered kinsman, he generally wore. On the occasion of the only repulse he ever suffered, the ineffectual attack on Santa Cruz, when his arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, as it dropped from his unnerved right hand, he made an impulsive attempt to preserve it by catching it in his left while in the act of falling.

THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS: A STORY OF THE COVENANT IN 1685.

BY THE REV. PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

THE year 1685 was a "killing year" in the famous tragedy of the Scottish Covenant. Oppression in the rulers and fanaticism in the people had bred their natural consequences—exasperation on both sides. The Restoration Government in Scotland had for twenty-four years maintained, through various changes, a capricious and irritating tyranny. All, except a few historical fanatics, are now ready to admit this. Even some who may admire Archbishop Sharpe, and venerate him as a martyr, no longer venture to justify the policy which he inspired and guided; and the defenders of the "gallant Claverhouse" are, for the most part, content to vindicate their hero at the expense of the authority of which he made himself the instrument. Those, wiser and more catholic-minded, who prefer the principles and character of Leighton, share his disgust at the conduct which first alienated him, and then drove him from the country. The people, on the other hand, claim our sympathy, while they repel our liking; their sufferings touch us, but neither their doctrines nor their actions favourably interest us. The spectacle is not, as it has been sometimes pictured, that of bleeding patriotism on one side, and relentless domination on the other; there are parts of it that may answer to such a view; but more truly, as we study its deeper shades and involved meaning, it is that of two fierce and intolerant dogmatisms waging a deadly if unequal conflict.

The struggle had passed through various phases, assuming a more implacable character as the principles on each side got sharpened into a harsher tenacity, and as the chief actors respectively grew more lawless and fanatical, more accustomed the one to their work of sanguinary persecution, and the other to an attitude of stern resistance. What

had at first been a religious difference, became gradually a civil war. Cameron and Renwick contended no longer merely for liberty of Presbyterian worship, but for the overthrow of the Stewart monarchy. The "Societies" on the one hand, and the "dragoons," on the other, gave and took no quarter. The former became every year more resolved in fanatical hatred, and in purposes of gloomy vengeance. The latter tightened their hold on their victims as they became more obstinate and unyielding.

Historical scepticism may do a good deal, and researches in the "Council Registers," or among family papers, may shed here and there a more intelligible and less revolting light on some of the dark scenes of that "killing" time in the west and south of Scotland; but it can scarcely alter the general character of the struggle, the fierce exasperation of which is stamped in immemorial traces on every moorland tract and sequestered hiding-place in Galloway and Ayrshire. And simple honesty compels us to say, with no wish to exaggerate the cruelties practised by the Government, that the balance of horrors is certainly on its side. The Covenanters were cruel, too, on occasion. Suffering, as Macaulay says—and we use his words deliberately—had "goaded them into madness." Their banner at the battle of Bothwell Brig bore, in blood-red letters, "No quarter for the active enemies of the Covenant;" and this, too, below the blessed words, "For Christ and His Truths." They assailed in his solitary manse the curate of Carsphairn, and shot him dead on his own threshold.¹ But withal, their cruelties were neither so numerous and flagrant, nor so wanton and insolent, as those of the agents of the Government. They were

¹ Wodrow, vol. iv. p. 196. Burn's ed.

the occasional excesses of men driven to desperation, utterly unjustifiable, and, as in the cases of the curate of Carsphairn and the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, cowardly as well as brutal. But the excesses of the Government, or of its agents, were systematic, and cold-blooded to a degree that stirs one with detestation after the lapse of nearly two centuries. Parties of soldiers hunted poor wretches for days over wild moorland tracts, their only crime being that they would not attend the Episcopal service, and, when they startled them from their lair in the dank heather, and surrounded them, famished and often half-maniacal with their long privations, shot them down remorselessly without giving them time even to murmur a prayer.

As the tourist still traverses the wilds of these upland districts, he comes upon the cairn, or it may be the more modern monument, that tells of these cold-blooded and useless murders, not here and there merely, but thickly planted. It is impossible to repress the indignation such spots excite, even if we were indifferent to the cause for which these men suffered. It is very fine, no doubt, to call these murders "military executions," and to excuse them under shelter of the authority which for the time legalised them; but it is this very feature of a quasi-legal character—the fact that these numerous acts of outrage were not the outbreak of maddened fanaticism, nor even of savage ferocity, but parts of a deliberate system, that makes them so revolting, and kindles such deep feeling. And in this, also, is the only vindication of the Covenanters. What was a people *governed* in such a manner to do? What remained for them but to take up arms in their own defence, and to the systematic butcheries of a hardened and profligate Government, respond by lawless reprisal and vengeance? Better if they had not done so; but even such excesses as the "no quarter" at Bothwell Brig, and the bloody tragedy on Magus Mair, become intelligible in the light of such wanton and pitiless bloodshedding as charac-

terised the Restoration Government in Scotland.

The discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683, and the wide-spread excitement in anticipation of the invasion of Argyle from Holland, gave a fiercer impulse to the persecutions in Scotland. The Cameronian "Societies" met the renewed violence of the Government by their famous *Apologetical Declaration*, which they posted up at the market crosses, and the doors of the parish churches throughout Nithsdale, Ayr, Lanark, and Galloway. In this remarkable document they rejected all terms with the Government, repeating their adherence to former declarations, in which they had "disowned the "authority of Charles Stewart, and all "authority depending upon him;" and further declaring that all who "stretched out their hands against them" should be treated as enemies to God, and the covenanted work of reformation, and *punished as such*; but at the same time utterly repudiating the principle imputed to them of killing all who differed from them; "that hellish principle," they call it. The document, in short, which may be read in Wodrow,¹ is neither more nor less than a declaration of war *à l'outrance* against the Government and its abettors. It was no sooner published than it naturally excited the alarm and vengeance of the authorities. An opposing declaration, or *oath of abjuration*, was framed as a test of those who were suspected to belong to the "Societies," and to be enemies of Government.

It was connected with these declarations that the struggle assumed its fiercest character; the one inviting, as it unquestionably did, the more determined members of the "Societies" to avenge their wrongs upon prominent agents of the Government, an invitation which in one instance, at least—the murder of Kennoway and Stewart, two life-guardsmen who had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious by their oppressions in the parish of Livingstone—did not fail of effect; and the other

¹ Vol. iv. p. 148.

retaliating by putting a deadly weapon into the hands of the unscrupulous soldiery. The oath of abjuration was to be administered to all, and any person refusing to take it was to "be immediately killed before two witnesses, "whether they have arms or not." (Council Register, quoted by Wodrow, vol. iv. p. 155). At the same time a Royal Commission was appointed to visit "the southern and western shires," with forces at their command: "half of the troop of His Majesty's life-guard, "four troops of Claverhouse's regiment "of horse, with which they were to "pursue, take, and apprehend, and kill "the rebels and their abettors."

It is in the end of 1684 that the Royal Council is busy with all this preparatory apparatus of testing and "killing;" and in the March following a special commission of justiciary was issued for Wigtownshire, for the trial of crimes against the State. This Commission had at its head Colonel James Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, the Prime Minister for Scotland, and included along with certain other names belonging to the district, those of Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, and David Graham, brother of Claverhouse and Sheriff of Galloway. The instructions under which this special Commission acted, were of a more moderate character than those issued by the Privy Council in November of the former year. To do the Government justice, the martial law, or rather lawlessness, then proclaimed, did not long receive sanction. In place of the instructions then passed, the following appears to have been substituted in the records of the Privy Council, although to what extent they were substituted practically must remain a question. "If "any person own the principles (of the "Apologetical Declaration), or do not "disown them, they must be judged "at least by three. And you must "immediately give them a libel, and "the names of the inquest and witnesses; "and they being found guilty, are to be "hanged immediately on the place, "according to law. But at this time

"you are not to examine any women, "but *such as have been active in the said "courses in a signal manner, and those "are to be drowned."*"

The Commission under these instructions met at Wigtown, the 18th day of April, 1685, and there it is to be presumed, after due inquest and citation of witnesses, condemned to death Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson "for "not disowning that traitorous Apologetical Declaration lately affixed at "several parish churches within this "kingdom, and refusing the oath of "abjuration of the same." The fact that these women were drowned in fulfilment of this sentence is universally believed throughout Galloway, we may say throughout Scotland. A memorial in the churchyard of Wigtown, as old as 1714, commemorates the drowned "martyrs." The antiquity of this memorial does not admit of question. Even if the stone should have been renewed, there was evidently a memorial of some standing in 1714. For the *Cloud of Witnesses* published in that year gives an epitaph taken from a stone said to be "on the body of Margaret "Wilson, who was drowned in the "water of the Blednock, upon the 11th "of May, 1684 (5), by the Laird of "Lagg." (The mere mistake in the date is of no consequence to any impartial inquirer.) The facts of the martyrdom are stated at length in the Kirk Session Records of the Parish of Penninghame, which bear the date of 1711. The story, chiefly based on these records, is told with a rude but touching picturesqueness by Wodrow, whose history was published in 1722, and by many others after him, especially by Lord Macaulay in our own day in one of the most graphic and impressive passages of his "History of England."

Briefly the story in its full development is as follows:—Margaret Wilson, the younger of the two women, was the daughter of a man, Gilbert Wilson, in good circumstances, having "a great "stock upon a good ground, and therefore the fitter prey for the persecutors." He was himself "conform

to Episcopacy," and his wife as well; but their children would "by no means conform or hear the Episcopal incumbent." The result was that the children were driven from their home to seek hiding from their persecution. They fled to the "hills, bogs, and caves," and their father was subjected to fines and harassed by "frequent quarterings of the soldiers," on account of his children's irregularities. At length two of the children fell into the hands of the persecutors—two daughters, Margaret and Agnes—the former eighteen, the latter only thirteen years of age, and both, it is alleged, in the current tradition of the story, were condemned to death, although the younger one was spared at the intercession of her father. Margaret Lauchlison or McLauchlison, again, was a widow of sixty years of age, "a countrywoman of more than ordinary knowledge, discretion, and prudence, and for many years of singular piety and devotion," who was seized at family worship in her own house, because she would "take none of the oaths pressed upon women as well as men." The women were condemned together, and sentenced to be "tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the water of Blednock, near Wigtown, where the sea flows at high water, there to be drowned." Many entreaties were used with Margaret Wilson, the younger, to get her to take the oath of abjuration, but without effect. "She stood fast in her integrity, and would not be shaken." She vindicated her refusing to take the oath by argument "far above one of her years and education."

On the 11th of May the women were brought from Wigtown, "with a numerous crowd of spectators," to the place of execution. Major Winram, one of the most active of the dragoon officers of the district, escorted them with some soldiers. The stake to which the old woman was attached was placed more within the flood-mark, that the sight of her drowning might, if possible, terrify the younger one into submission. But she remained firm to the last. When she saw her aged companion struggling amidst

the advancing waters, she merely said, "Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us, for He sends none a warfare upon their own charges." As her own end approached, she sang a psalm ("the twenty-fifth psalm, from verse 7 downwards a good way"), and engaged in prayer; and, as she prayed, the water covered her. Ere life had yet left her, however, she was raised out of the water, and asked, by Major Winram's orders, whether she would pray for the king. She answered, "she wished the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none." One, deeply moved, solicited her, "Dear Margaret, say, God save the king." "God save him if He will, for it is his salvation I desire," was her reply. Her relations thought to save her when she had said so much; but on Winram putting to her the oath of abjuration, she once more refused, and said, "I will not. I am one of Christ's children—let me go." Thereupon she was thrust back into the waters which finally closed over her.

Such is the well-known Wigtown martyrology. Like many other martyrologies, it has evidently been surrounded with a considerable amount of fictitious embellishment. It is not likely that the martyr-scene was so entirely edifying as represented in the pages of Wodrow. The picturesque adjuncts surrounding the young sufferer—the "maiden of eighteen"—are plainly touched by the imaginative pathos that grows naturally out of any such time of Christian suffering and persecution. Every one who knows anything of martyrologies, knows how inevitably they gather to themselves such picturesque touches; and especially such pieces of edifying discourse as the sayings attributed to Margaret Wilson. There is not a martyrology in the early Church—to take the purest examples—that does not present something of the same phenomena. Who believes that the martyrdom of Polycarp, or of the Lyonnese martyrs, or of the Carthaginian maiden Perpetua, happened exactly as they have been depicted to us by Church tradition?

All who study these beautiful old stories with any critical eye, are forced at once to allow the admixture of picturesque and edifying matter they contain. It is the *rule* of this sort of literature to become impregnated in its descent by the imaginative fertility of the consciousness of the time, and, still more, of the immediately succeeding time, which learns to look back with a reverent wonder and love to the tragic events which made heroic the former days. The Wigtown martyrology is certainly no exception to this rule. Wodrow's stories everywhere bear the stamp of this imaginative development.

But are Wodrow and his authorities therefore *liars*; and the Wigtown martyrology a mere imposture from beginning to end—a "calumnious fable," as it has been politely termed? Were the two women never at all drowned at Wigtown? And Wodrow and Macaulay after him, and the Kirk Session Records of Penninghame, and the old stone in the graveyard of Wigtown parish church, are they all pure romances—some of them much worse than this? This is the question that has been opened by an ingenious note in the Appendix to the "Memoirs of Dundee," by Mr. Mark Napier; the concluding volumes of which have just been published. We call the note ingenious because it really is so, notwithstanding the spirit which animates it, as well as the "Memoirs" throughout; a spirit which we can scarcely trust ourselves to criticize, so absolutely is it beneath, not to say the dignity of history, but the courtesies of any species of literature whatever. Poor Wodrow! one learns to respect him with all his gossip and narrowmindedness, when we turn to his pages from such delirious abuse as disfigures these "Memoirs of Dundee."¹

¹ "That superficial fanatic"—"this vulgar glutton of coarse and canting gossip"—"foul-mouthed"—"feculent"—"a low-minded Scotch dominie"—"an idiot"—"the incoherence of a fool and the disingenuousness of a knave"—such are some, a very few, of the choice epithets which Mr. Napier, gentleman and advocate, hurls at the head of the Covenanting historian.

Let us look, for a moment, at the evidence on which we are asked to discredit, as pure fiction, the old story of the Wigtown Martyrdom. And, first of all, let it be noticed that there has been no "discovery," notwithstanding the noise made by Mr. Napier and some of his critics. The document which has been published by Mr. Napier was perfectly well known to Wodrow; he expressly refers to it as having been found by himself in the Council Register. "It is of importance to observe," he says, "that in the Council-Registers, since I wrote what is above, I find what follows: 'April last, Margaret Wilson and Margaret McLauchlison under sentence of death, pronounced by the Justices, are condemned till ; and the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council recommend it to the Secretaries to procure their remission.'" "The day to which they are reprieved," he adds, "is blank in the records; but, 'I may safely suppose, it would be for a longer day than the 11th of May, there being scarcely time betwixt the 30th of April and that, to get a return from the Secretaries. Indeed, at this time, a recommendation from the Council, for a remission, was looked on as a material pardon. If matters stand thus the people at Wigtown are deeply guilty, and had no powers for what they did.'"

Such is the frank acknowledgment by Wodrow in the face of the very document emblazoned and *fac-similed* by Mr. Napier. Wodrow's quotation is substantially the same as that given by the latter in his Appendix, although the quotation is not, as it does not pretend to be, *verbatim*. The only omission is, that the original document bears, that it is the *magistrates of Edinburgh* who are discharged "for putting of the sentence to execution" against the women; but, however important this statement may be, there is no evidence whatever that Wodrow omitted it with any design. He simply failed to see the significance of it, or more probably, passed it over altogether.

In addition to the document granting a reprieve to the women, Mr. Napier has printed at length a petition from the elder woman—"The Humble Supplication of Margaret Lauchlison, now *Prisoner in the Tolbooth of Wigtown*," praying for a remission of her sentence, and professing her readiness to take the oath of abjuration, if administered to her. This document is of importance as completing the view of the case, but it cannot be said to furnish any additional evidence against the fact of the martyrdom. It strengthens the difficulty presented by the reprieve known to Wodrow and admitted by him, but it does not do more.

These are the documents, which, combined with certain negative evidence, appear to Mr. Napier and others to prove satisfactorily and triumphantly that the story of the Wigtown Martyrs is a mere "dreadful lie," calumniously invented by the professed Saints of the Covenant—one of the issues of the "universal raking of the common sewers of fanaticism" (the language is Mr. Napier's), that followed the Revolution. The negative evidence is the statement in a pamphlet by Sir George Mackenzie, who was Lord Advocate under the Restoration Government, and published in 1691 a "Vindication" of that Government against "Misrepresentations made in several Scandalous Pamphlets." In this publication Sir George asserts that there were "*indeed two women*," and "*but two*," executed in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and that these women were put to death for harbouring, "resetting and entertaining" the murderers of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's. Further, the "Chronological Notes" from 1680 to 1701 of the well-known Whig lawyer, Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, contain no mention of any such event as the alleged drowning at Wigtown. He records but one occasion of the execution of females for crime against the State—the hanging at Edinburgh, namely, on the 26th of January, 1681, of "two women of ordinary rank for uttering treasonable words, &c., the one

called (Janet) Alison, a Perth woman, and the other, Harvie, from Borrowstounness." These women were confessedly put to death, "two crazy termagants," as Mr. Napier calls them—but none others. It is, according to him, the same occasion to which Sir George and Fountainhall refer; and, whilst their combined testimony puts the hanging of these two women out of question, their united silence as to the pretended event at Wigtown is equally conclusive that such an event never happened! So argues Mr. Napier, with an ingenuity of logic demanded by the occasion.

So far as we are aware, we have presented in full all that can claim to be in any sense evidence against the alleged martyrdom at Wigtown. We should rejoice no less than Mr. Napier, although under somewhat different impulses, if we could think this evidence conclusive. We are quite prepared to admit that it raises difficulties. The question is a fair one for examination—"Were these women really drowned or not?" To this question, viewed without prejudice or passion, and with no other aim than to find the truth,¹ no one, not even the stoutest Covenanter—if any such survive—is entitled to object. History can only be benefited by the most thorough sifting of any such tale. As a mere historical problem, the issue is both interesting and significant.

Upon the whole, and in the face of the difficulties which the story presents, we incline to believe it, and will shortly state the grounds of our faith. It is clear that the only alternative is between the truth of the story and the lying invention of it. Its embellishments, as told by Wodrow, are natural developments—supposing a basis of fact granted—but the natural imaginative process which sufficiently accounts for these embellishments could never create the fact, supposing it to be absolutely without foundation. If we admit the women to have

¹ This aim is pretty well preserved in the interesting pamphlet on the subject published by Mr. Joseph Irving, author of the *History of Dumbartonshire*.

been drowned, we can understand how the Covenanting imagination pictured in lively and affecting colours, beyond the reality, the martyr scene. But we cannot thus indulgently view the invention of the whole affair. This would truly deserve a very different name. Now there are to our minds, at least, two cogent reasons against the idea of a calumnious invention of the story :—

1st. There is no evidence that the Kirk Session Records of Penninghame and Kirkinner, Wodrow's authorities (we do not need to ascend farther), are wilful fabrications, but every evidence to the contrary. The Records themselves appeal to living witnesses—among others, to a brother (Thomas) of Margaret Wilson—the younger sufferer—who had borne arms “under King William in Flanders and the Castle of Edinburgh,” and who was then, in 1711—only, after all, twenty-six years after the event—still living on the remnants of the paternal acres “in Glenvernoch ;” “to certify the truth of these things.” Besides, to those who know anything of the matter, it will seem next to impossible that such documents should have been invented. The Kirk Sessions of Penninghame and Kirkinner were composed of a number of grave and respected men, who, whatever may have been their prejudices, would have shrunk from a falsehood with abhorrence. We are not bound to trust their judgment nor even reverence their faith, but to suppose that these men wilfully imposed upon posterity a fiction (and if the story was a fiction they must have known it) is simply incredible.

2d. But, supposing it were allowed that these Records could be fabrications, they are inadequate to account for the tradition which has lived universally in the hearts of the peasantry in Galloway since the commencement of last century. Such a tradition, we make bold to say, could never have been *invented*, and least of all invented by ecclesiastical records or anonymous pamphlets. A Church Court in Scotland may do many things, but it is beyond even the power of a Church Court to create

a popular tradition, diffuse it over a wide district of country, and preserve it alive for nearly two centuries. Admit the fact of the *drowning*, the Kirk Session Records are perfectly intelligible; their edifying exaggerations are only the natural halo which the fact would gather around it. The universality of the tradition and *its* absurd exaggerations—as to the insatiable thirst of the “town-officer,” for example, who assisted at the execution—are all easily accounted for. But deny the fact of the drowning, and the whole story becomes a marvellous and utterly incredible mass of invention.

It may be said, indeed, that the condemnation of the women—although never put into execution—is a sufficient basis for the story as an imaginative structure. But this hypothesis is quite inadequate to account either for the Kirk Sessions Records or the peculiar character of the tradition. If Mr. Napier's version of the matter be accepted, the women had been removed between the 13th and the 30th of April from the tolbooth of Wigtown to Edinburgh, and there reprieved. If they were so, it passes belief that the popular imagination of a wide district should yet conceive them to have been drowned at Wigtown. No doubt they were “condemned to die ;” but neither the reprieve nor the petition of the elder woman—the only two documents which deserve any credit, according to Mr. Napier—*say anything as to the mode of their death or the locality of it*. In the mere sentence of condemnation therefore there was nothing for the imagination on which to hang its tale. The scene in the “waters of the Blednoch”—the primary death of the older woman, the steadfast and heroic sacrifice of the younger—must all have been a deliberate imposture, and this, too, while one of the alleged sufferers probably survived to refute the imposture ! or, at least, many of the surviving relations of both women must have known that they had been quietly reprieved in Edinburgh !

As to the negative evidence of Sir G. Mackenzie and Lord Fountainhall, we

cannot attach much importance to either. It was Sir George's interest to make the best case he could for the Government, whose servant he had been. It is perfectly possible that the Wigtown martyrdom may have happened, while he never heard of it. The same remark applies to Lord Fountainhall. The martyrdom was provincial, and not metropolitan, like the execution of the two women to whom he refers, and of whom Sir G. Mackenzie is also supposed to speak. It was not the regular act of the Government (the fact of the reprieve must be allowed so far in exoneration), but a high-handed outrage by its provincial agents. Nothing is more likely than that such an event, happening in a remote part of Scotland, and when the means of communication were tardy beyond our present conception, did not directly reach either of these authorities in Edinburgh. The Massacre of Glencoe is said not to have reached the knowledge of the Government that ordered it till two years subsequent to the event. To hold that an event did not take place in the extremity of Galloway, in the end of the seventeenth century, because a diarist in Edinburgh does not make a note of it, is surely a wide stretch of inference.

But what solution then do the difficulties of the case admit of? If the women were drowned at Wigtown, what is to be made of the reprieve in the Council Register in Edinburgh? To this question we do not pretend to be able to give a satisfactory answer. That *fact* must stand for what it is worth against the tradition, the testimony of the Penninghame Records, and the anonymous pamphlet of 1690. Wodrow's conjecture is probably as good as any other—that the officials at Wigtown, with Major Winram at their head, carried out the sentence, notwithstanding the reprieve. Such an outrage would only have been consistent with the official brutalities

that had made the Restoration Government odious throughout Scotland. But the reprieve may not have been heard of at Wigtown. Is there any evidence that it ever travelled beyond the Privy Council office? It is an obviously incomplete document; the dates are not filled in; it is the "Magistrates of Edinburgh," who, on the 30th of April, are discharged from putting the sentence into execution.—Yet there is not a particle of evidence that the women were removed to Edinburgh; they were, by the evidence of the elder woman's petition, in the "*Tolbooth at Wigtown*," some time after their sentence on the 13th of April. The expression, "Magistrates of Edinburgh," we cannot help thinking, is a clerical error—the mark of a hastily concocted and incomplete document. What could have been the use of dragging the two poor women to Edinburgh, especially as, according to the theory which supposes them transported there, they had both already abjured their crimes and applied for pardon?

We are inclined, therefore, to believe that the tradition rests on a basis of fact, and that the women really suffered at Wigtown. This appears to us the conclusion of an enlightened historical criticism in the view of all the circumstances of the case, and making every allowance for the difficulties it involves. Further light may be required to place this conclusion beyond doubt. But of one thing we feel confident, that arguments and researches such as Mr. Napier's are not likely to settle this or any historical difficulty. His industry may be laudable, as his ingenuity is fertile; but sense, impartiality, and critical sagacity are not only lacking—the writer has no perception of such qualities. The very atmosphere of his volumes is loaded with suspicion. His prejudices and personalities might provoke indignation, if they did not rather excite ridicule.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE, AND PRESENT MODES OF RELIEF.

LET us look at what the distress in the manufacturing districts means, so far as figures can enable us to judge of its nature and extent.

According to the returns of the state of pauperism in the twenty-four or twenty-six unions specially affected by the cotton crisis, which Mr. H. B. Farnall, the special commissioner, presented to the Manchester Central Executive Relief Committee on the 3d of November last, the average pauperism was then 10·8 per cent.—that is, one in every ten of the inhabitants was then in receipt of parochial relief. But, looking more narrowly into these returns, we find that the per-centage of pauperism varies very much, and in some districts is as high as 20 per cent. Here are the per-centages in a few of the more heavily burdened unions over which Mr. Farnall's special supervision at present extends:—Ashton-under-Lyne, 20·7; Preston, 17·8; Blackburn, 17·1; Manchester, 15·6; Stockport, 11·5. These figures reveal an immense amount of poverty and consequent suffering; but they are far from telling the whole truth. The "pauperism"—by which we mean the poverty which appeals to the guardians for relief—is no certain criterion of the "destitution" which prevails in any particular district. The returns of "pauperism" do not even show the proportion in which different parts of the cotton districts are affected by the common calamity. According to the above returns, Ashton-under-Lyne would seem to be in a worse plight than Preston or Blackburn; while Blackburn appears to be rather better off than Preston. But a different result is arrived at when we look at the state of employment in the different towns which form the centres of these unions,

and which contain the great bulk of the population to which these returns of pauperism apply. Here is the state of employment in the towns to which we refer, in the week for which we have given the above pauperism returns:—

Towns.	Usually employed.	Full Time.	Short Time.	Wholly unemployed.
Ashton . . .	12,136	1,145	4,233	6,758
Stalybridge .	11,521	1,251	5,786	4,484
Dukinfield . .	26,450	1,541	12,181	12,728
Preston . . .	27,424	3,815	10,735	12,874
Blackburn . .	27,273	3,857	6,079	17,337
Manchester .	48,220	18,059	14,749	15,412

We may leave out of the account, for our present purpose, the number and proportion of "full time" and "short time" workers, and look only at the proportion which the "wholly unemployed" bear to the number "usually employed." We exclude the full-time workers because they are, of course, able to maintain themselves; and we exclude the short-time workers because, if not able to earn what can maintain them in the comfort to which, in better times, they may have been accustomed, they are yet earning sufficient to prevent them becoming claimants on either the board of guardians or the relief committee. How, then, does the proportion which the "wholly unemployed" bear to the "usually employed" in these different towns correspond with the percentage of "pauperism" as given above? To present the result in a clearer light, we place the per-centages of what we will call the "pauperism" in juxtaposition with the "destitution," as indicated by the employment returns:—

Towns.	Destitution.	Unions.	Pauperism.
Ashton . .	55·88	Average } 47·57	Ashton . . 20·7
Stalybridge. 38·92			
Dukinfield . 43·12			
Preston . .	46·94		Preston . . 17·8
Blackburn .	64·08		Blackburn . 17·8
Manchester.	31·96		Manchester . 15·6
Stockport .	51·93		Stockport . 11·5

These per-centages of "destitution" tell a widely different tale from the per-centages of "pauperism." In Ashton Union, for instance, it is sad enough to know that the recipients of parochial relief number one-twentieth of the whole population; but it is still more saddening to know that fifty-five out of every hundred of the bread-winners, commonly known as operatives, in the town of Ashton are now wholly unemployed, and without the means of supporting either themselves or their families by their own industry. In Stalybridge and Dukinfield, in the same parochial union, the destitution is not quite so great; but it will be seen that the average of the three towns, which form the bulk of the union, is 47·57 per cent.; or, in other words, 47½ out of every hundred of the operative population are now wholly unemployed. The condition of Preston is slightly more favourable; but that of Blackburn is very much worse than the average of the towns in the Ashton Union. Indeed, the destitution of Blackburn exceeds by nine per cent. even the very high rate which is shown to exist in the town of Ashton. The relative position of Ashton and Blackburn, as to the amount of poverty and suffering which the crisis has brought to them, is thus completely reversed, and Blackburn is shown to have distanced all competitors, and to stand pre-eminently the severest sufferer by the common calamity. No less than sixty-four out of every hundred of her industrious population are now without the means of subsisting by their own industry. And, if it be borne in mind that nearly two-thirds of the remaining thirty-six per cent. are only short-time workers, we have given the data of a distress which we may safely say is unparalleled.

These discrepancies between the "pauperism" returns and the "destitution" returns of the different parts of the distressed districts are to be accounted for by the labours of the Local Relief Committees, and the other means, public and private, which are in operation for the mitigation of the distress. And in this view, the comparison we have instituted, is valuable. The one column shows the destitution which has to be relieved, and the other the extent to which the parochial rates are made use of for that purpose; while the proportion which the one bears to the other indicates the extent to which voluntary subscriptions and private benevolence have been made available in the different districts. The "pauperism" of Ashton Union is about 3 per cent. greater than that of Blackburn; but, if Blackburn threw on to the parochial rates a proportionate amount of its distress, (taking the average of the destitution in the towns comprised within the Ashton Union, and comparing it with the destitution in Blackburn,) the "pauperism" of Blackburn would be 27·88 per cent., instead of 17·1 per cent. And a similar comparison between Blackburn and Preston shows that, were Blackburn to depend on the poor-rates for the relief of its distress to the same extent as Preston does, its pauperism would be increased to 24·29 per cent. It thus appears that Blackburn, as compared with Ashton, saves the parochial rates to the extent of 10 per cent. by the other means which are in operation for the relief of the distress; and, as compared with Preston, the saving to the rates, in Blackburn, is about 7 per cent.

But let it not on this account be thought that Blackburn, even as regards parochial rates, is not heavily burdened; for burdened it is, almost beyond the capability of its resources. The very figures which show the terrible extent of its destitution indicate the exhaustion of its rate-paying powers; and, having regard to the numbers and wealth of the solvent residuum of the population (after deducting the wholly un-

employed, the short time workers, the impoverished tradesmen, and poor property-owners), the pauperism that has to be borne is proportionately greater than even that of Ashton. Blackburn contains a population of 63,125, and the number of workers, of the class called operatives, is 27,273. In ordinary times these are the bread-winners for a population of nearly 55,000 (assuming that each worker represents also a non-worker), while they indirectly support, by the expenditure of their wages, two or three thousand of the shop-keeping class, and, by the rents they pay for their cottages, two or three hundred small property-owners. At the present time, however, 64·08 per cent. of these bread-winners are wholly without employment, and consequently without the means of supporting themselves or their families by the fruits of their own industry; and their poverty is necessarily the cause of the impoverishment of all who, in ordinary times, profit by their prosperity, or depend for subsistence on the circulation of their wages. Taking each unemployed worker to represent also a non-worker—a helpless infant or superannuated parent—there are in Blackburn, at the present time, 34,674 persons without the means of subsistence, out of a total population of 63,125. In other words, 55 per cent. of the total population are now dependent for their daily bread on public or private charity. Add to this 12,000 short-time workers and their dependents, and the large number of shopkeepers who are just toppling on the verge of poverty, and we leave but a very small number indeed of solvent ratepayers to bear the burden of the daily increasing claims on the guardians.

Having thus shown Blackburn to enjoy the unenviable distinction of being burdened with a larger amount of "destitution" than any other town in the distressed districts (although its rate of "pauperism" is not the highest), it may be interesting and profitable to pursue the inquiry further, and consider the means in operation for the mitigation

and relief of so much distress. By looking at the subject within this comparatively narrow compass, a more vivid perception may be gained of what the distress in the cotton manufacturing districts really means.

I. There is the relief given by the Guardians. This has increased during the last twelve months more than ten hundred per cent. In the Blackburn district of the Blackburn Union, which includes the borough whose "destitution" we have noted above, and a few neighbouring townships, containing a population of between three and four thousand, the number who were in receipt of out-door relief in the week ending 8th November was 17,130, and the cost of their relief was 949*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* In the corresponding week of last year the number relieved was 1,980, and the cost 92*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*; but the normal out-door pauperism of the district costs only about 80*l.* per week. While, therefore, the increase during the last twelve months has been about ten hundred per cent., when compared with the normal pauperism of the district it has been about 1,180 per cent. In the amount of in-door relief no proportionate increase has been made—the resources of the guardians in respect of in-door relief being limited by the size of the workhouse; but a considerable increase has been made in the cost at which the out-relief is administered, in consequence of the large additions which have been made to the staff of officers to enable the guardians to cope with the crisis. At the rate of relief for the week to which the figures we have given refer, the cost to the ratepayers of Blackburn township or borough (they are co-extensive) is equal to a rate of 2*d.* in the pound per week, or 8*s.* 8*d.* in the pound per annum, on the whole rateable value of the property in the township. And, when it is recollected how much the abounding destitution has impoverished the resources of the solvent portion of the population of Lancashire—so that on the most moderate estimate, with respect to the whole of the distressed districts, it is calculated

that the rates have now to be borne by only two-thirds of the ratepaying property—some idea may be formed of the severity of the pressure in Blackburn. When we add to these considerations the fact which we have noted above, that the “pauperism” of Blackburn bears no such proportion as is observable in other places to the destitution which has to be relieved, it will be at once apparent that, were the local rates left to bear unaided the burden of the increasing distress, the result would be little short of the confiscation of the whole property in the township.

II. The labours of the Relief Committee have been a most valuable supplement to the relief given by the guardians, and have saved from “pauperism” a large amount of the destitution. In the earlier months of the distress, when short time and the total stoppage of mills were but partial, the bread and meal distributed by the relief committee supplemented the reduced earnings of many hundreds of families, who, but for that timely aid, would have been unable to subsist. Many thousands who were not poor enough to claim relief from the guardians, but who were, notwithstanding, in want even of necessities, and others who felt a reluctance to become recipients of parish bounty, have received most seasonable assistance from the relief committee. The first fund at the disposal of the committee was commenced towards the close of last year. The local subscriptions were on a comparatively moderate scale—there being an impression that the distress would not last beyond the winter months; but, with grants from the Lord Mayor’s Committee and the Central Committee in Manchester, the fund collected and expended up to the time when a second subscription was inaugurated in October last, amounted to 12,592*l.* At the meeting to commence the second subscription, the condition and prospects of the town being very much altered for the worse, (the 1,500 who were wholly out of employment when the first subscription was commenced having increased to about

16,000,) the local subscriptions announced in the room amounted to nearly 10,000*l.* Grants subsequently made by the two committees we have named have placed in the hands of the committee what the ex-mayor of the borough, in handing over the chairmanship of the relief committee to his successor, called “ample resources.” The relief committee commenced the distribution of bread and meal in February last; and in the first week the quantity of each which they distributed was about 7,500 lbs. Since then the quantity has increased weekly, of late in a greater ratio than formerly; and now the weekly distribution of each amounts to about 50,000 lbs., at a cost of about 600*l.* Up to September last the committee confined themselves to the distribution of bread and meal, and to the defraying of a small weekly loss on the sale of soup at the soup-kitchen. But in September they commenced to aid the sewing classes, by a sort of capitation grant of 1*s.* per week, which now costs them upwards of 100*l.* per week; and they have more recently resolved to make a grant of a similar amount in aid of the reading classes for young men, which will cost them an additional 60*l.* per week. To the important subject of clothing they are also directing attention, and they have resolved both to increase the scale of relief, and add to the bread and meal which they distribute, tickets which will enable the recipients to procure many little necessities and comforts which their present state of total dependence on public or private charity prevents them from obtaining otherwise. In short, the relief committee appear to be preparing for the exigencies of a very severe winter, and they contemplate nothing less than a weekly expenditure of 1,500*l.*

III. The other modes of relief in operation in Blackburn are Sewing and Reading Classes, and an Industrial School. These are under the management and superintendence of the clergy of the Church, and ministers of different religious denominations, who are assisted

in the sewing classes by the ladies belonging to their respective congregations, while paid teachers, generally some of the better educated of the unemployed operatives, assist in the reading classes and industrial school.

The clergy were the first to establish sewing classes, which they did on a very modest scale, in the room of a little cottage, which accommodated from fifteen to twenty young women. Success crowned the effort; the claimants for admission became numerous beyond the accommodation and means of support which could at first be provided; and the clergy made a special appeal, which met with a liberal response, to their brethren and the friends of the Church in different and distant parts of the country. The result was, first, that the class rooms at the Mechanics' Institution, which are unoccupied during the day, were placed at the disposal of the Clerical Committee for sewing classes, and soon filled by upwards of 200 unemployed factory girls. Subsequently, the Town Hall was placed at the disposal of the Committee, and now upwards of 500 girls crowd that splendid and spacious apartment. In both places, and in the other sewing schools, subsequently opened in different parts of the town, the girls are arranged in classes, under the care of ladies, who have proved themselves zealous volunteers in this work of mercy. The example set by the Church was soon followed by the different congregations of Dissenters, and subsequently by the Roman Catholics. The whole cost of the classes established by the clergy—which increased in numbers weekly at a very rapid ratio—was for the first two months defrayed by the contributions which they received in response to the very urgent personal appeals which they addressed to their friends in different parts of the country. At the time the relief committee decided to give them a grant of 1s. per head per week, the number of girls attending the Church classes was 670, and the weekly cost about 70*l.*, each girl receiving 2*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* per week. Since

then the numbers attending the Church classes have increased to 1,050, and towards the expenses incurred the relief committee make a grant of about 50*l.* weekly—which leaves the clergy a full 50*l.* more to raise by such means as they adopted at their establishment, and during the first two months of their maintenance. The Roman Catholic sewing classes number 680 girls, who receive only the shilling per week allowed by the relief committee. In the classes connected with the various congregations of Protestant Dissenters there are 524 girls, who receive a similar allowance to that given to the girls in the Church classes. The total number of girls and unmarried women in the different sewing classes in the town is now 2,254, and the allowance which the relief committee make on their behalf is 109*l.* In addition to this, however, there are, connected with many of the congregations, classes for married women (on behalf of whom the relief committee make no grant), who receive the same allowance for their work and attendance as the girls. A visit to one of these classes—that at the Town Hall, for instance, where upwards of 500 girls are at work—is a sight to move the heart of the most misanthropic. The cleanly, contented, and cheerful appearance of the girls gives no indication of the calamity which has brought them there; and the visitor will be agreeably surprised to hear them at intervals breaking out into singing with a heartiness and harmony which, in view of the abounding distress, are most cheering.

So soon as success had proved the expediency of sewing classes for girls, the clergy, again in the van, projected the establishment of reading classes for young men. An unoccupied apartment in a weaving factory was placed at their disposal, and about the beginning of September it was opened with a class of about fifty unemployed factory lads, of fourteen years of age and upwards. In the same place there are now in attendance about 400. Other three schools, all in unoccupied factories in different parts of the town, have since been opened,

one of which has now 250, and the others about 100 each, in attendance—making a total of about 850, at a weekly cost in payments to the young men alone, without reference to other expenses, of 35*l*. The classes are under the superintendence of the clergy; reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught; and for five days' attendance per week the allowance is 1*s*. 6*d*.—or 3*d*. per day should the attendance be irregular. These classes also, so orderly and quiet, are a cheering sight in presence of so much distress. The total cost of their formation and maintenance has hitherto been defrayed by the clergy, who have appealed for aid, as they did in respect of the sewing classes, to their brethren in other parts of the country; but the relief committee have now determined, as we have already said, to make a grant towards their support similar to that which they make towards the maintenance of the sewing classes. In connexion with some of the Dissenting congregations there are also classes for young men; but the number in attendance is comparatively limited. A large class has recently been formed by the Roman Catholics, which will, no doubt, greatly increase in numbers so soon as the funds of the relief committee are available for its maintenance.

The Industrial Class in Blackburn, which we have only just named, owes its existence to Mrs. J. G. Potter, of Little Mytton Hall, near Whalley. It is a class which now numbers about 300 men of all ages, who are taught tailoring, shoe-making, clog-mending and the rougher descriptions of carpentry, and during certain hours of the day receive instruction in the ordinary branches of education. The class meets in the unoccupied rooms of a factory, and is under the superintendence of the clergy of Holy Trinity parish—the Rev. Dr. Robinson, incumbent, and the Rev. W. Ogden, the curate. The weekly expense of this class is upwards of 25*l*.; which has hitherto been defrayed by private benevolence.

In the same district of the town, and under the same management, is Mrs. Pot-

ter's Orphanage, or Home Class, where about thirty orphan girls, who would otherwise be homeless, find shelter and many of the comforts which are seldom enjoyed except under the parental roof. This "home class" is in connexion with the "Society for placing unemployed factory women in temporary domestic service." With the existence, and to some extent with the operations of this society, the public are pretty familiar, through the letters which Mrs. Potter has addressed on the subject to the *Times*; and it may suffice here to say that 203 young women have, through the agency of this society, found places of refuge from the destitution which awaits them in Blackburn, and that, with very few exceptions, they express themselves grateful for the blessing, while the benevolent people who have opened their houses for their reception are pleased with their orderly and respectful demeanour. The costs incurred on behalf of this movement are upwards of 700*l*.

In the same district of the town—which is one of the poorest, and where happily there labours a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, who considers no expenditure of time and toil too great in his pious duty—there have been established "Penny Bible reading classes" for both men and women. Their origin was most unpretentious, and their success has been extraordinary. Their origin we may give in the words of the appeal of Dr. Robinson and his curate:—

"Instead of giving indiscriminate help to the crowds of poor starving creatures who constantly come to us for a penny soup ticket, we began, merely as an experiment, penny Bible reading classes at the beginning of last week. For one hour's reading of the Bible we give to each attendant one penny. The men and women are assembled in two separate buildings, under the charge of some of our pious Sunday School teachers. At first about a dozen came, next day about fifty; and, gradually, as the classes became better known, crowds flocked to them, who were taken in and instructed in relays hour by hour, from nine in the morning until twelve, and from two until four o'clock."

The daily attendance at each of these classes is now upwards of one thou-

sand ; and, as they meet five days in the week, upwards of 10,000 pence, or about 42*l.*, are required weekly for their support. This large weekly expenditure has hitherto been defrayed by such contributions as the clergy of Trinity parish have received from the wealthy and benevolent to whom they have addressed their appeals.

In these details of what is being done in Blackburn for the mitigation of an unparalleled calamity, we have taken no account of what individual mill-owners have done, and are doing, on behalf of their own workpeople ; but the lengthy sojourn in the district, which has enabled us to collect these statistical facts, enables us also to say that a great deal is being done by the mill-owners for their workpeople of which the public never hear a whisper. And what is true of Blackburn is true of other places.

The details we have given of the modes and measure of relief adopted in Blackburn are merely illustrations

of what is being done, to a greater or less extent, in scores of other districts. Blackburn represents but a fraction of the distress. As we have shown above, there are upwards of 17,000 of *her* industrious operatives now wholly out of employment, and upwards of 6,000 who are working short time ; but what are these to the 300,000 unemployed and short-time workers in the whole of the Cotton Districts, who have now to claim parochial relief or accept assistance from the different local relief committees ? The appeal which is made to the sympathy and generosity of the nation comes not from 23,000 starving operatives, who have been left helpless amidst an impoverished population, but on behalf of upwards of 300,000 unemployed and short-time workers, who have not the means of earning their daily bread by daily toil. To that appeal there has been, and there has still need to be, a liberal response, for the calamity is still on the increase, and the prospect of happier times is still distant as ever.

POSTSCRIPT.

So far our Contributor. The few words that we shall add are from a more remote and general point of view :—

1. There seems to be no reason for doubting that, though in certain special quarters there may be good ground for accusation of shortcoming, Lancashire, as a whole, has done a great deal. This, we think, is indirectly brought out in the facts stated by our contributor. But a writer in one of our most influential journals has ventured on a precise estimate. Defining the distress up to the present moment as having consisted in the reduction of a mass of people, now numbering 350,000, from a condition of comparative comfort to a condition of bare and hard subsistence, resembling that of the lowest agricultural labourers, this writer calculates that four-fifths of the supplies which have hitherto sustained the distressed up to that level, and prevented them from falling into the lower deep of starvation, have been contributed by Lancashire itself.

2. It is, nevertheless, good—at all events, it is natural—that all the rest of Britain should now look on critically to see how Lancashire behaves. It has jarred on some, indeed, to hear the language of the Heptarchy revived in connexion with such a matter—to hear Wessex upbraiding the flower of the population of old Northumbria and Mercia with greed and want of manliness, and Northumbria and Mercia retorting with the question whether *their* method of high wages and low poor-rates or the Wessex method of low wages and high poor-rates argues the sounder human metal hitherto. Even this form of the discussion, however, is not altogether to be discouraged. Nay, should it be

enlarged into a controversy between the whole agricultural South-England of the Saxons and the whole manufacturing North-England of the Angles as to the merits of their respective systems of society, the results cannot fail to be useful. It is to a great extent owing to the admiration of the energy of Lancashire until now that her behaviour in the present crisis of her fortunes is so jealously watched. Lancashire ought to know this, and to take note of manifestations which amount to nothing less than an eagerness to see whether she will come out of the present crisis retaining, or having lost, her weight and leadership in the political system of the country. It is incumbent not only that she should do her utmost in all ways, but also that all the publicity of exact statistics should be given to what is being done by Lancashire men in every shape. If blame is to fall on any, it would thus fall on the right persons. These, it is alleged, would not be mainly the mill-owners.

3. It is noble to see the whole of Britain, nay of the empire, astir, as it now is, to tide over a grand national calamity. It will be a grand thing if the voluntary benevolence of the nation and the rough temporary machinery that has been devised for its administration, apart from the State, shall fairly support the new and increasing mass of destitution till the return of better days. Whether, if the crisis lasts long, voluntary benevolence will furnish the five millions sterling which, it is calculated, may then be about the necessary expense, remains to be seen. The push now being made in the forms of donations, collections, and subscriptions of fixed sums weekly for various terms, ought, at all events, to make all clear on to the time when Parliament will meet, and when the question of State-action may, if necessary, be raised. It is curious, in an age when we are told that Government is a vanishing quantity in human affairs, to see our nation compelled to extemporize a Government to deal with a particular exigency. For what is that organization for the relief of the Lancashire distress which is headed by Lord Derby and others but a Government *pro re nata*, alongside of the general Government, and slightly linked to it?

4. An unexceptionably good feature in the present management of the destitution consists in the efforts made everywhere, as by a common instinct, on the part of persons of influence, and especially of the clergy, to convert this time of compulsory idleness into a time, at least, of instruction for the sufferers—of lessons in reading, writing, sewing, and the like, as well as in religion. Of course, the query sure to suggest itself to one hearing in a general way of such distress, is, "Might not some forms of employment be found or devised for numbers of the destitute, so that, as the money must be supplied them anyhow, they might be doing something?" Such are the difficulties in the present case, however—where the destitute are operatives trained in a particular industry, and who can neither be dispersed, nor set to unaccustomed work in large numbers—that, only to a very small extent, has anything of the kind been found possible. Even were the operatives of a different and less select class, the country, we believe, would be the less disposed to press for experiments in employing them, from recollecting the mess that was made of road-making and other public works during the Irish Famine. On the whole, it will be satisfactory if arrangements can be made so as to save the sufferers from the worst perils of idleness. But, of all conceivable kinds of arrangement, none is so thoroughly good in every respect as that which should aim at converting this period of grief and bodily prostration for so many thousands, into a period of mental improvement for all, and of quiet elementary schooling for those who need it. It is to the credit of the clergy, that *they* have hitherto perceived this most clearly, and have claimed the season of distress as a teaching-season furnished to their hands. But the teaching arrangements, already put in action by the clergy and others, are capable of being extended and systematized.—

EDITOR.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1863.

THE PINES AT HAMPSTEAD.

A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

I AM a solitary man. For a good many summers and winters now I have lived in London ; but I know few persons in it, and none intimately. I visit no one. There have been weeks together during which I have not opened my lips to any human being, unless it were the waiter at the little-frequented place where I usually dine, or the servant in the house where I lodge. My time is divided between long sittings alone in my own room, generally spent in reading, and aimless walks in the streets and about the suburbs.

Few, I should think, even of those born in London, know London so well as I do. In the maze of streets and lanes that form its heart I know by daily footings every turn and winding ; successive excursions north, south, east and west, from this central block of the vast city have made me acquainted with those scarcely less populous tracts of built road and street, with odd squares and polygons interspersed, that surround it in all directions before the suburbs are reached ; and my walks have extended themselves at almost every point so far beyond the boundary where even the suburban brick-and-lime ceases and the green fields begin, and, during these remoter walks, I have been so much in the habit of skirting right and left and zig-zagging among the villages and hamlets that yet remain, with their quaint inns and deserted smithies and wheelwrights' shops, to mark the forgotten

circuit of the first stage from the metropolis in the old coaching-days, that, when I hear of proposals for the fortification of London, my fancy at once traces the probable circumference and dots many well-remembered spots which I suppose the ramparts will cross and connect. These walks of mine, both within and without London, have been in all seasons. I know the streets both by day and by night. The country round is familiar to me both in the rich summer season, when it vies in various beauty with any in England, and in the winter months, when either the snow is on the ground, or the air is dull and brown, the trees stand leafless, and the ways are foul. On the whole, however, my walks into the country have been chiefly in summer and autumn, and during the day. In the winter, and in my night-walks, I keep most to the streets on both sides of the river, or, at least, within the space reticulated by the long straggling rows of the gas-lamps ere the outer blackness begins. I have, indeed, a strange fascination for the nocturnal aspects of cities and their scenery. London during the day seems to me, in physical respects, a supremely ugly city, in which, with the exception of St. Paul's and one or two views from the bridges and river-banks, there is nothing, in the way of shape or combination of mere object, able to seize and rouse the eye and the thought as one passes. But London by night is

inexhaustibly glorious. By night, indeed, the smallest and poorest village that there is, the merest cluster of cottages or rude hovels flung together in a hollow or at a bend of a high road, contracts a sombre impressiveness. Details are obscured; and, involved for the time in the Earth's great shadow, which brings out the stars, the puny walls and shafts and gables which man's hand has reared become somehow more a part of the wheeling globe itself, and help, by their jutting forms and angles, in those near oppositions of light and darkness, that variously-shaded massing and fretting and interlacing of black on a universal ground of pale silver, in which Night exults as her peculiar scenic wealth, and by which she teaches man lessons that are hardly taught by her more garish Brother. Nor in large towns does Night part with many of those effects with which she thus plays among the villages scattered over the dark country. For what may be lost, at all events, there is more than a recompense in the greater heights and depths and lengths of fabric among which she weaves her shadowy phantasies, and in the concentrations and ranges of artificial lights which break, with bursts of lurid yellow and the roar of accompanying night-traffic, or else with far-off twinklings and flickerings, what might else be too vast a monotony of grey and gloom. And so London, because of its very vastness, is a noble city for one who, like myself, has the habit of solitary walking at unseasonable hours with no other end than that of partly escaping, partly indulging, reveries that Fate and Chance have made among the saddest. Oh! the dark, dreary, and yet soul-exercising and soul-soothing walks that its nocturnal vastness has afforded me! Many a night through its flaring centre have my feet carried me, round and round again through labyrinths of alleys, to the same more open and busling spots—little attentive, and yet not altogether inattentive, to the crowded shows of vice, merriment and misery there to be met with; and many a night, unable to bear the thought

of yet returning to my rooms, have I suddenly turned away from these too noisy and luminous haunts, and, prolonging my walk unconsciously through some main line of street leading to the quiet outskirts, found myself at last, after many turnings, in regions of villas and railed terraces, so desolate that the one watchman whom I met on his rounds looked after me as I passed him, or in still more desolate regions where the ground was dug up for the foundations of new buildings, and I had to beware of planks and dim heaps of rubbish in the yet rudimentary streets. Sometimes, in these walks, I have found myself beyond the built limits altogether, out in the open roads, between fields and trees, where if any watchman was met it was a mounted one; and I am not sure but, of all my nocturnal rambles, these occasional penetrations of the absolute outer blackness linger most powerfully in my memory. From them I think it is that I have picked up a strange superstition about trees. Whether it is because, as one walks in a road at night bordered by fields, the nearer trees and hedges flit past one in the glimmering light, and so produce an appearance of stealthy stirring among the more distant stems and bushes, certain it is that these permanent objects of a landscape by day, the quietly-rooted trees, seem to be possessed at night with a ghastly restlessness, and to teem with a life of which we know nothing. For my part, though I laugh at the fancy, I cannot, even when I am travelling in a railway-carriage at night and look out, shake myself free from a hideous superstition, that the trees are there in the fields only while men see them, and that, in the dark hours when no one beholds, they unfix themselves from their rooted mounds, and career, in their own or in other shapes, over the shining solitudes which are then all their own, leading some haggard life of enchantment, from which the dawn recalls them to their hypocrisy of seeming rest. I laugh, I say, at this fancy; but others, I find, have had it besides myself; and some notion of the kind, I believe, exists

among the legends of the old Teutonic Mythology.

Naturally, though my rambles have led me over all London and its vicinity, I have my favourite neighbourhoods. The northern suburbs of London—in part, I suppose, because circumstances made them first familiar to me, and I can still reach them most easily—have always had the strongest attractions for me. In two out of every three of my walks I find myself taking that direction. Above all I have a liking for Hampstead Heath. There is no spot on the skirts of London to which I go so often. Tastes for scenery differ, and much depends on habit and association; but I really do not think that there is anywhere round London a bit of open country comparable for rough and yet lovely picturesqueness to the old heath beyond Hampstead village. For one thing, the ground is about the highest near London; and, though that is not saying much, I like the highest ground that happens anywhere to be accessible. From one point or another on Hampstead Heath one has a wide view, both Londonwards to the steeples and smoke, and over the rolling flats and meadows that extend north from the metropolis, promising the richness of middle England. And then the Heath itself! It is the most untouched bit of old English earth that I know of near London. Everything about it still answers to its name. The sandy knolls and hollows of which the whole of it consists, covered with wild grass and clumped with furze, suggest that, centuries ago, it was very much the same, and that, whatever changes may have been worked by the plough and by the art of man all round to its very borders, here at least we have a genuine piece of aboriginal heath and hillock as it may have been known to Boadicea and the Druids. Encroachments are, indeed, being made on the Heath from the London side. Even in the few years since I remember it, the roads across parts of it are new; and the remorseless brick-and-mortar has been creeping towards it, in the shape of new villas and advancing lines of

houses. But still the main immediate access to it is through the steep village of Hampstead, the houses of which at its topmost slope are sufficiently quaint and old; and the detached family-mansions beyond the village, which stand on parts of the Heath itself or nestle round it, are mostly of the last or of the preceding century, and wear, in their substantial forms and in their old-fashioned palings, gateways, and shrubberies, a look in keeping with the natural antiquity around them. When to all this is added a series of historical associations, investing Hampstead and its vicinity with unusual interest to men who read—associations beginning in the old times of feud and battle, and growing thicker, and more intellectual in their nature, down to those days, but recently gone, when Coleridge and Hunt and Keats, and others of a famous literary fraternity, had their homes in or near Hampstead, and used to roam daily about the Heath and make this or that spot of it immortal with their meetings, or meditations—little wonder that there should be among so many Londoners a wish for the conservation as it is of this healthy holiday resort for such as know its charms. Though not a Londoner born, I have reason to join in this wish. For, as I have said, of all spots round London, Hampstead Heath is that with which my feet are most fondly familiar, and which I have taken to my heart by most frequent intercourse of musing and thought.

I know the Heath by all its approaches. Often enough I have made my way to it by the direct approach up the steep main street of Hampstead village. Sometimes, after rambling about the neighbouring heights of Highgate, I have come upon it circuitously thence. But my favourite way is by one or other of the winding lanes, or of the paths over the fields, striking off to the right from the Finchley Road, and leading, most of them, close past old Hampstead Church, and so by continued ascent to the edge of the Heath. Reaching the Heath by any of these approaches, it has been my invariable custom, on fine

summer-days, after wandering over it hither and thither, avoiding as much as possible the groups and little crowds that then frequent parts of it, to make for one spot for which I have a special affection. I do not know whether it has any name to distinguish it from the rest of the Heath ; but I call it "The Pines." It is a spot at the farther or northern end of the Heath, just to the left of the road, where it leaves the Heath and passes to the country beyond. The striking feature of the spot consists in a few tall old pine-trees, which there rise on a kind of bank higher than the general level of the heath on that side. The pines are in two rows, and seem to be the last stragglers, spared by many a tempest, of what may at one time have been a stately avenue. Even since I remember, one or two have been blown down and have left gaps in their places ; and those that remain have a doomed and blasted look—their trunks bent all one way, showing from what direction has come the prevailing wind against which, since first they grew, they have vibrated and struggled ; their ragged tops driven, like witch-hair, the same way ; and the knuckles of the old roots by which they yet grasp the soil exposed here and there by the crumbling of the bank. From afar off on the Heath these pines are conspicuous objects ; and whoever had an eye for the weirdly and venerable in any scene he was exploring would instinctively make for them. On the other hand, from these pines there is one of the best and most commanding views of the Heath itself—not of the whole heath, but of one considerable and picturesque tract of it lying like a great hollow due underneath, and, beyond that again, of a wide expanse of country stretching to the western horizon. And yet, though so close to the road that crosses the Heath, and within hail of one or two of the old mansions that abut upon it, The Pines do not seem a much-frequented spot by the holiday rambles. Probably there is too much of weirdlike and mournful in the look of this particular spot to accord with the mood of most of them.

It was, however, as might be expected, a favourite spot of the Heath with Hunt and Keats ; and stray groups and couples are to be seen there even now in the fine afternoons—seated on the wooden seat under the pines where Hunt and Keats, or sometimes Coleridge, may have sat, or else on the lip of the bank itself, where, amid the exposed roots of the pines, it slopes down into the hollow—and looking thence, as those dead may have done, over the hollow, and away to the miles of vanishing meadows. Never once, however, have I found the place so much preoccupied that I could not be there in quiet. Oh, how I know the Pines, and the Hollow which they survey ! The Pines and the Hollow—these two phrases have come to mean for me a thousand things more than they themselves express—representations and epitomes of often-repeated tissues of thought, the mystic beginnings and ends of which I could not unravel though I would, and of which I know not myself the full significance. In the summer days I have sat under the Pines, when the whole hollow was abloom with the yellow gorse, and the air was thrilling with the songs of larks, and all was gladness and life and sunshine. Even then there was a touch of something haggard and supernatural in the spot. The Pines rose strangely, their stems bent all one way, like no ordinary trees ; and overhead, if one looked up, the witch-hair of their ragged tops was turned to the Hollow. But, when I sat on till towards evening, and the holiday stragglers began to disappear and leave me alone, then the sensations of the spot would become, shade by shade, more and more dark and mysterious, as of a brow gradually frowning. As the light waned over the Hollow, and the steams of evening arose over the far meadows, all things became as if indistinctly changing and moving, and put on an appearance different from what they had borne by day ; while, as if reciprocating this change and motion, and striving to meet it, the pine-trunks overhead and behind me would seem to stir and sigh, and in their witch-hair aloft would be heard rustlings and whis-

perings. At such times it was that recollections of the Heath, not apt to occur in broad day, would creep unbidden into my memory—recollections that not only had heroic deeds of ancient feud and battle been done among these hillocks and mounds, and not only had sages and poets walked amid these scenes, meditating and exchanging fancies, but crimes noted in our black calendar had here been enacted, and in that hollow there had been the unavailing shrieks of murdered victims, feeling the cold knife in their throats, and that last surprised pang of their chief friend turned a fiend, and in the same hollow suicides that had walked from London had lain down to die. But, in the dead and darkness of night, when all the Heath is solitary, then do these recollections come forth most dreadfully to mingle with the others, and that spot of the Pines, where they command the Hollow, becomes a spot of utter ghastliness. Then, too, I have been there, and known what I know. In late autumn-nights, ay and in nights of dark winter, I have found myself there. I have been there alone when the nocturnal tempest was howling to a hurricane, and the pines over me and behind me groaned as in agony, and their witch-hair whistled, and over the hollow and the black or shimmering flats the tempest roared its many-tongued music, while either the heaven above was one bell of dead-opaque, or nought was to be seen! but heaps of cloud-rack and here and there in a rift a few keen stars. There was a time when I could not have dared so awful a solitude—when courage would have failed me to make the attempt, or reason might have failed me if caught amid such horrors and unable to flee. That time is gone. Tempests in my own life have made me a match for all that Nature can do in *her* way of tempest; I have been shattered and racked by such grief that my being is in calm unison with all other being in the hour of its utmost conceivable torture and conflict; and not on the most demon-haunted heath, with laughs and noises heard behind me, and the firmest

expectation of apparitions to rise and face me, would my feeling be fear.

Last Christmas Eve I had returned to my rooms after a walk through the streets during the whole afternoon. I had shut myself in, lit the lights, wheeled my chair to the fire, and begun to read, not meaning to go out again that night. But somehow my restlessness seized me. Things I had seen during my walk—various signs and preparations for the joyous home-gatherings that were everywhere to be on that evening and on the morrow—had reminded me of what, disconnected as I was from the world, I had otherwise forgotten. Bunches of holly, which, I suppose, I had seen in shop-windows, recurred to my vision, with their knots of red berries mixed with the pale berries of the mistletoe. I remembered that it was Christmas Eve; and back my thoughts were carried to other Christmases, when I had not been what I then was, and for me also, under a roof whence the red and white berries had hung over groups of fair dancers, while the old and sedate sat round, there had been happy visions and phantasies of the future. Memories came in such crowds as at last to be unendurable. That first resource of the troubled spirit, the walk to and fro within the room from end to end, failed to calm me; I needed the width and larger locomotion of the open air. At length, taking my hat and coat from their pegs, and my stick from the corner, I again went out. By what precise route I went I know not; but I am conscious of having passed through streets in which there were crowds, and in which, under flaring jets of gas, there were shops and stalls of butchers and poulterers, set out with Christmas fare in all its varieties of raw and plucked, while the crowds gathered there thickest, and the busy salesmen cut and handled and shouted their cries. An hour at least must have passed from my leaving my room when I found myself beyond the region of stated lamps, and in the quiet north-stretching darkness of the Finchley Road, with the hedge and the

rising lands towards Hampstead on the one side, and the lower hedge and sunken range of fields on the other. My destination was then clear to me. Walking on, and turning up the lane leading to old Hampstead Church, I deviated into the off-lane that passes close by the church and churchyard. This churchyard, however, is divided into two parts—one round the church, walled and railed in; the other a sort of supplementary burying-ground, on a detached slope, with the breadth of the lane between. Skirting this supplementary burying-ground, there is another narrow ascending lane, at right angles to the former, leading to some solitary houses, and so by various ins and outs to the vicinity of the Heath. Threading this ascending lane in the dark, first with the white head-stones of the burying-ground gleaming on my right, and then past the silent houses, I came out at last on the cool and houseless heights. Along the road my steps led me—one valley of the Heath deep on one side of me, and its main part stretching more extensively and looming more vaguely on the other. Here and there at a distance I saw lights, coming from one or another of the old mansions hidden in the depths around. But I met not a soul; and in a little while, leaving the road, I was seated alone in my old spot under the Pines, looking into and over the Hollow.

The night was dark, yet not very dark, and still and calm enough for that season of the year. How long I sat I know not; nor can I remember very exactly the current and sequence of my thoughts. I can remember, generally, that they began with myself and with those memories of my own past which had driven me thither for solace, and that then they were very bitter, but that gradually, as my eyes all the while were peering into the darkness of the great Hollow, and sweeping across it to the strange expanses beyond, they enlarged their circle and diffused themselves into a contemplation of time and vicissitude, of Life and Death. So

long I sat, gazing where no gaze could bring any distinct vision out of the gloom, and thinking where no thought could reach a shore or islet of certainty in a boundless sea, that at last I must have lapsed into some kind of tranquil trance, or state between sleeping and waking. This, at least, is what happened to me:—

The dark Hollow seemed suddenly to stir and move. Far off in it I saw a spark of green light, like that of a glow-worm; which light, moving straight across the Hollow towards me, but without increasing, disappeared for a moment when it came under the high bank where I sat, but only to reappear again on the edge of the bank close in front of me. Then I saw that the green light was borne on the forehead of the strangest diminutive creature, whose eyes also were green, and whose long arms all but touched the ground. The creature seemed to try to speak, but to be unable. But, as my eyes were fixed upon it, I became aware of another figure, of which it seemed to be the harbinger. It was the form of a female, mantled and hooded in white so that I could not see her countenance, and so tall that, though she seemed to stand, not on the edge of the bank, but on the slope, with only part of her form visible above the bank, that part exceeded the ordinary height of woman. The green-eyed creature had now vanished; and this feminine apparition between me and the Hollow was all that I saw. Standing immoveably as I first saw her, and without raising arm or mantle, she seemed to sing or chaunt these words; at least I heard the words sung solemnly and clearly, and they seemed to come from her:—

“Earth and tree, tree and earth,
Stars and air, air and stars,
These are not all:
Not a thing that e'er had birth
But still it lurks, though past the bars
Of seeing, on this ball!
Then follow me, follow
Into the hollow,
Where to and fro
The dead things go!

"Old and brown, brown and old,
Rise the pines, while with moans
The night-wind raves ;
A thousand years lie in their mould ;
Round their roots are miles of bones,
A silent world of graves !
Yet follow me, follow
Down to the hollow :
I know of breath
Where all seems Death !"

Methought I did follow. I seemed mechanically to rise and descend the bank after the spectre, which receded from me down into the Hollow, always at the same distance from me, and the muffled face still towards me. I had gone down into the Hollow, and advanced some little way into its darkness, still drawn by the power of the Apparition, when an impediment seemed to arrest me—no solid impediment, but as it were a sudden aerial wall of total blackness, in which I was involved. There I stood foot-bound and fixed, as in a black marble element, wherein, though my feet could not move, I could yet grope forward with my arms and hands. The spectral figure that had led me so far had now disappeared—swallowed up in the ulterior space of the Hollow, into which she had been received when the separating blackness had arrested and detained me.

While I was thinking what all this might mean, and groping forward with my arms and hands to see how I might release myself, lo, another wonder ! In the blackness straight before me, but, as it might be, at the distance of fifty yards, there came a luminous haze ; which haze, gradually brightening, took at last a circular shape, like the luminous disc cast on canvass by a magic-lantern. Gazing on this luminous disc, vividly and yet not intolerably bright in the darkness in which it was framed, I could perceive that it was not a plane surface, but a natural scene, or cut-out circle of landscape, in which there was level foreground and some depth of sylvan perspective. Nay, figures began to appear in it in groups of two, one group after another, all various in their costume and action, and yet all somehow representing the same thing—some of

the groups flitting from right to left, or from left to right, across the foreground, and others receding or flying from the foreground into the sylvan depths. These phantasmagories were a mystery to me, until, after there had been many of them in succession, I perceived that one tale was variously told by them all. All the groups, I saw, had consisted from the first of youths and maidens—each, generally, of one youth and one maiden ; and, in each, the action had been, in different guises, the same—the maiden coyly, or in alarm, avoiding the youth, and the youth pursuing or wooing the maiden. The first groups, I then remembered, had been wild and antique in their guise and seeming, with something about them which I recognised as old British or Britanno-Roman. To these had succeeded others still antequely garbed, but not so antequely ; and still, as the series went on, the way and fashion of vestment became more familiar—more like what I had heard of or read of in histories and romances. But then I perceived also—what it surprised me that I had not observed before—that, all the while that these phantasmagories had been presenting themselves to me, the luminous disc wherein they flitted had been slowly growing larger in circumference, varying its scenery of ground and wood, and at the same time gradually approaching me. So amazed was I at this phenomenon that I took less note of the later and enlarging groups, till suddenly, as by a leap or burst of the now widely-diffused space of light towards me, I was no longer standing in blackness, gazing at a luminous disc separate from myself, but was as if caught into the threshold of a large well-lit room, full of company, into which I could look, so as to see all from floor to roof and from wall to wall. Yes, strange as was the transformation, it *was* a room—a large, luxurious, modern room, full of merriment and living people. But all the people were youths and maidens ; there was not among them, so far as I could see, one person of graver years to exercise rule over the mirth. There were

also just as many youths as there were maidens ; and they were all assorted into couples. Some were seated in alcoves or on ottomans round the room. But from the centre of the room hung bunches of red and pale berries, wreathed and festooned with leaves ; and underneath these, in a space kept open, there were many couples joyously dancing. The dance, methought, was a waltz ; and, though couple after couple gave in and drew aside, still the waltz went on. Three couples remained ; then only two ; and, last of all, only one glorious dark-haired youth and his partner, a fair-haired beauty. Round as they whirled—he bold and impassioned, she flushed and conscious—the rest seemed to wait and look on ; and the music, which somehow had been unheard by me till then, came upon me as rendered into words like these—

Lean to me closer, love ;
Shun not my arms :
Be beauty in dancing, love,
Lavish of charms.
Round as we whirl,
Think this the joy :
Thou art a girl, love,
And I am thy boy !

Look in my eyes, my love ;
Loose fly thy hair ;
Breathe in my face, my love ;
Why shouldst thou care ?
Round as we whirl,
This still is the joy :
Thou art a girl, love,
And I am thy boy !

Nay, do not start, love,
At thrill of my touch :
Where is the harm, love,
Of loving too much ?
Round as we whirl,
Wildier the joy :
Thou art a girl, love,
And I am thy boy !

Clasp me yet closer, love,
Quit not my arms ;
I am thy lover, love,
Drunk with thy charms.
Round as we whirl,
O give me the joy :
Be thou my girl, love ;
Call me thy boy !

The dance was ended ; but one incident flashed from it. In the last round of the dance, it seemed that a white shoe

had slipped from one of the feet of the fair one, which she could not recover as she sank towards the nearest seat. The youth perceived this, and, yet exulting and unfatigued, seized on the precious waif. In one instant, with a graceful yet artificial motion, he had raised it to his lips before all ; in another, as if by a new inspiration, he was standing, one foot on a couch and the other on a table near the wall, maintaining an attitude still noble, and, having poured wine into the slipper he had kissed, raised the draught to his mouth. I saw the ruby stain flush through the unusual crystal ; and all the surrounding couples, as in admiration of the youth's enthusiasm, raised their hands in act to clap !

Ha ! as by a trick, ere the hands could clap, the whole vision was gone ! Darkness again, and nothing but darkness—the total blackness once more involving me in which I had been first enveloped, and the consciousness, as then, only of the broad vacant space of the Hollow before me !

Glimmer, glimmer, as of faintly returning light ! But no luminous disc now ; but, after the light had reached its utmost, only a faint, grey, glimmering ground, beginning not far from where I stood, and stretching, as if for several miles, away to an indistinct horizon ! It was a vast field of graves—not grass-coloured, nor earth-coloured, but ash-coloured, mounds and all, or of a dead silver grey. The grey had a certain sheen—not the clear sheen of silver, but rather the duller sheen we see sometimes on a moth's wings. It was a dismal vision—graves, graves, nothing but graves, as far as could be seen ; and the graves and the ground all ash-coloured. For a time nothing could I see but the grey, glimmering, grave-mounded plain ; but, as I looked, I beheld in the part of the plain nearest to me, arranged at equal distances from each other, as if at the points of an equilateral triangle, three pairs of skulls. The skulls, as they lay on the grey ground, had the polished whiteness of bone. There was no feeling of loathing,

but only of sadness, in looking at them. They seemed as if carefully placed, each two side by side ; and of each two, one was larger, but the smaller was of shape more elegant.

Again the darkness fell round me and shut out the pale grey field. But I felt as if I had not long to wait for some other vision that was coming. And so it was. Again the solid gloom in front of me began to resolve itself luminously, and to open out into visible scenery. But this time it was not first a distant luminous disc which I beheld, and which grew on approaching me till I could not see its circumference and was myself included within it ; but, on the contrary, I seemed at first within, or almost within, an extended orb of light, which receded till its circumference could be marked, and it dwindled at the due distance to the anticipated disc. Shapes and phantasms also filled the orb, and flitted through it, as before, while it was receding—shapes, not this time of youths and maidens, but as of men wheeling and tramping in masses, under leaders and captains, and with arms glittering. The arrangements and accoutrements of these visionary bodies of warriors changed as the containing orb receded, becoming less like what I seemed to know and to have seen, and more like what I had imagined or contemplated in picture. In general, however, the representation was the same in substance—always, at the two sides, portions of two opposed spectral armies wheeling from line or from column ; and, in the clear middle space, conspicuous men combating singly or wrestling, or sometimes not wrestling or combating in earnest so much as rivalling each other in games and feats of strength. Of all the varied pictures, to this one repeated effect, which I saw, I could keep, from their number and rapid succession, no adequate account ; but, when the circle of light had diminished and receded nearly to its utmost, I remarked with more care two of its phantasmagoric shadowings. These seemed to be related to each other, and to linger longer than their predecessors before they vanished.

One was, as I thought, a hunting or hawking-scene in old Norman England, wherein, on a fair country and under a fair sky, there was a group of figures, consisting of a knight, a lady, and their attendants. The lady had a belled hawk on her wrist ; there were birds in the air ; talking to the knight, she seemed to let loose the hawk ; and then the whole group stood with upturned faces, looking after the ascending bird. Anon this scene was gone, and in its place, but in the same kind of country, was a jousting-scene. Many ladies and other spectators were seated in ring round a brave piece of greensward, and two mounted knights in glittering armour were rushing at full tilt against each other in the middle. And, while these scenes were passing there seemed to come to me an interpretation of the same in dialogue :—

THE LADY.

As notes in the sky,

See the birds fly !

Where is the bird will fly higher ?

Here on my wrist,

As I hope to be kissed,

Is the tercel that never will tire !

See his bold brown eye !

Ting-a-ling ! let him fly !

Sir Knight, lo ! while I am speaking,

He is over them all,

He is king of them all :

He flutters and scatters them
shrieking.

Sir Knight, every man

Will do what he can :

Of two brave ones, my glove to the
stronger !

Wert thou foremost to-day,

Only fail in one fray,

I am his, and not thine any longer !

THE KNIGHT.

As we dash to the prize,

The flash of fair eyes

Beholding, may yield us a thrill ;

But, ladies, 'tis true,

Not from you, nor for you,

Is man's courage to die or to kill.

Ye are seated around

The tourneying-ground,

And we bow as our lances we level ;

But, when horse meets horse,

O, the teeth-setting force

Is some phrenzy from God or the devil !

Hurrah for the wars !
 'Tis the red god Mars
 That stirs to the mood superhuman ;
 In the soul of a man
 That will do all he can
 Must be more than the love of a woman !

Ere the dialogue had fulfilled itself to the ear, and while the scenes which it interpreted were clear to the eye, lo ! again the sudden obliterating darkness, succeeded, after a little, by the dismal grey glimmer, expanding itself into the ghastly ash-coloured plain of innumerable graves ! And lo ! also again, on the same part of this glimmering ground, a vision of skulls whitely set out and arranged ! But the skulls were more numerous than in the former vision, and their arrangement was new. There was one large white ring composed of many of them set close together in several rows, all with the eye-sockets looking inwards ; and in the centre, by themselves, with about a yard of space between them, were two, grinning at each other.

As if I were now the fully-initiated spectator of some spectral drama, there was less surprise for me in the general course of what followed, but, as it were, a keener curiosity as to the details. The third time, after the fall of the black curtain, it rose or rolled itself away again, presenting to me the expected luminous stage with its foreground and optical perspective. Again the phantasmagory began with the distant luminous circle—this time perhaps more distant than ever ; and again the process was that of the approaching of this circle to me, increasing its diameter slowly but steadily. But this time the circle glowed more luridly—almost like an advancing furnace-mouth ; and, though at first, when it was far off, I could only see dark figures on it, as of beings moving among objects which were stationary, yet, as it came nearer, I could construe the whole image. Deep in the perspective of the disc—which became, as I thought, more like as if it were the perspective of a conical tunnel—there was a glowing stationary forge ; at the sides, all along from this forge to the gaping tunnel-

mouth where it was nearest me and widest, were implements of all kinds, or rather, where the tunnel was nearest and widest, not so much implements as engines and parts of mills, clanking and whirring ; and in the centre of the mouth, always coming forward as the mouth moved and widened, was a huge horizontal capstan, into which there were fitted long spokes. And, as I saw, there were many men, of hardy form, pushing at these spokes with all their strength, and slowly turning the capstan round ; and, as it turned round, and the men circled at their laborious task, a chain which was round the vast axle slowly uncoiled itself, link after link, towards one side of the tunnel, where its farther course was lost—yet always taking on link after link from the continuation at the other, so that the axle never gained or lost anything, but there were always the same number of coils on it. And, still as the capstan went round, the mouth of the tunnel widened and approached, and new implements and engines seemed to grow up at its sides close to the advancing mouth, and the ribbed and arched vista that was left behind, stretching back to the stationary forge at the other end, became larger and deeper. And ceaselessly round went the spokes and the men pushing at them ; and their motion was as if to this song :—

When time began, how poor was man !
 And all the earth how cold !
 Prometheus he, for charity,
 Performed his action bold :
 So round and round, till the levers break !
 O, the good we do, and the money we make !

The brute old earth was great of girth,
 A stubborn mass to tame ;
 But, bit by bit, we've managed it,
 And shaped things to our aim :
 Then round and round, till the levers break !
 O, the good we do, and the money we make !

We're not yet done—no, till the sun
 That solar change shall feel,
 To see our ball ring-harnessed all,
 And plated o'er with steel :
 Aye round and round, till the levers break !
 O, the good we do, and the money we make !

To the sound of this monotonous
 chaunt the all but blazing tunnel-mouth,

with the capstan working in it, had advanced to within a little distance of where I stood, so that I gazed immeasurably far into its lurid contracting throat. Then all again collapsed in darkness, to be succeeded as before, after an interval, by the grey interminable plain. Hereon again there was the old sight of skulls—but of skulls in a great confused heap. And then, in a repetition of the swiftly-engulfing blackness, the third act of the vision was finished.

In the fourth act of the vision, when the darkness had rolled away, there was still the round disc of light, whereon the eye was fastened in expectation of figures that were to be seen. But there was now no appearance of distinctive background; nor at the sides were there any groupings of objects, whether of art or nature, to attract the attention. What I saw within the luminous circle was simply, as it were, a level floor or platform, crossing it like a chord-line at about a third of its height. Another difference, this time, there was, in that, during the whole action of the phantasmagory, the luminous ground on which it was presented neither advanced towards me, nor receded, as on the former occasions, but remained always of the same circumference, so that the figures I saw on it were all in the same proportions. And figures I did see—a long procession of figures—mostly of men, but with not a few women among them, all crossing the stage, one at a time, all appearing from the right and disappearing on the left, all walking slowly, meditatively, and with bowed heads. Still they came and came, no two forms or physiognomies precisely alike; and at each in its turn I gazed, always with a curious interest, often with reverence, and sometimes with a rouse of emotion that held my breath and sent a tingling through my frame. And this seemed to be the song of their march—

To each in turn our little walk,
Our time to look and think and know,
To perpetrate our little talk,
Our little talk before we go,
With, in our ears, the constant hum
Of things gone by and things to come!

'Tis well to recollect the old;
'Tis well to reason forth the new;
'Tis well to fashion fancies bold,
And phrase with elegance the true:
But every high-commissioned soul
Will strive to apprehend the Whole.

The Whole! Ah! crush in one the years,
The total lapse of human time;
And what in total Man appears
His universal life sublime,
This mighty breathing of our race,
This chieftaincy of Time and Space?

What but a Day between two Nights,
A listening to a double roar,
A running to and fro with lights,
A gathering shells on either shore;
On either hand a dreadful deep
Of endless change, or else of sleep?

Not wholly! For, as every shell
Moans of the deep from whence it came,
One memory we cherish well,
"The Heart of all is still the same!"
Whoso there is that thinks not thus
Blasphemes, and is not one of us.

What was strangest was that all the figures were known to me. I seemed always to know who was coming next. The truth then dawned upon me. I *had*, in some manner or another, seen all of them before—some of them in portraits prefixed to books, some of them in pictures, some in statues, in busts, or in medallions. They were the Scholars, the Sages, and the Poets, of whom and whose ways I had formed to myself the clearest and most affectionate conceptions, and with whom I had held, over the pages which preserved their thoughts, the most profound communion. Ah! how many of them were of our own dear British Islands, and how lovingly and proudly I looked at those! One or two there were whom I had seen in my own life, whose hands I had touched, whose voices I had heard. How my heart leaped to these! Oh Memory, Memory! Oh my life unworthy! Oh my patron saints, if such I might invoke ye! Oh my darlings of all the Dead! Others there were, not thus known to me, but otherwise so little removed from me that I had at least known those who had known them; and at these too I looked very eagerly. Among them, and among the last of the whole procession that

crossed the stage, were two of especially familiar mien. One was a silver-haired sage, of calm, white face, and strange irresolute gait. I knew at a glance the philosopher Coleridge. The other was a slack, slouching youth, of small stature, but broad-shouldered, and with a head that looked small, but long in profile. I knew at a glance the poet Keats.

Too well I knew that all those of whom the procession thus appeared to me were numbered with the dead. Why then once more that needless blotting out of the scene of the vision by the intervening wall of marble darkness, and that slow re-transparency of the thick marble gloom only to show me the moth-grey plain of graves, glimmering to the extreme horizon? But nought was spared me. There again was the ash-coloured plain, and on it again the melancholy sight of bone-white skulls. But not this time in a triangle of pairs, nor in a ring with two foci, nor in a confused heap, nor in any one place, were the skulls set out. There were many of them, and they were scattered, or rather arranged, at regular distances over the whole plain, from its nearest border as far as I could see, so that wide lozenge-shaped interspaces of the grey ground were seen between the points which their whiteness marked. This also was peculiar, that each and every skull, as it lay, wore around it a laurel wreath.

And now it seemed as if the ash-grey ground of sepulture would never vanish again. There it lay glimmering steadily before me, studded with the laurelled skulls. I longed that it would vanish as before, if even the intolerable darkness were to come; but vanish it would not, and it held my eyes fascinated. How long I gazed at its grey unvarying glimmer I know not; but, at length, instantaneously, as if between two motions of the eyelids, one astounding change! All the laurelled skulls were gone—swept away, or sunk, or what else I could not tell. Nothing now but the grey plain itself, with its endless wave of mounds! But this was not all. I became aware also that the

very plain was undergoing some wonderful transmutation—that, from end to end, it was heaving and undulating like a vesture, and that the silver-grey of its hue was passing into a palish and glittering gold. Amazed what this marvel might mean, I raised my eyes to Heaven, to see if I could find a cause. Then, O then, neither pen nor tongue can describe the splendour of that sudden Apocalypse. All the air above was one great dome of deep and starless azure, save at the zenith. At the zenith of this azure there was as if an opening into the Heaven of heavens; and from this opening descended as if a blaze of rays; and in the blaze of rays was visible as if a great violet eye; and in the centre of the violet eye was as if a saffron iris; and within the saffron iris was as if the image of a Babe. And the rays shot down and slanted more dazzlingly; and through all space there seemed to ring the call of a joyful trumpet. And then, as I looked down again to the spacious plain of graves, what had been that plain was one vast shining golden ground, whereon there stood or floated myriads of minute winged and glittering beings. And, while I gazed, they were no longer on the ground; for the wings of many of them were extended, and through the sapphire air these rose and rose in rustling crowds, and others and others followed them, till, as if with pails of gold connected and ascending, the universal blue from Earth to Heaven was filled with flecks of fire. Never had I seen or imagined aught like such a sight since a dream I had used to have in my childhood of the saints ascending into glory.

* * * *

I awoke. All had been but as a long dream. There I was, seated, as at the first, on the old seat under the Pines on the high bank, looking down into and over the Hollow. From this spot I had not moved so much as a step; and the Hollow lay before me in its own natural stillness, undisturbed by any trace of the commotions of my vision. How long I had been entranced there I knew not;

but it seemed now to be past midnight, and the air was clearer and colder than when I had walked thither. As I looked round, lights were still coming from some of the family-mansions round about the Heath; and from one quarter, at some distance, came sounds which, I suppose, had mingled with the latter part of my dream. It was the solemn music of the Waits; and, along with the music, I seemed to hear voices singing; and, though I could not hear the words, the measure told me it was one of those old English carols of Christmas—so rude and simple in their expression, and so quaint in their adaptation of the Scripture narrative to rustic English manners—which have come down probably from the fourteenth century, and are still heard in country places. Of this

particular carol I remembered a fragment:—

“All in the time of winter,
When the fields were white with snow,
A Babe was born in Bethlehem,
A long time ago.
O what a thing was that, good folks,
That the Lord whom we do know
Should have been a Babe all for our sakes,
To take away our woe!
Not in a golden castle
Was this sweet Babe y-born,
But only in a stable
With cattle and with corn;
But forth a-field the Angels
Were singing in the air,
And, when the shepherds heard the news,
To that Child they did repair.
The wise men also from the East
Were guided by a star:
Oh, I wonder often at this day
Where those good wise men are.”
* * * * *

THE HISTORY OF ALMANACS.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A. ETC.

ALMANACS have varied in arrangement, in form, and even in materials. The oldest example at present known to exist, which is of Roman make, and is now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, is formed of a block of marble; among the northern people in the middle ages, and among the peasants in some parts of England till a rather recent period, the almanacs were cut on pieces of wood; in our own country, as well as in other parts of Western Europe, we find them during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries written on folding sheets of vellum; and, very soon after the invention of the art, they began to be printed on paper. The first almanac, however, was no doubt the priest of the tribe or clan, one of whose duties it was to keep an account of the succession of days and nights, and of the movements of the heavenly bodies; and it may be supposed that he announced to the people at the proper times the approach of such of these as marked certain seasons of the year, or as were dedicated to cer-

tain observances. It is said to have been the practice from the earliest ages in Rome, and perhaps in Greece also, thus to proclaim publicly, for the information of the people, the opening of each month; and from this circumstance the first day of the month received the name of the kalend, or calend, a word formed from the Greek verb signifying to call or proclaim; and a table of the days of the month, when such tables began to be composed, was called a *calendarium*.

The Roman calendar of marble, just mentioned, which either served a public purpose or belonged to some wealthy citizen who had a host of dependents requiring instructions, conveyed the necessary information in a simple manner, yet presented the more prominent attributes of the modern almanac. It consists of a square block, each side of which is divided into three columns, answering to the three months of one of the quarters of the year. Three classes of information are given, in the

first or astronomical division of which we have the name of the month, the number of days it contained, the number of nones (by which the days of the month were known), the number of hours in the day and night, the sign of the zodiac through which the sun passed each month, and the equinoxes and solstices. The second part is agricultural, and declares the principal operations of husbandry for the month. The third relates to the religious observances, and indicates the god who was the guardian of the month, and the festivals which occurred in it. A pictorial representation of the sign of the zodiac belonging to it is placed at the head of each column.

When the Christian faith supplanted Paganism, the Church accepted the astronomical part of the Roman calendar, with the sole alteration of dividing the days into weeks, and substituting the Christian saints and festivals for the heathen gods and feasts; but the Christians also brought into it certain moveable festivals, of which Easter was the principal, and which could only be known by a rather complicated calculation, the elements of which, such as the golden number, dominical letters, &c., necessarily found a place in the calendar. Calendars thus composed are found in great numbers in the missals and other religious service books of the middle ages, and the Church was answerable for their accuracy. In fact, an error in the calendar was little better than heresy, and might become the signal for sanguinary persecution. These ecclesiastical calendars, arranged in several columns, contained the days of the month, both numbered consecutively, and given in the Roman nomenclature as calends, nones, and ides, the saints' days and fixed feasts, and the letters and numbers for calculating the moveable feasts. As in the Roman calendar on the marble-block, a figure of the appropriate sign of the zodiac is usually placed at the head or side of each month, and this is not unfrequently accompanied by a picture representing the agricultural or domestic occupation characteristic of the season. These manuscript calendars, when

not the property of the Church or of ecclesiastics, seem to have belonged usually to the great families of the aristocracy, as was the case with two in the Royal Library in the British Museum, one of which (MS. Reg. 2 B. XIV.) appears to have belonged to the family of the Bouchiers, and the other (2 B. XV.) to that of the Butlers. The Anglo-Saxons had already begun to popularize the calendar by expounding it in the vernacular tongue and in verse; but of any other popular class of domestic calendars we have no knowledge until a later date. A new class, however, appears soon afterwards, which became at a subsequent period more or less amalgamated with those of the ecclesiastics.

The influence of the heavenly bodies over mundane affairs was an article of popular belief among all peoples in the early ages of society; but it was only formed into a regular system when the science of astrology was brought to the west, as it is supposed, from the Arabs. According to the principles of astrology, not only had each planet or constellation its influence for good or evil, but that influence varied according to their changes of position or relations to one another. Positions and combinations of the heavenly bodies, occurring at the same time, also modified their individual effects; and it was therefore considered a great point of science to foresee the position of each body at any given time. The astrologers, therefore, composed tables, or calendars, by which the positions of the heavenly bodies might be known on each day of the year, and at each hour of the day. Such were the positions of the sun in the zodiac, the changes of the moon, the eclipses, the places of the planets in their "houses." To each of the signs of the zodiac a part of the human body was believed to be allotted, and its enjoyment of health or suffering under disease was supposed to be influenced by the position of the sign, which was thus taken as a guide to the medical practitioner. The changes of the moon were supposed to affect the weather, and therefore concerned the agriculturist and the navigator. The

eclipses portended violent effects and revolutions in nature and in human affairs. The other heavenly bodies exercised influences of various kinds on the political condition of nations, and on the fortunes of individuals. Some days were fortunate for every thing that was undertaken in them, while others were to be avoided as equally unfortunate. The seasons of the year, and the character and fortunes of persons born in it, were seriously affected by the day of the week on which it commenced.

The best writers on the subject seem to agree that, whatever be its exact derivation, the word *almanac* was brought in by the astrologers, and that they took it from the Arabs; and it was to the astrological calendars that it was first applied. These almanacs were designed at first for uses of science—for astrologers, in fact; but they were gradually abridged into a more popular shape, in which they were usually written on a sheet of vellum, which was folded into the form of a small square book, thus rendering them very portable; while many of those which are preserved are beautifully written, and were certainly not intended for the use of common people. They contained the amount of information, and the sorts of tables, which were then usually required for easily calculating times and seasons, and the positions and influences of the heavenly bodies in connexion with them; and they were either perpetual almanacs, or intended to serve for a considerable number of years. The saints' days, and the agricultural occupations of each season, are usually indicated by a series of signs or hieroglyphics, intended in the former case to represent the sign or symbol of each saint. A series of brief tables enabled you to ascertain for any year the golden number, leap year, the dominical letter, the indiction, and the moveable feasts. Another series of columns give you in each month the time of sunrise, and the length of the nights, the changes of the moon, the signs of the zodiac in which the sun was each day, the height of the sun above the horizon at noon, and the

length of the hour of the planet. At the end are added tables of eclipses during a certain number of years, and often that well-known but ugly ornament of the almanacs of a more recent period, the *homo signorum*, or figure of a naked man covered or surrounded with the signs of the zodiac which ruled each member of his body. They were at first, no doubt, intended for professional men, but the call for them soon extended itself; for many people began, to use our modern phrase, to dabble in astrology, that is, they sought the knowledge which would enable them to make the easy calculations required for common use. All readers of Chaucer, and of the poets of the latter part of the fourteenth and the whole of the fifteenth century, know how general was the fashion for astrological calculations during that period; and it was under these circumstances that the almanac and calendar became amalgamated as we observe them in the folding almanacs described above.

Most of the existing examples of these almanacs have an introduction in Latin explaining their use, a circumstance which confirms the opinion that they were intended for an educated class of the community; but we find some with English introductions, and this translation appears to have been intended for the use of ladies. At all events, one of the earliest of those in the British Museum (MS. Harl. No. 937—it appears to have been made about the year 1430) is dedicated to a lady by the compiler, who, addressing her in his quaint language, says, "My soverayne maistres, certen evydens have done me to understonde your abylyté to lerne scyens partyculere," adding, "your desyre in specyale to lerne a certen conclusyons of the new kalendere." This shows that these almanacs were then considered to be things of recent invention; and we may suppose from it that, besides the astrologer and the medical practitioner, who used these almanacs in their several professions, the good dame who had the immediate direction of the household in the mediæval castle or mansion usually possessed

one, and that not only was she guided by it in the performance of many of the ordinary duties of life, including diet, the treatment of diseases or wounds, bleeding, taking of baths, &c., but that it was she also who communicated the information she obtained from it to the out-door dependents and farmers to guide them in their work. It was the same thing in principle as the use of the calendar among the Romans. The want of the knowledge, however, became soon too great to be supplied in this way, and cheaper and less elaborate almanacs—in which the saints' days, and the few other heads of information absolutely necessary to the farmer in his duties, were indicated by signs or emblems—were made for the use of poorer people, who, of course, could not read; and, as a still further step in making them popular, these marks were cut for, and perhaps sometimes by, the farmers on pieces of wood, smoothed into twelve faces, answering to the twelve months of the year. Thus originated what are called clog, or log, almanacs, which might be seen hung up in the halls of our rural population in some parts of the country down to a comparatively recent period. They are supposed to have been in use at a rather remote period among the Danes and Northmen.

The folding almanacs continued in use during the whole of the fifteenth century; and those of less elaborate make appear to have had a rather extensive circulation, for they were among the first productions of the art of printing in its rudest forms. One of those in the British Museum (MS. Sloane, No. 966), which is very small and consists chiefly of signs and symbols, is printed on vellum, or parchment, from a wooden block. It is probably French, and is apparently of the latter half of the fifteenth century. But at this time, besides these compilations of lesser dignity, there were almanac makers of greater ambition, who sought to supply what they would no doubt call a better article, and to add to the ordinary information required in such a book a certain quantity of more miscellaneous

matter, which was at first chiefly of a religious character—a circumstance which perhaps justifies us in concluding that these almanacs came from the clergy. The almanac was now considered generally as the shepherd's book, though it must have been very unusual for a shepherd to be able to read. In the latter half of the fifteenth century a very pretentious compilation was published in France under the title of the *Kalendrier des Bergiers*, which is supposed to have been translated into English as early as the year 1480. The English *Kalendar of Shepherds* was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1497, and continued so long popular in this country, that it was still printed in the seventeenth century, and a copy we have now before us bears the date of 1604. It formed a large volume, printed sometimes in folio and sometimes in quarto, and its contents were sufficiently miscellaneous. All the astronomical or astrological tables and other matters of the common almanacs were included, and some of these were embodied in ingenious memorial verses, and accompanied with sage moralizations. In addition to these, much information was given on the subject of diet, medicine, surgical operations, &c., for each particular season, and on the signs or planets under which it was good to travel, as well as on the qualities of persons born under these different signs and planetary conjunctions, and their fortunes and destinies. It was, in fact, essentially a family-book according to the domestic sentiments of the age, and at the same time a book of moral and religious poetry. It contains also some practical experiments, such as the one which teaches a shepherd in the field at night how to find the hour. That the compiler was a man of eminently conservative principles, the following narrative will leave no room for doubt.

"The shepheards in a morning before the day, being in the fieldes, beheld the firmament that was fixed full of starres, one amongs the other saide to his fellow, I demaunde of thee how many starres be on the twelve parts of the zodiake, that is, under one signe onely. The other shepheard answered and saide, Let be

found a peece of lande in a plaine countrie, as upon the plaine of Salisbury [it is evident the writer had never seen Salisbury Plain, when he imagined it to be a level], and that the saide peece of land be .xl. miles long and xxiiij. miles broad. After that, take great long nails with great long heads, as the nailles be that are made for carte wheeles, as many as shall suffice for the sayd peece of land, and let the sayd nailles be stricken unto the heads in the saide peece of lande, foure fingers distant one from another, till that the peece of land be covered over from one side to the other: I say that there be as many starres contained under one signe only as there should be nails stickt in the foresaid peece of lande, and there is as many under each of the other, and to the equipolent by the other places of the firmament. The firste shepherde demaunded, How wilt thou prove it? The second answered and sayd, that no man is bound nor tied to prove thinges unpossible, and that it ought to suffice for shepherds touching this matter to beleve simply without overmuch inquire of that their predecessors shepherds have saide before."

And the rubric adds, "Thus endeth the astrologie of shepherdes."

The combination of the ecclesiastical calendar with the astrological almanac laid the substantial foundation of our modern almanacs, but there was one element still to introduce, the prognostications of events. Such prognostications could not be conveniently introduced into *perpetual* almanacs, for almanacs for the current year only had hardly yet come into use; and, as long as the almanacs were considered as being the literature of shepherds, prognostications of political events did not seem to concern them. But the time for adopting them was now approaching.

Society was in that state of transition between the mediæval past and the peculiarly dark and mysterious future, when nothing seemed stable or certain, while the world was agitated by new sentiments and wants. It was an age especially favourable to the astrologer and to the diviner. Prophecies and prognostications of political events were multiplied to an extraordinary degree. At first they were published at no regular intervals, but came out when the spirit moved the prophet; but they soon took a more systematic shape, and people published annual books of prognostications, which sometimes professed to tell all that

was to happen during each successive month of the following year. During the social revolutions of the sixteenth century, such books were extremely numerous on the Continent, where they enjoyed so much credit that the great political leaders often kept their private astrologers to assist in their councils. Nevertheless, the spirit of incredulity was making perhaps greater strides than that of wisdom, and this spirit of prophecy met with many scoffers who treated it with derision. By the side of the prophetic annuals, multitudes of satirical and burlesque books of prognostications, witty and sarcastic parodies on the pretensions of the astrologers, made their appearance.

Fortunately for England the great agitation of the Continent was felt but slightly here, although anxiously watched by our statesmen, and consequently those books of prognostications had little vogue with us. The lower class of astrologers and fortune-tellers appear to have been abundant; but there was not much encouragement in England for the higher practitioners in the science during the greater part of the sixteenth century, nor were their prognostications as yet united with the almanacs. The latter continued for some time to be issued in the same shape as before printing was invented; and there is preserved in the Pepysian Library a folding almanac printed on vellum by Wynkyn de Worde in 1523. This form, however, was soon changed for that of a small book, as affording space for a greater variety of information; for the purchasers were not satisfied without a considerable amount of the old superstitious lore on medicine and diet proper for certain seasons, and on the good and bad days for their undertakings, and of prognostications on the weather and other miscellaneous subjects. The taste for such information was so general in the time of Henry VIII., that that monarch judged it necessary to issue a proclamation against such prognostications. It seems to have been about the middle of the sixteenth century when in England the political prognos-

tifications began to be joined with the almanacs. The first English publication of this description known was printed in London, bears the date of 1550, and is entitled, "A Prognossication and an Almanack fastened together." This book, as announced on the title, declared, for the year just mentioned, "the dispoission of the people and also of the wether, with certain electyons and tymes chosen both for phisike and surgerye, and for the husbandman, and also for hawekyng, huntynge, fishyng, and foulunge, according to the science of astronomy." The "prognossication," which follows the almanac with a separate title, as was usually the case with the English almanacs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is stated to have been "calculated upon the merydyan of the towne of Anwarpe and the countrie try thereabout, by Master Peter of Moorbeeke, doctour in physicke of the same towne, whereunto is added the judgment of M. Cornelius Schute, doctour in physicke of the towne of Bruges in Flanders, upon and concerning the disposicion, estate, and condicion of certaine prynces, countreys, and regions, for the present yere, gathered oute of his prognossication for the same yere; translated of Duch into Englyshe by William Harrys." In fact, our English books of prognostications, and much of the almanacs also, were at this time taken from those printed on the Continent, especially in the Netherlands and Germany; as those printed in France would not in the same degree suit English politics, and these publications had already begun to be used with a political aim.

The first representative of the continental astrology in England was Dr. Dee, who laboured, as far as his judgment (which was not of a high order) allowed him, to reform and improve the English almanacs. He had, however, been preceded as an English prognosticator by a man of considerable learning in the mathematics of that age, Leonard Digges, who, in 1553, began publishing

"a prognostication everlasting of right good effects," in which he professed to enable people to "judge the weather," and also to foretell "plentie, lacke, signes, dearth, warres," &c. The publication of this "prognostication" was continued by Leonard Digges, and his son Thomas, until early in the seventeenth century, at which time the almanac-makers were becoming more numerous, and the almanacs had become so important a part of the publishing trade, that James I. granted the monopoly of them to the Company of Stationers and the two Universities. It has been stated that the Universities sold their shares of the privilege to the Company; but this can hardly be true in regard to Cambridge, at least, for it is in Winder's Almanac for 1636, printed at Cambridge, that we first find the now well-known popular memorial verses, differing only slightly in the wording:—

"April, June, and September,
Thirty daies have, as November;
Ech month else doth never vary
From thirty-one, save February;
Which twenty-eight doth still confine,
Save on leap-year, then twenty-nine."

Among the English almanac compilers and prognosticators of this early period, those who enjoyed most celebrity were John Booker, John Gadbury, George Wharton, and William Hodges; none of whom appear to have been men of much education. Booker, who had been a haberdasher, and, not liking his trade, had turned schoolmaster, first published his almanac, which he called "Telescopium Uranicum," in 1630, and gained great reputation by a successful prognostication in 1632. In his almanac each month occupies two pages, and contains the usual matter of the calendar, with rather minute predictions of the weather, and a full amount of astrological prognostications, written in a pompous and pedantic style.

Hitherto the prognostications appear to have had no great influence, and the almanacs had chiefly administered to the same wants which had previously called for them. The prophetic matter was, perhaps, taken rather as a matter of

amusement than as anything in which people might trust. But England's quiet was now passing away, and troublous times approached when the prognosticator was destined to assume a new importance, by becoming a powerful and active political agent. Each almanac-maker chose his party, and predicted nothing but success for it, until it was so evidently falling, that he found it prudent to take the other side, and prophesy for the party which was gaining. At the beginning of the civil war, Wharton and Hodges, and apparently most of the others, were staunch royalists. Booker was, no doubt, a Roundhead, for the Long Parliament gave him the office of "Licencer of Mathematical Books," under which the almanacs and prognostications were included. Hodges, as Lilly tells us, in the amusing gossip of his autobiography, "was a great royalist, but *could never hit anything right* for that party, though he much desired it." Lilly himself, who was now just coming into fame, was a royalist at first, but he was, perhaps, not much more successful; for he seems to have been looked upon with little regard by the other prognosticators on the same side, who possibly thought him wanting in zeal. Wharton, *alias* Naworth, in his almanac for 1645, went so far as to speak of "an impudent senseless fellow, and, by name, William Lilly," which, as might be supposed, was highly resented by the latter. "Before that time," Lilly tells us, "I was more Cavalier than Roundhead, and so taken notice of; but after that, I engaged body and soul in the cause of Parliament." At the same time his opinion of the talents of Booker rose considerably; and in the almanac which he was then bringing out, entitled sometimes "Merlinus Anglicus," and sometimes "Merlini Anglici Ephemeris," "to vindicate my reputation, and to cry quittance with Naworth," as he tells us, he foretold the battle of Naseby—at least, he prognosticated, "about June," that "if now we fight, victory stealeth upon us;" and everybody knows that, in June, 1647, victory did effectually "steal upon" the triumphant Parliamen-

tarians. This piece of fortune, however, did not save Lilly from the displeasure of the Parliament, and he was arrested and carried before the Committee of Examination, from which he escaped, through the blunders of his accusers, and the influence of his friends. From this time he appears to have enjoyed the warm patronage of many of those in power who looked forward to a change.

The Presbyterians cried down both the science of astrology and the prognostications founded upon it, and thus Lilly was naturally the enemy of the Presbyterians; they, therefore, were the authors of most of his persecutions. In 1650 and 1651, came the struggle between the Presbyterians and the Independents, the latter identifying themselves with the army; and Lilly, who was evidently acquainted with many of the designs of the latter body, "of which," he says, "I would never, but in generals, give any knowledge unto any Parliament man," appears to have been patronized by Cromwell, and to have been active in his service. In the former year, he prognosticated "that the Parliament should not continue, but a new government should arise;" and, in 1651, "upon rational grounds in astrology," he "was so bold as to aver," in his almanac, "that the Parliament stood upon a tottering foundation, and that the commonalty and soldiery would join together against them." This last paragraph produced considerable sensation, and Lilly was again dragged before a Committee of the House of Commons; but he had cancelled the leaf containing the objectionable passages, and thus, producing a copy of his almanac in which they were not to be found, disowned the other, declaring it to be the forgery of an enemy. One of his friends on the Committee alleged on this occasion the services he had rendered to the State. "You do not know the many services this man hath done for the Parliament these many years, or how many times in our greatest distresses, we applying unto him, he hath refreshed our languishing expectations; he never failed us of comfort in our most unhappy dis-

tresses. I assure you his writings have kept up the spirits both of the soldiery, the honest people of this nation, and many of us Parliament men; and now, at last, for a slip of his pen (if it were his), to be thus violent against him, I must tell you, I fear the consequence urged out of the book will prove effectually true. It is my counsel to admonish him hereafter to be more wary, and for the present to dismiss him." This time, also, Lilly escaped, but it was only through the personal interference of Cromwell. "In Oliver's protectorship," he says, "I wrote freely and satirically enough; he was now become Independent, and all the soldiery my friends; for when he was in Scotland, the day of one of their fights, a soldier stood with 'Anglicus' in his hand, and as the several troops passed by him, 'Lo! hear what Lilly saith; you are in this month promised victory; fight it out, brave boys!' and then read that month's prediction."

When the period of the Restoration approached, Lilly again contrived to be on the safe side. From the anecdotes he tells us, it would appear that the almanacs were not then always printed before the year began, but that they were sometimes held back at the convenience of the compiler; and Lilly, probably when the event could no longer be doubted, prophesied the restoration of the house of Stuart. He thus escaped the dangers of that period, and "Merlinus Anglicus" continued to flourish among its contemporaries. It became intensely loyal. But almanacs seem now to have received little encouragement from the state, and therefore they lost their political standing, and with it their political character, though the Commonwealth time had stamped a physiognomy upon them which they were long in getting rid of. William Lilly died an old man, in 1681.

As the almanacs lost their individual importance—the monopoly they had gained by the circumstances of the times—they began to increase rapidly in number, nor did the popular taste for their prognostications diminish. A vo-

lume of almanacs for the year 1640, before the civil war had set in, contains the publications of Langley, Piers, Dade, Swallow, Sofford, Rivers, Fallows, Woodhouse, White, and Ashwell. Of these nine were printed by the Company of Stationers, and one (Swallow) by the university of Cambridge. The usual title (including Langley, Piers, Dade, Sofford, Woodhouse, and White) was, "A new Almanack and Prognostication;" those by Swallow, Rivers, and Fallows, are entitled simply, "An Almanack;" while Ashwell assumed the title of "A new Almanac." It was the great prognosticators who introduced the quaint titles by which the almanacs were known at a later period. Three of these compilers describe themselves as Philomaths or Philomathists; one (Fallows) translates the word into English, and calls himself "A Lover of the Arts Mathematicall;" two (Piers and Rivers) are "Students in Mathematics;" White is "A Well-willer to the Mathematics;" and Dade is simply a "Gent." They were designed severally to serve for different parts of the kingdom. Thus Langley's was "Rectified and referred to the meridian of the famous mayor town of Shrewsbury;" Piers was calculated for the meridian of Durham; Swallow and Rivers, for that of Cambridge; Fallows, for that of Derby; Woodhouse, for that of Chichester; Ashwell, for that of Ongar in Essex; Dade, Sofford, and White, for that of London. They contain chiefly such matter as was considered useful to the individuals among whom they circulated. Langley, perhaps the most complete, gives, in the introductory pages, lists of the moveable feasts of the year, the terms, kings' reigns, tables of interest "after 8 in the hundred," and an engraving of the man of signs. Each month occupies two pages, one of which is left blank for notes, and the other contains, besides the days, saints for each day, &c. directions for things to be done in agriculture and gardening, and in the household, and for health and diet. A table of memorable events follows, and then come prognostications, in very general terms, for the four quarters of the

year, chiefly relating to weather and husbandry, and "Astronomical directions for physicke, &c." The almanac concludes with some matters of common utility, such as tables of expenses (a sort of brief ready reckoner), and of measures. The other almanacs of this date differ chiefly in this miscellaneous part, some of them containing lists of roads and fairs, others tide-tables, but very few prognostications of political or other events. The agricultural rules are still influenced by the superstitious notions of the middle ages; and thus, we are directed in Sofford's almanac—

"Fell timber for building towards and in the last quarter."

"Kill fat swine for bacon about full moone."

"Sheere sheepe in the increase of the moon."

And in Fallowes'—

"Gather apples, peares, &c. neare the full moone in dry weather."

"Sow cabbages . . . in the waine of the moone, and replant them in the decrease."

We have also before us a volume of almanacs for the year 1684, in which, supposing these volumes to contain a tolerably complete set of those published in the year (which can hardly be the case for 1640), the number is increased from ten to twenty-nine. They now bore the names of Lilly (still apparently one of the most popular), Gadbury, Dade, the Protestant Almanack (full of violent anti-popery), Streete, Swallow, Coley, Hill, Rose, Fly, Coelson, Trigge, Andrewes, Fowle, Salmon, White, Swan, Woodhouse, Culpepper, Partridge, Wing, Pond, Dove, Tanner, Bowker, Woodward, Perkins, Saunders, and Poor Robin. Of these, by far the greater number were published by the Stationers, six only—Swallow, Swan, Culpepper, Wing, Pond, and Dove—having issued from the Cambridge Press. A few others, such as Bird, Whiting, and Harrison, had sprung into existence, and perhaps died for want of encouragement during the intervening period. All these almanac compilers had adopted the practice of giving pretentious titles to their books. Coley's almanac was "The Starry Messenger;" Andrewes's, "News from the Stars;" Tanner's, "Angelus Britan-

nicus;" Fowle's, "Speculum Uranicum;" Harrison's, "Siderum Secreta;" and so on. They continued to be calculated for the meridians of different towns; as, Pond's for that of Saffron Walden, Tanner's for that of Amersham, Bucks, and Fly's for that of King's Lynn. This circumstance may partly account for their increase in number.

The first and most natural want of people engaged in the operations of agriculture, and, indeed, in almost all the occupations of life, was a foreknowledge of the weather, and this appears at first sight the knowledge most easy to be obtained. A habit of comparing certain natural occurrences or conditions with others which followed them, led to judgments which formed at all times the practical knowledge of the shepherd or the navigator, and which seldom failed; but when the astrologers came in, they brought new doctrines, by which they professed to be able to calculate the minute changes of the weather for any distant periods. These calculations depended on the assumption of certain influences of heavenly bodies, which are not allowed by accurate science, and were, in truth, less worth than the knowledge of the shepherd or seaman. It is curious, moreover, that the earlier prognosticators of the weather, as if conscious of the weakness of their pretensions, rarely descended to particulars, but contented themselves with giving general remarks, conditional rules, or probabilities. Thus, taking up the almanacs for the year 1701, Andrewes ventures to predict of the month of January, "The weather in this month will be suitable for the season, and very moderate." The numerous almanacs which had now come into popularity frequently differed with one another in their views of the weather; yet, as they all worked upon one system of calculation, there could not fail to be a great degree of general uniformity, and sometimes they made remarkable hits, as weather predictors have done in more recent times.

The older notion, that particular days and particular periods of the moon, or

positions of the planets, were good or bad for taking medicine, or performing surgical operations, or required particular diet, continued to prevail, though it was rapidly sinking before the advance of true medical science. An almanac of the year 1689, by John Harrison, who styles himself "Studio-Philo-Astera-Med." and delighted in turning his warnings into rhyme, advises his readers on the 23rd of February—

"To bleed be not yet too free,
And in physick sparing be."

This prognosticator also remarks on several days during the course of the year, "You may take physick, but neither marry nor lend;" and the same almanac gives a list of certain days, namely: May 7, 20, September 27, 30, November 13, 23, to which the following recommendation is attached:—"Converse with old men, "enterprize war, build, buy cattel, "voyage, but seek not the love of "women, nor marry." This was but a return to the old superstition of the goodness and badness of days so deeply rooted in our race, and which had lingered longest in regard to days favourable for the birth of children, or for marriages. It was hardly extinguished at the end of the last century. Coley, "student in mathematics and coelestial sciences," in his almanac, to which he gives the flaming title of, "The Starry Messenger," marks the good and bad days in each month, "according to the moon's aspects;" and, although these also were no doubt intended for serious warnings, they are so truly ridiculous that they might easily be taken for a joke. Here are a few examples, taken at random, from Coley, for 1689—

- Jan. 11. "Consult an old friend."
- 23. "Good in love matters."
- 28. "Leave off courtship."
- Feb. 5. "A time of caution."
- 7. "Like a chip in porrage."
- 8. "Much more hopeful."
- 22. "Now act thy pleasure."
- 24. "It will not cotton."
- Mar. 22. "Now put on thy considering cap."
- April 1. "Moderately hopeful."
- May 24. "Beware of the halter."
- Sept. 4. "Good for matrimony."

Happily, such trash as this has long ceased to disfigure our almanacs; and the tone of these extracts shows that even at that date it no longer commanded any respect. Some of the almanac-makers were already rejecting the superstitious matter, and introducing instead several classes of more useful information, such as tables of weights and measures and of interest, scraps of popular science, and family receipts. It was about this time, too, that some of them began to mark the anniversary days of remarkable public events. One of the first who adopted this improvement was John Tanner; and, in his almanac for 1689, which we have in our hand, these anniversaries and the prognostications of weather are given in columns side by side, so imperfectly separated that they betray us constantly into cross readings, in which human actions and weather get strangely mixed, and which must have produced a ludicrous effect upon contemporaries. The following examples are taken at random—

Jan. 4. "King Charles II. crown'd at Schoon in Scotland—blustering extreme."

— 9. "King Charles the first left London—clouds threaten."

April 3. "Peace concluded with the Dutch—pleasant weather."

— 4. "His majesties (James II.) gracious declaration of liberty of conscience—fair, yet some clouds."

— 11. "Myles Syndercomb staked on Tower Hill (1656)—with a moist air."

— 20. "The Long Parliam. turn'd out by the army—pleasant and seasonable."

— 29. "The famous Montrose routed—and turbulent at the end."

May 8. "Last long parliament began—thunderlike, &c."

— 20. "Oxford treaty began—windy."

June 30. "Cropredy Bridge fight—cloudy and warm."

For a long time after the Restoration, however, the part of the almanac which many considered most important continued to be the political prognostications, and these long held their ground against criticism and satire.

Improvement was slow, and at first of a very doubtful character. At the beginning of the last century, Francis

Moore made his appearance with his celebrated "Vox Stellarum," which, though only an imitation of the best of the almanacs which had preceded, actually remained in repute until the abolition of the monopoly of publishing almanacs at length led to their reform. Moore, like his contemporaries of the same class, made a parade of astrological learning, and clothed predictions of matters of trifling importance in grand and mysterious language. The following examples are from his almanac for 1701—

May. "Jove now beholds Venus with an angry square, which denotes sorrow, affliction, and much trouble, if not death, to an eminent lady."

July. "This month is usher'd in with a conjunction of the Sun and Mars, which will not pass over without some notable signification, perhaps a deserving martial man advanc'd by his prince; or something like it will be manifested; but the opposition of Jupiter and Mercury may cause some young clerk to be degraded, if not turn'd out of place (!)"

The almanac-makers had formerly boasted of being mathematicians; they had next proclaimed themselves astrologers and physicians; but they had now sunk into quack-doctors, who made their ephemerals an advertising medium for their medicines. Francis Moore describes himself as a "licens'd physician and student in astrology," two professions which were, in the seventeenth century, easily reconciled; and he was, in fact, a medical man practising chiefly, we believe, in Westminster. Many of the other almanac-makers of that age were of the same profession.

If the prognosticators, after the time of the Commonwealth, were cautious enough to avoid any serious mistakes of wrong predictions, they committed some great errors of omission, which ought to have convinced people of the imposture. For one example—William of Nassau left Holland to overthrow the throne of James II. at the beginning of November, 1688. We will not examine if any such event was foreseen in the almanacs for that year, but we will look at those for the year following; and we may remark, that this examination will prove that, if in the

days of the Commonwealth the date of the publication of the almanacs appears to have been irregular, they were now printed and sold in the autumn of the year preceding that for which they were designed, as at the present day. Although some of the almanacs for the year 1689 allude slightly to anticipations of rebellion, which everybody, at the time they were printed, must have felt, not one of them intimates the slightest foresight of a revolution; but all of them proclaim their loyalty in doggerel verses, such as these from Coley, who writes in the full spirit of passive obedience—

"Kings are by God appointed for to sway
The sword, and make rebellious men obey.
Those who oppose them show themselves to
be

Traytors to Heaven and to Majesty."

These lines are followed by a vow for "James our King." So Culpepper Revived, also a Cambridge almanac—

"A race of glorious monarchs here are shown,
From whom great James derives his happy
throne.

Equal to all their virtues he appears,
And may he all of them exceed in years.
Obedient loving subjects may he find,
As he to them is always just and kind."

Yet within probably not much more than a month after these extra-loyal verses were printed, "great James" was a wretched fugitive from his "happy throne." It may be said that, even had the prognosticators been able to announce the approaching revolution, it would have been dangerous to make their knowledge public; but let us go on to another event, where no such danger existed. Queen Anne died on the 1st of August, 1714, and her death was followed by the accession of the house of Hanover to the throne, contrary to the expectation of a large portion of the people of England. Not a single almanac for that year expresses the slightest anticipation of any change in the government, much less in the dynasty.

It may be added that similarly, in the prognostications of the almanacs for the year 1789, we meet with no intimation of the imminence of the great revolution in France.

Ridicule is likely to prevail sooner than reason against such pretensions to wisdom and knowledge as were put forward in the almanacs of the latter half of the seventeenth century, and these did not escape the attention of the scoffers and satirists of the reign of the merry monarch. Some of these, in 1662, assumed collectively the name of Poor Robin, and produced an almanac, the very title of which was a running parody and satire on those of the astrologers and "physicians." The first Poor Robin which appeared was for the year 1663. On the title of the one now before us, which is for the year 1667, it is called, "An Almanack after a new fashion," and professes to contain a "two-fold kalender, viz. the Julian, or "English, and the Roundheads, or Fanaticks;" to be "written by Poor Robin, knight of the Burnt Island, and "a well-willer to the Mathematicks;" and to be "calculated for the Meridian "of Saffron Walden, where the may-pole "is elevated (with a plumm-cake on the "top of it) 5 yards $\frac{3}{4}$ above the Market-Cross." Poor Robin's Almanac was a spirited *jeu d'esprit*, containing, with the more useful part of ordinary almanacs, a continuous burlesque on the useless and worse-than-useless matter with which they were usually filled. It commenced with a table of the beginnings and endings of the law-terms, to which, in that for 1667, the following lines are attached;—they show the want of true gallantry towards the female sex which characterised the age of Charles II. :—

"Lawyers and women, like to bells that jangle,
Their tongues are always given to strife and wrangle;
But herein the comparison is scant,
The bells are hang'd, the others hanging want."

These are followed by tables of the kings' reigns, of interest at *six* per cent. (it had fallen since 1640), and of chronology, the latter in rhymes and in burlesque. Each month occupies, as was now common with all the almanacs, two pages, on one of which the observations are in verse, on the other in prose; and, while on the first page the usual column contains the names of saints commemo-

rated on each day, the other has a column of what are called in some years "sinners," and are given as the saints of the Roundheads. These consist of such names as Cesar Borgia, Scoggin, Moll Cutpurse, Phæbon, Harry Martin, Knave of Clubs, Robin Hood, Mother Bunch, George à Green, Jack Cade, and Friar Bacon. Directions for diet, &c., and prognostications are given equally in burlesque with the "observations." The prognostications, especially, are introduced with a mock solemnity which forms an admirable parody on the cautious and equivocal, though arrogant, language of the veritable astrologer. Thus, for the year 1667, we are told,—

"Jupiter, being lord of the ascendant, foretells great plenty of mackrels in May; and Venus in the fiery trigon, denotes a dry summer, if we have no rain." "Generally there shall be a great inclination for fingering of money amongst all sorts of people all the year long."

And for—

1684. December. "Saturn and Mercury are in conjunction with Venus, and meet every night at a club to invent mischief; therefore it is ten to one if some shops be not broke open before they part."

1684. Summer. "Now the weather being hot, shall cause men to drink more than they eat, a great many people being of the same humour with a man at Beardon, in Essex, who was of four trades, whereof one trade would easily find him with victuals, but the other three would hardly do it in drink."

1701. "There is likely to be very strong ale and beer brew'd this year, if scarcity of malt and superfluity of water do not spoil it."

The subjects of seasonable diet and medicine are treated similarly :—

1667. March. "'Tis very dangerous for poor people to feed altogether upon partridge, pheasant, and quail, for fear of getting a surfeit; bread and cheese, or a red herring, will be more proper for the season."

1669. October. "Mercury being in a square angle with Venus, it will be very seasonable to par eyour nails, if they be too long."

Nor do the weather predictions escape, of which the following may be quoted as examples :—

1669. February. "This month we are likely to have either fair or foul weather, or both."

1675. January. "Cold weather now in Greenland." March. "High winds among the oyster-wives at Billingsgate."

The following sample of burlesque household receipts is curious, because it was published at a time when tea-drinking was still almost a novelty:—

1723. "*How to make tea.* Take a little good fresh hay (you may find by the smell which is best), cut it so as that it may stow quietly in the tea-pot without peeping out of the top; and yet not so much as to come through the holes of the pipe; put it in the tea-pot, and put boyling water to it, and let it stand till it has the taste and colour of tea, and then it is ready for drinking; it may be served up with sugar and cream as everybody likes it."

Poor Robin continued his career during the last century; but soon after the middle of it he was evidently sinking in spirits, and no doubt in circulation. His work, however, was done; and this continued satire contributed no doubt more than anything else to destroy the taste for ephemeral prognostications. The almanac had lost its influence on English society, and could no longer be looked upon as an indicator of social condition or feeling.

HOMELESS.

JESSIE, as I came home to day, I saw
That crippled man upon the flags, we have
So often seen—who moves our pity so.
I watched him crawl along the sunny street
Through heedless crowds, until he reached the place
Where crossings meet; and there he flung aside
His strong companions, those two crutches worn,
And sat him down upon the stones and gazed—
And gazed and gazed. Then, Jessie, all my tears
Rose to my eyes, and in the street I wept
So, I could hardly speak for weeping; but
I came close up to him and paused and said:
"Oh! I could break my heart against these stones
To see you thus. I'd give my limbs to be
Utterly brok'n and torn, if only by
My breaking I could give you perfectness!"
He smiled at me, and stared with eyes—Oh! not
Like eyes that I once saw, whose grief had plucked
Majesty from despair—his had a strange
Ignorant calm, more full of peace than pain:
Jessie, he is not sorry to lie there;
He never weeps as I wept for him then!
He finds contentment in the gaudy street;
Music in carriage wheels; a houseless home
Among the people; rest in their unrest.
I turned away; but, looking once again,
Saw how the sun rained fire upon his head.
The wan face drooped on the half-covered breast—
His eyelids closed. I thought that he was dead.
He was but sleeping—velvet-footed Sleep,
Threading his way amid the crowds and din,
Had taken him tenderly and laid him in
The cradle quietness. Stretched on the ground
I left *him* without weeping, who had found
Infinite pity above him and around.

VINCENZO ; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A PILOT IN A TROUBLED SEA.

PRUDENCE, or no prudence, Vincenzo wrote what was a hymn of thanks to Miss Rose, in which he awarded her the palm over Arachne—an expression which greatly puzzled the girl, who had never been taught mythology, and her father, who had forgotten it, and had to look in his cyclopædia for an elucidation. Of himself and his prospects Vincenzo said as little as he decently could—that he was well and happy, as happy as he could be separated from his kind benefactor and young mistress, and that he hoped to give them both some satisfaction before long. This letter he discreetly inclosed in one to the Signor Avvocato, as he had done on the occasion of his enlisting for the war. In that to his godfather, among other topics, he touched for the first time upon the subject of his wardrobe. This was of the simplest : consisting, in fact, of the black suit made at Ibella, and which, whether as to cut or material, was not much to boast of ; of three shirts, and a couple or so of white handkerchiefs, hitherto only used when he went to pay his yearly visit to the palace for St. Urban's *fête*, and which, for the reasons we know, had remained there. Now, the arrival of the beautiful linen shirts had made him feel the desirableness of some articles of outward apparel more in unison with Miss Rose's gift ; in other words, the fine shirts had been the occasion of developing for the first time in our young hero that wish so natural to his age, of looking his best. Moved, then, by this desire, Vincenzo submitted for his godfather's approval a very modest list of the clothes he should like to have, putting forward in favour of his

request that one of the benefits resulting from the possession of these other garments would be to spare the black suit, and thus keep it in good condition for the examination.

Nor was it to the first tailor that came in his way that Vincenzo, on receiving the Signor Avvocato's permission, gave his orders, but to one recommended by his fellow-boarder, the notary's clerk, whose black surtout, with velvet collar, had greatly captivated his fancy. And, when the happy moment at last arrived to put on this new town-made attire, it was not without a decided feeling of self-complacency that Vincenzo saw his renovated self in the looking-glass, and enjoyed in anticipation Miss Rose's surprise at the metamorphosis in his appearance. At any rate, this little and very excusable fit of vanity did not slacken his ardour for study, nor at all interfere with his habits of retirement. It was in Miss Rose's eyes alone that Vincenzo wished to appear to advantage ; for what the rest of the world might think of his person, he did not care a straw. Lucky that it was so ; for never had Vincenzo needed the free and entire disposal of all his energies and time so much as at this moment. The opening of the university had, in fact, doubled his task. Let us explain how. For the accommodation of those students who had volunteered for the war, and who had, in consequence, been debarred from preparing for their examinations—and there were a good many in this predicament—a special provision of the Minister of Instruction not only prolonged to the end of the year the legal term for their going up for examination, but also empowered them to follow at the same time the lectures of the class above them, so that, if successful in passing, they should have lost no time by their patriotism. The benefit of

this privilege was now, thanks to Signor Onofrio, extended to Vincenzo, who thus had to read for his degree, and also to attend the lectures incumbent on students of the first year of law. Hard work as ever was ; and it was only an inflexible will that could have carried him victoriously through it, especially if we take into account the heated and noisy medium amid which it had to be accomplished.

Political passions ran high every where at this epoch, and nowhere so high as among the young bachelors of the university. The party of action, secretly favoured by the king, was evidently in the ascendant ; the cry for a "Gioberti Cabinet" grew louder and louder from the youths of the capital. The students, believing war to be imminent, were already organizing themselves militarily ; and many and tempting were the solicitations to which Vincenzo had to turn a deaf ear, and great the force of resistance he had to exert. But Signor Onofrio's earnest counsels on the one side, and, on the other, the lad's own desire not to disappoint his godfather's expectations, or show himself unworthy of that godfather's kindness, kept him steady in the path traced out for him.

Vincenzo's examination was fixed for a day in the beginning of December, and he and Signor Onofrio, about four in the afternoon of the day previous, were sauntering arm in arm down the Via San Francesco di Paola, towards the Via Po, in which the university is situated ; when, as they neared the Hotel Feder, where Gioberti had apartments, they descried a great multitude coming towards them, headed by men carrying tricolour flags, and shouting, "Long live Gioberti !"

"Here is a demonstration bent on destroying the prestige of one of the finest names that Italy can boast," exclaimed Signor Onofrio, drawing up close to the wall to let the procession pass.

"How so, when they are precisely acclaiming that name ?" asked Vincenzo.

"The louder the acclamations of it

now," replied Onofrio, "the greater will be the disappointment when its owner is seen at work. Rarely do minds addicted to lofty philosophical speculations possess that practical insight into men and things which makes the efficient statesman."

Signor Onofrio was too entirely of the practical school himself not to underrate Gioberti, on account of his Utopia of an Italy renovated through and by the Pope.

A tall long-bearded young man, with one of the finest and most melancholy faces imaginable, led the advancing column, tossing high the banner in his hand, and shouting with all his might. Signor Onofrio, by dint of frantic gesticulations and loud calls, succeeded at length in attracting the flag-bearer's attention, who, on recognising Signor Onofrio, forced his way to him.

"*Et tu quoque, Brute,*" said Signor Onofrio to him ; "as if thou didst not know the man thou art shouting for !"

"I know him and shout for him," was the handsome stranger's reply. "We want a name, and he has one. Diplomacy has left us no choice between an act of madness or an act of cowardice, and I, for my part, prefer the first ;" and so saying he roared again, "*Viva Gioberti !*"

"There's truth in what he states," sighed Signor Onofrio. "England and France, the mediating powers between us and Austria, with more of resemblance to the gods of Olympus than to Cato, side with the conquering cause, and abandon us to the tender mercies of our foes."

The street was now entirely blocked up by the demonstration, and the cries for Gioberti waxed louder and louder. Gioberti at last showed himself in the balcony of the hotel, and addressed the crowd. The thin thread of voice in which he did so was in striking contrast to the orator's tall large person and powerful blond head. His eloquence, fluent, classic in form, wanted strength and nerve.

"*Verba, verba, prateræque nihil,*" was Signor Onofrio's definition of it.

Such as it was, however, it had an immense success with his audience, who cheered him heartily, and afterwards dispersed peacefully at his bidding. This demonstration gave the death-blow to the existing Cabinet. Gioberti was summoned on the morrow by the king, and had the mission of forming a new ministry confided to him.

"What are you going to do now?" inquired Signor Onofrio of Vincenzo that same evening.

"To work till break of day," answered the student.

"No, no; that will never do," declared Signor Onofrio. "You have read far into the night for more than a week, and now you are worn out. A few hours' more work at this moment will add nothing to your knowledge, but rather prevent your being clear-headed to-morrow. You require some amusement strong enough to keep you from thinking of your examination. Have you ever been to the theatre?"

"Never."

"Then it's the very thing for you. We'll go."

They went to the Sutura Theatre, under the porticoes of Via Po, where, for the sum of fourpence, they secured comfortable places in the pit, and three hours and a half of music by one of the first masters, very tolerably executed. The opera was one of Paer's, the "*Piabella perduta nella neve*." A good opera buffa, for being long out of fashion, does not become less amusing and effective. Vincenzo laughed to his heart's content, and forgot both university and impending examination. This was exactly what Signor Onofrio had aimed at. Vincenzo slept like a top all night, and got up in a frame of body which made his mind equal to any ordeal. He passed most successfully, and he would not have exchanged his lot for that of the mightiest monarch when, at the end of the third day (the examination lasted three days), he could sit down to his desk and write:

"I have passed, and with praise. I do not lose a moment in communicating this news; which will, I am sure, afford

you, my dear godfather and Miss Rose and Barnaby, indeed, all my well-wishers, as much pleasure to hear as it gives me to tell. I must candidly acknowledge, however, that the happy result is far less owing to any merit of my own, than to the luckiest of chances which turned all the questions just upon those subjects in which I was best prepared. Except, perhaps, mathematics, in which, thanks to Signor Onofrio, I felt quite at home, and afraid of no surprise. And, speaking of Signor Onofrio, I don't know if he has written to you as he said he would, as to the remuneration he was to receive for the lessons he gave me. Should he not have done so, pray be so good as to take the matter in hand yourself. Signor Onofrio is far from rich, or, I ought perhaps to say, he is poor; and if, as I surmise, he declines money, he might nevertheless accept of some return in another shape. Excuse me, dear and honoured sir, for presuming, as it were, to intrude advice upon you, who know so much better what is right than I do; I only mean to remind you of what may have slipped your memory, and thus I trust you will excuse the liberty. In all cases, I beseech you to take it for granted that I have no greater desire than to please you. And now I will conclude, by wishing that all happiness may attend you and yours, and begging you to believe me always

"Your dutiful and affectionate godson,

VINCENZO.

P.S. I think that the study of law suits me very well; at least, I have come across none of the difficulties which made philosophy so irksome to me at the seminary. All I read I understand pretty well."

This letter brought a very kind one from the Signor Avvocato, who gave, with no grudging spirit, the praise Vincenzo so well deserved for his success, and for the modesty with which he had met it. The Signor Avvocato wrote back: "I have communicated your letter to Don Natale, the Marquis, and the Intendente of Ibella; I read

it aloud to all my household assembled expressly for that purpose, and I am commissioned by one and all to offer you their congratulations and affectionate remembrances. So you see that the end and aim of your residence in Turin is now made public, and you are relieved from the bond of secrecy which I exacted from you. I write by this same post to Signor Onofrio, to thank him for his great kindness to you, and to beg him to let me know the amount of my debt to him for your lessons. In case he should be unwilling to name the sum, I shall find means, nevertheless, in a round-about way, to give him no cause to regret the timely assistance he afforded you." The few lines at the bottom of the page, in Miss Rose's rather clumsy round-hand, sent a glow of pleasure through the innermost fibres of Vincenzo's heart. She wrote: "Barnaby sends you his love, and so do I; papa is so happy at your success, and very proud also, and, indeed, so is everybody. It seems a great while since you went away. I am longing for the holidays, to see you again. I always remember you in my morning and evening prayers. Do as much for me, for I hope you do say your prayers; don't you? Your affectionate

"ROSE."

Vincenzo cut off Miss Rose's postscriptum, and treasured that scrap of paper—she had never written to him before—as he would have done the autograph of some saint in heaven. The boy swam in a sea of bliss. He had the goodwill of all those for whose goodwill he cared, and the testimony of his own conscience, that he had done all in his power to deserve that goodwill. To finish with all that has reference to Vincenzo's first examination, let us note that, a fortnight after, a cart from the country left at Signor Francesco's house, directed to Signor Onofrio, a hamper of game, a Parmesan cheese, as big as an ordinary card-table, and two casks of wine, the lesser of the two full of ten years' old Nebbiolo. Such was the upshot of the negotiation

carried on lately by letter between the Signor Avvocato and Signor Onofrio.

Vincenzo's task, from the day of his having taken his degree, became comparatively light and easy, but the evenness of mind, indispensable to its steady continuance, was sadly interfered with by the pressure of external circumstances. Political affairs were fast hastening to a crisis, and great was the excitement throughout the country. The Gioberti Cabinet, now in power, had issued its programme, peaceful in form, bellicose in substance. According to it, the Government professed to be willing to treat of peace on honourable terms, but, rather than submit to such as were not so, it would resort to the dire arbitration of war. Now, the honourable terms alluded to by the Piedmontese Cabinet were those embodied in the Hummelyer Memorandum, and which Austria, elated by her recent successes in Italy and elsewhere, was no longer disposed to grant. Austria was eager for war; but too wily to take upon herself, in the face of the mediating powers, the odium and responsibility of an aggression. She did her utmost, through a well-contrived system of temporization and provocation, to goad the Piedmontese into madness, and in that succeeded only too well. Piedmont took the first step, attacked her enemy, and was defeated at Novara. Would she have better served the cause she advocated, by bowing to necessity and passing under the *caudina furcæ*? A doubt may be permitted. A man may get a licking and have a fine to pay, and yet not be a loser after all, if he comes out of the contest with a good character for pluck. Why should what is true of a man not be so of a nation?

The situation was supremely critical. Conquered, divided against itself, thrown suddenly into the hands of a young and inexperienced chief, with the enemy encamped within its frontier, the second city of the kingdom in open insurrection, Piedmont seemed a doomed prey to anarchy or despotism. Now was the moment for all stout hearts and hands to join in a desperate effort,

to keep the storm-tossed vessel from going to pieces on either of those rocks. To preserve order without endangering liberty was the problem those stout hearts had to solve ; and, to their glory be it said, they *did* solve it.

Onofrio was among those who worked the hardest to find this solution. He had constantly refused office, when office was comparatively an affair of honour and emolument ; he accepted it now that it was the post of danger and of unregarded thankless labour—the post dear to heroes, who disdain to be known as such. There are men, devoured by zeal for the public weal—men destined to die for its service.

Onofrio's was not the foremost, but the most laborious and responsible, place in one of the Secretaryships of State. Unfortunately for Vincenzo, what the country gained by this, he lost. It soon became a matter of physical impossibility for Signor Onofrio to continue a boarder in Signor Francesco's house. Not that the simplicity, nay, penury, of the establishment was, in his opinion, incompatible with his own new position. Though one of the principal functionaries of the Government, he was, to all intents and purposes, as simply and unostentatiously inclined, even as poor, as heretofore. But at Signor Francesco's there was an absolute want of space for the numerous visitors, whom it was part of Signor Onofrio's duties to receive in his official capacity. This it was that obliged him to shift his quarters to a more capacious abode, to the intense grief of his former pupil, and to the incredible distraction of Signor Francesco, who believed he had thus lost a golden opportunity of pressing for, and obtaining, the redress and damages he had been so long entitled to from the Jesuits.

The rest of that year continued tempestuous and pregnant with anxieties. Tranquillity out of doors, thanks to the moderation of the Government and to the common sense of the governed, was never put in jeopardy, it is true ; but the minds of men remained heated and disturbed. The Chamber of Deputies, con-

vened with the view of concluding with Austria a treaty of peace, become really indispensable, grew factious and unmanageable. This led to a dissolution and to a new appeal to the several constituencies, accompanied by an explanatory address from the throne to the electors. This last proceeding was accused of being unconstitutional, and so perhaps it was ; not the less, however, did it save the country. The loyalty and the reason of the constituencies were not appealed to in vain, and the majority of the members returned felt the necessity of getting out of the Provisionary, and settling the vexed question of the Peace.

Vincenzo, thanks to Signor Onofrio, who sent him tickets for the gallery of the Lower House, did not miss one of the debates on this topic of vital interest. His judgment formed and ripened apace under the influence of the contemporary events developing themselves before him, and also by contact with that superior mind which it had been his good fortune to come across. Though more rarely than before, he still had the incalculable benefit of intercourse with Signor Onofrio—still gathered knowledge from the stores of his rich experience. Signor Onofrio's chief effort as regarded Vincenzo was to put him on his guard against indiscriminate enthusiasm. "Youth," would he say, "is too apt to be swayed by sound and colour. However high and generous a purpose in itself, if not practically attainable, it cannot form the legitimate scope of a political man's aspirations and exertions. Of what avail descending on the convenience of flying, from the moment we are sensible it is a power out of our reach ? Of what avail evoking a political Beau-Ideal, in the face of the sad reality which surrounds and crushes us ? I say this in reference to —'s high-flown speech against the conclusion of peace. I agree with him, that it would be more agreeable to sign a peace at Vienna than at Milan, with Milan still in the gripe of Austria—pleasanter far to impose, than to accept of conditions. A wonderful discovery indeed ! But do a few sensation phrases

about Rome and Papirius, the Lombard League and the Barbarians, change our position from the conquered into that of conquerors? Do they do away with any of the dire necessities laid upon us? They do not; and yet you heard, perhaps joined in, the frantic applause from the gallery which followed those empty tirades. I remarked there were many students present; the greater the pity. Leave to the unreflecting, the thoughtless, such vain demonstrations of feeling. Acknowledge and endure the inevitable. Endurance has its grandeur and its uses. It fosters the native energies of the soul, and tempers it for high deeds, just as a coating of winter snow warms and fertilises the ground."

CHAPTER XXI.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS OF THE FIRST VACATION.

AT the expiration of the scholastic year, Vincenzo went to spend the vacation at the palace. This was the great reward he had looked forward to throughout the whole term, this was the Shibboleth he had whispered to himself in all his difficulties, this was the sign that had banished all his faintheartedness. And yet, golden as were the hues in which his imagination had revelled, the reality even surpassed his day dreams.

On alighting from the diligence, at Ibella, he found the Signor Avvocato, Rose, and Barnaby waiting for him at the coach office, and received from each and all of them as cordial a greeting as son or brother could have desired. The Signor Intendente himself presently joined them, and they all walked together to the intendenza, where the Signor Avvocato had left his carriage and horse. Vincenzo's progress through the streets was a positive triumph—strangers stopped and raised their hats, acquaintances shook hands eagerly, shopkeepers left their shops on gratulatory errands, or stared from their thresholds as if the bishop himself was passing. We need not explain that Vincenzo was known by sight to the immense major-

rity of the Ibellians, and that the fame of his brilliant examination had become a household topic in the little town. His modest demeanour and good looks also did much in his favour. No one had hitherto surmised he had in him the making of a very handsome young man—not even Rose; and no wonder; a three-cornered hat and a cassock would have been an effectual disguise even for an Antinous. Now that he had grown three inches taller, and that his well-proportioned figure was set off by a well-fitting coat—now that an abundant crop of dark brown hair, and a thick down on the upper lip, gave to the long delicate oval of his face both colour and relief—Vincenzo no more resembled his former self of a year ago than the butterfly does the chrysalis from which it has burst forth.

In one word, his success was complete. Was it as spontaneous and genuine as it was well deserved? Had the pomp and circumstance of his reception nothing to do with it? Would it have been the same had Vincenzo, instead of parading the streets in state, as we may say, walked along them with no other escort than the porter carrying his trunk? We cannot answer these questions; but this we can say for certain, that it was not haphazard which had directed the intendente's walk towards the office where the diligence stopped, but a wish to humour a whim of his friend the Signor Avvocato. Nor was it blind god or goddess Chance that had enticed to their doors most of the shopkeepers of the Regent Street of Ibella, but most positive information received through Barnaby on that very morning, to the effect that Signor Vincenzo was returning from Turin loaded with honours, and would pass through that same Regent Street, on his way to the intendenza, about noon, in company with the Signor Avvocato, the Signorina Rosa, and the Signor Intendente.

After all, it was an amiable weakness in the Signor Avvocato to make a fuss about a godson who had done so much credit lately to his patronage, and to try and prepossess public opinion in the

youth's favour, as the best way of answering the disparaging innuendos and false reports circulated by the black party of Vincenzo's failure in Turin, and consequent open rupture between him and his godfather. This black party was no longer the bugbear it once was to the Signor Avvocato ; the year had been so fruitful in gloomy anticipations, in predictions of catastrophes, belied by the events, that the fidgetty gentleman had ended by taking heart, and had nearly persuaded himself that old times would return no more.

We pass over the hearty welcome given to the student by his acquaintances of Rumelli, old Don Natale at their head, and also that he received from the household of the palace. The very field labourers of the estate flocked to shake hands with him, merrily reminding him of those few days when he had made one of their number. A little dinner party at the palace, which took place on the morrow, a Sunday, put the climax to the cordial demonstrations of affection of which Vincenzo was the object. Friendly Don Natale, who was of course one of the guests, inspired, as usual, by what he called old people's milk, viz. long-bottled Barbera and Nebbiolo (two famous Piedmontese growths), made a fellow speech to his famous one of seven years ago, that, as this, addressed to the same hero, *mutatis mutandis*. Don Natale hailed Vincenzo now as a future luminary of the bar, just as formerly he had prophesied he would become a shining light to the Church.

Life glided on smoothly and happily for Vincenzo. The Signor Avvocato treated him in every way as one of the family, with, perhaps, a new shade of respect. As for Rose, she had from the first moment resumed all her former intimacy and childlike intercourse with her old playmate ; only at her father's suggestion she ceased to speak to him in the familiar colloquial form of the second person of the singular, and adopted that of the second person of the plural. This substitution of the comparatively formal *you* for the inti-

mate *thou* was a little sorrow to Vincenzo, who, though an innovator in politics, was a staunch Conservative in all that pertained to sentiment. However, he was too reasonable not to feel the propriety of the change ; and then it was not Rose's own doing, but her father's — a reflection which took away much of the smart of the sting. Moreover, this loss was more than compensated for by a gain in another direction.

Vincenzo had not been without his apprehensions as to a repetition of the young lady's complaints and regrets about the profession he had renounced. Now, never once during their nearly endless colloquies did she so much as hint at the unpalatable topic. We say endless colloquies, because with the deduction of two, or at most three, hours, devoted daily by Vincenzo to his books and writing, he and Rose, whether in the house or out of it, were constantly together and generally alone. But, though this was all very pleasant, Vincenzo could not help noticing and taking umbrage, even from the discovering of his visit, at a novelty he discovered in the habits of life at the palace.

The Marquis and the Signor Avvocato drew better together ; they visited each other frequently, and sought each other's society abroad. This improvement in the relations of the representatives of two opposite principles, besides foreboding ill for the political consistency of the Signor Avvocato, had the additional fault in Vincenzo's eyes of marking a decisive step towards the realization of a contingency, of which, for some time past, he could never think without his blood tingling ; that is, of a marriage between young Federico and Rose. Vincenzo had long decided *in petto* that Rose ought not to be Federico's wife, without, however, even in thought laying claim to the prize himself. This improved neighbourly feeling between the two fathers had begun with the accession of the Gioberti Cabinet, and had been cemented by the declaration of war to Austria, which followed within three months afterwards. The Conservative-Liberal had felt as keenly as

the Absolutist Marquis the foolhardiness and the dangers of such a step, and a common cry of indignation and alarm had expressed their common feeling : "We are at the mercy of a pack of maniacs—this is not governing, it is rather a mad steeplechase ; the king is imposed upon, the ministers ought to be impeached."

They were so full of terror of democracy, or demagoguery, as they preferred to call it, so preoccupied with the expediency of making head against the new foe, that, for a time, they lost sight of the distinctive shades of their respective creeds. Nor were these shades deep or numerous. In fact, setting aside an elective House of Commons (a senate named by the Crown he went so far as to adopt) ; setting aside, then, an elective House of Commons, to which the Marquis altogether objected, as essentially and necessarily a democratic institution, his political programme differed little or nothing from the one advocated at that period by his plebeian neighbour and friend, the Signor Avvocato, and which was as follows :—"The statute amended in a conservative sense ; the royal prerogative reinforced ; a government strong enough to be independent of factions ; a national, that is to say, a purely Piedmontese policy, with no taint in it of Italianism, knight-errantry, or unitary Utopias ; above all, respect to religion and to its ministers."

This last clause had been mooted and carried by Don Natale, whose liberalism had been singularly cooled by the chill air blowing from Rome. Had not the Pope said, in his famous Encyclic of the 8th December, 1849, that the Revolution was inspired by Satan himself, and that it had for its object the utter destruction of the edifice of Christianity and the reconstruction upon its ruins of the social order of Paganism ?

On the aforesaid broad basis, the wise heads of their generation in Rumelli were willing and ready to save the State. The Unwise—that is, the immense majority of those who cared but indifferently for the welfare of the kingdom, and a great deal for their own

pockets—had a far more simple plan : "Enough of novelties ; let those govern who could ; but no new taxes, no loans, no additional burdens." Advice more easy to give than to act upon. How pay the bill of costs for the war, and an indemnity of sixty millions of francs to Austria, without adding further imposts ?

To swim against this current of tenets, formed *ab irato* and antagonistic to his own, without either hurting ticklish self-love (and thus running the risk of injuring the cause he wished to uphold) or of being false to the right, or what he believed to be such, needed the utmost circumspection on Vincenzo's part. He had all the modesty befitting his age and station. Rarely, when in company, did he put forward his opinion in opposition to that of his superiors and elders, unless called upon to do so ; which he often was by Don Natale, who delighted to hear the young student assert his own way of thinking fearlessly and unreservedly, yet with a tact, a measure, a discretion, and a good humour, which conciliated even his opponents. More than once had the Signor Avvocato been heard to say on some of these occasions, with a chuckle, "Any one may see thou wast born to be a barrister."

"A very flattering compliment for the cause I plead, since barristers profess to accept of none but just and lawful ones," observed the young fellow, playfully.

Anyhow, it was not on these desultory fencings over their dessert or coffee that Vincenzo reckoned for working his godfather's re-conversion ; it was on the serious talk they had in the long *tête-à-tête* walks they took together now and then during the week, and regularly every Saturday afternoon, as on Saturdays. Rose was too busy about the house-linen for amusement. It was then that Vincenzo brought all the weight and stringency of his young logic to bear on the doubts and vacillations of his political adversary. The Signor Avvocato liked argument for argument's sake, and was always the

one to strike the first blow, which was always returned with interest.

"Prudence, as much as you please, my dear sir," would Vincenzo say. "I will willingly join you and cry Prudence from the house-tops, but no relinquishment of principles for all that. Principles are the moral centre of gravity for nations as well as individuals, and they cannot be renounced, except under the penalty of self-abdication. Have you ever abjured yours? No, to your honour be it remembered. You have stood by them, and have lived to see their triumph. Purely Piedmontese politics mean neither more nor less than the abandoning of the principle of Italian nationality. Now, what is Piedmont without that? A little insignificant State, impotent alike for good or evil, and doomed to fall between two stools. Whereas Piedmont, the depositary of the national idea, the representative and standard-bearer of a whole people—Piedmont, in course of time, becomes the *tête de pont* of twenty-four millions of Italians; and, circumstances aiding and abetting, can strike an effective blow for national unity."

"Dreams, dreams!" exclaimed the Signor Avvocato. "Italian unity is a physical and moral impossibility, my dear boy. Europe will never allow us to coalesce into a body; and, supposing that Europe willed it, or could not prevent it, our own internal divisions and jealousies would stand in the way. Fancy Florence or Milan acknowledging the supremacy of Turin—it is the height of absurdity."

"But Florence and Milan would not object to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome," urged Vincenzo. "No doubt, when Rome is the capital of the kingdom of Italy; but when will that be? Rome is the Pope's, the centre of catholicity. Try to get it, and see what will follow—religious war, schism, the world in flames, civilization at an end, universal chaos."

But enough of a controversy, the only object of relating which is, to make the wide distance between the ways of thinking of the rising and sinking gene-

rations of liberals stand out in high relief. Occasionally, Vincenzo succeeded in wringing some concessions from his godfather; which, however, were too surely retracted on the very next day. The Signor Avvocato was less accessible to the logic of arguments than to that of facts. So that Vincenzo's toil resembled that of the Danaides, in so far, at least, as liberal principles were concerned—though not as respected himself. Not one of these skirmishes but increased the godfather's estimate of his godson's talents and worth, and secured to the youth a sort of general influence.

Political discussions did not at all interfere with Vincenzo's enjoyment of his holidays and the merry days of the vintage. A fortnight before our hero's return to Turin, young Del Palmetto arrived at the castle, with the intention of spending his three months' leave of absence there. The cavalry sub-lieutenant had seen no active service in the field in 1848, but had amply paid his debt to his country and to the race from which he sprang in the short campaign of 1849. His name had figured, with honour, in the order of the day, given after the battle of Mortara, in which he had had two horses killed under him.

The eighteen months that had passed over Federico's head since we last saw him marching out of Ibella *en route* for Vigevano, had worked little change, if any, either in his outer or inner man; though Vincenzo stoutly declared that he was wonderfully improved in looks and manners. But we know that Vincenzo could not be but a poor judge in this special case.

Del Palmetto had the good taste to drop the familiar *thou* he had used all his life to the ex-seminarist, and treated him altogether on a footing of equality, a behaviour which said more in favour of his good nature than of his enlarged judgment, since, at the same time, he made no secret of his less than moderate respect for the owners of "the gift of the gab," as he designated the body of advocates in general, or of his want of

reverence for "their ladder of preferment," as he styled the statuto.

The young officer, as if it were a natural consequence of the better understanding between the Marquis and the Signor Avvocato, was very constantly at the palace, and for ever loitering in the grounds in search of the Signorina Rosa, to whom he had always something new to tell or to show. And this, to the great delight of the young girl, who liked being amused of all things ; not quite so much to the pleasure of Vincenzo, who suddenly found his former duettos turned into trios. As to Barnaby, he looked on in burning indignation, and was heard to ask himself over and over again, whether the "old Notomy," as he termed the Marquis, had perchance bought back the estate, that his son made it his home. Barnaby, as the reader easily guesses, had taken the reconciliation between the two potent neighbours as a personal affront, and had again broken off all intercourse with his master. Barnaby was no leveller—no hater of the aristocracy—quite the contrary ; being the good Piedmontese he was, and also a pupil of the late Signor Pietro, he was disposed to venerate all those born in an exalted social station. It was this particular Marquis he detested—cordially detested—for the many slights he had heaped upon the family Barnaby worshipped ; and, even had he not decided long ago that Vincenzo and no other should marry Miss Rose, he would rather have seen her dead and buried than Marchioness del Palmetto.

Barnaby, like Vincenzo, was not without his misgiving that this growing intimacy between castle and palace might lead to the contemplation of a closer alliance, the realization of which the old ex-gardener was resolved to prevent, but the project of which would not the less add a new difficulty to those already in the way of his own private plan.

Vincenzo had but little joy in this last part of his holidays, and in spite of the guard of honour which accompanied him to Ibella, and of his godfather's kindly injunction to take a singing

master as soon as he was again settled in Turin, he went away with a very full heart—full not only of regret, but of jealousy. Vincenzo was indebted to Barnaby's well-meant indiscretion for the discovery of his own feelings.

In his wish to cheer and encourage his troubled young *protégé*, the old blunderer had dropped in his ear this parting recommendation, "Thou needst not be jealous of Federico. She is no bread for his teeth, but for thine, if thou makest thyself a man."

These words raised the veil which up to this moment had hidden from Vincenzo the nature of his own sentiments. The knowledge filled the youth with confusion and awe. Yes, he was jealous ; yes, he loved Rose, not only as his kind young mistress and benefactress, but as the woman he would wish to make his own for ever. Vincenzo turned giddy as he measured the distance which separated the son of the peasant, the dependent student, from the rich and accomplished heiress ; and then said to himself, "If a strong love and a strong will can bridge over the gulph between us, I am the man to do so ; if not, I shall still love, serve her, and watch over her from this side the chasm. So long as she is happy, I shall be happy also."

CHAPTER XXII.

SPOKES IN THE WHEEL.

It cost Vincenzo no effort, quite the contrary, to resume the course of his town avocations. Study had become a real passion with him, and his was the satisfaction given to few, of gratifying his own inclination, and furthering, at the same time, the object of his now defined ambition. The lectures on law did not engross his whole time, a considerable portion of which he devoted to other and self-set tasks. Intercourse with fellow-students, who had had the advantage of a more classical education, had made him aware from the first of sad deficiencies in his own. Little as he knew about the history and literature of ancient Greece and Rome, he knew still

less about the history and literature of his own country. Not a line of Dante, Ariosto, or Alfieri had he ever read. Geography was to him a sealed book. He applied himself to fill up these gaps, and succeeded tolerably well in course of time. One of his first and most rapid acquisitions was the French language. The boarder who had come instead of Signor Onofrio happened to be a Savoyard, who wanted to learn Italian; an exchange of lessons was agreed upon between him and Vincenzo, which, aided by constant reading of French books by the latter, gave him, in an incredibly short time, a mastery over that language.

Excepting a daily good walk into the country, and two singing lessons in the week, in obedience to his godfather's express wish and command, few were the relaxations Vincenzo allowed himself from study—of an evening, the perusal of a newspaper at some *caffè*, a pit ticket at some cheap theatre, or going to hear a debate at the House of Deputies whenever there was one of any importance. This last was the treat he enjoyed most, and to which he did not grudge giving hour after hour, sensible as he was, from the amount of positive information and the enlargement of ideas he derived from such discussions, that he could have had no better employment for his time. Of the great benefit of the schooling he received there, Vincenzo had a striking proof that year.

Among other bills brought before Parliament in 1850, there was one for abolishing ecclesiastical jurisdiction and other clerical immunities, and rendering the clergy amenable in civil matters to common law. Vincenzo's *prima facie* impression was rather hostile than not to the measure. He had lived too long among priests, formed too high an estimate of the calling of a priest, not to resent personally, as it were, the curtailment of any of their prerogatives. But, when the subject was debated in the house (and not a sitting did he miss), when he heard the matter sifted from beginning to end, the inconveniences and abuses of the exceptional jurisdiction pointed out, and the considerations of morality, of justice, of dignity mili-

tating against it, victoriously enforced, then the scales fell from his eyes, and his only wonder was how such an unnatural state of things could have so long outlived the times and the circumstances to which it owed its existence.

The passing of this law consummated the divorce between Rome and Turin, between the clergy and the Government of Victor Emanuel. Rome protested; the clergy raised the cry of persecution. One fact will give the measure of the bitter feelings of these latter. Shortly after, one of the ministers who had introduced the measure, Rossi di Santa Rosa, fell dangerously ill, and asked for the last sacraments. By order of the Archbishop of Turin, the request was refused. He must either write a recantation of all that he had said or done in support of the obnoxious law, or die without the consolations of the Church! The high-souled Christian chose this last alternative. Orderly Turin waxed frantic at the news. The youths of the university were in a blaze in a twinkling, and for once Vincenzo forgot his books and his retiring habits to mix in the irritated groups, and join in the cry for vengeance on the Torquemada of the day. There was no outbreak after all, thanks to the foresight and decision of the Government, which, while making a display of force sufficient to keep down violence, cut at the root of the evil by removing the originator of the scandal—that is, by sending the Most Reverend Archbishop under a strong escort to the frontier.

A public subscription was set on foot to defray the expense of the erection of a column (the Column Siccardi now being raised in Piazza Savoia) commemorative of the passing of that law, each individual offering being limited to a few pence, in order to give the subscription a popular character. The names of those parishes (*comuni*) which should subscribe were to be inscribed on the column. Vincenzo, as may be conjectured, vowed to himself that it should be no fault of his if the name of Rumelli did not figure on the monument. But his first hint at the subject during his next holidays brought upon him from

the Signor Avvocato a severe rebuff. What? subscribe to the Siccardi testimonial! was Vincenzo mad? not a soul in the parish but was against the law and the subscription. The fact is, that Rumelli, now under the mayoralty of the Marquis, had passed over in a body to the opposition.

Vincenzo strongly expressed his extreme surprise and mortification at his godfather's defection. What? a liberal of 1821, a man deeply versed in jurisprudence, a partisan of civil equality, to oppose a measure which consecrated that equality! The Signor Avvocato explained. He approved of the principle of the bill, but he contested the opportunity of its application. The moment was ill chosen, the public mind not sufficiently enlightened—everything that tended to diminish the prestige of the clergy was in reality a blow aimed at religion, and without the restraint of religion where would society go to? "See the fine result of your law," pursued the old alarmist, warming up; "protests from Rome, consciences troubled, a powerful class arrayed in battle against the state, the capital on the brink of insurrection, a pastor violently torn from his flock—"

"Say rather a wolf in sheep's clothing," cried Vincenzo, exasperated; "are you going to stand up for that—"

"I stand up for nobody," interrupted the Signor Avvocato, "least of all for intolerant fanatics. I was for toleration, for liberty of conscience and worship, sir, many years before you were born, sir. I only say that the scandal which has taken place would not have taken place, had the Government not given a pretext for it."

The immediate cause of the elderly gentleman's collapse on this, as on other questions, must be sought in the removal from Ibella to a higher post of the intendente, whose energy had hitherto kept up the flagging courage of the master of the palace. The change was the more unfortunate, as the new intendente was a sort of neutral being, neither bird nor fish, seeming solely bent on conciliating all opinions—that is, humouring everybody's bias; and the

bias of our friend, the ex-mayor of Rumelli, we know too well by this time.

There can be no need, after this, to enter into any explanations of the sentiments of the present mayor, the Marquis, in reference to the law and the testimonial. Siccardi, the originator, promoter, and supporter of the measure, he likened to Arius, to Julian the Apostate, and the proposed column to the Tower of Babel. Even mild-tempered, jolly Don Natale could at times speak in the bitter tones of hatred of the great abomination; and on one or two occasions went so far out of his character as seriously to warn Vincenzo against canvassing for the subscription, under penalty of incurring the censures of Rome. Vincenzo had abandoned all idea of canvassing or propaganda, in so far as Rumelli was concerned, the moment the prop and stay on which he had relied, we mean his godfather, had failed him. That did not, however, deter him from defending the Government and their general policy whenever he heard them unjustly attacked; but even all the discretion and amenity of manners which accompanied his pleading of their cause did not always save him from the ill humour of the Signor Avvocato, when Rose would interfere, and act as peacemaker.

Vincenzo knew not what to make of Rose's studied neutrality when in company, or of her absolute reserve on the vexed point when alone with him; on the other hand, he dared not provoke an explanation, for fear of drawing forth from one so devoted heart and soul to the clergy, some profession of faith lamentably at variance with his own. As it was, he felt full of gratitude to her for her unwearied efforts at conciliation, and, when those failed, at reconciliation. One day, after a rather warm encounter between her father and Vincenzo at dinner, she said to the latter, "Had you not better drop politics altogether, since papa and you cannot agree?"

"I wish I could," said Vincenzo; "but you know that the Signor Avvocato likes an argument of all things, and if

he begins how can I with propriety avoid answering?"

"True," said Rose. "Well, then, could you not humour his ideas a little?"

"If those ideas are what I believe contrary to truth, how can I humour them short of downright insincerity?" rejoined Vincenzo.

She reflected a little; then said, "Are you sure of being on the side of truth?"

"I am sure," replied Vincenzo, "that I am on the side of what I conscientiously believe to be the truth."

Rosa looked for an instant as if she were going to say something vehement, but she checked herself, and said, "Truth is God's alone; let us pray to Him for enlightenment."

"Amen!" agreed Vincenzo.

To Don Natale was due all the credit of Rose's guarded behaviour. He had been for the last eight months—in fact, ever since Father Terenziano's death—Rose's confessor and spiritual director, and as such had used his influence with her in a truly Christian spirit. Don Natale was not a zealot. He might, in the heat of controversy, or under the smart of a fancied injustice to his order, use strong language, and even storm when fairly roused; but in the discharge of his sacred duties he was far too conscientious, too deeply imbued with the maxims of the Gospel, not to discountenance anything like intolerance and fanaticism, especially in a young girl with more zeal than judgment.

Vincenzo's only ally was Barnaby—an ally far more compromising and dangerous than ten enemies. Nothing could satisfy him short of halters and gibbets. Arguing with his usual logic, Barnaby declared that, since common law was not good enough for the blacks, there was nothing left but to put them out of the law. There was no hope of peace for the state unless they adopted his panacea of the scaffold and the hangman; and, as the Government did not show any intention of applying his remedy, they were a set of asses, and, as Vincenzo demurred to this conclusion, he was an ass himself.

Altogether, this vacation was rather a disappointment to Vincenzo; and he saw the close of it arrive with far less regret

than he had ever felt before on similar occasions. The next year ran its course quickly and smoothly in a quiet monotony. Not so the one following, the fourth he had spent in Turin. The year 1852 was marked by two occurrences, both of them calculated rather to cloud than brighten his prospects. The first was the death, after a short illness, of the Marquis. This very natural event, considering that the deceased was nearly eighty, and no great friend of the youth, did not affect him much. What did trouble him a good deal was the particular nature of certain speculations which sprung from the demise of the old nobleman. Vincenzo had to go by special invitation to attend his funeral; and what should he find at Ibella, where the Signor Avvocato and Rose were now settled for the winter (it was in the month of January)—what then should he find at Ibella, and at Rumelli, where the funeral took place, but a strong belief already established to the effect that with the old Marquis had disappeared the only obstacle to a matrimonial alliance between the two first families of Rumelli? It is not difficult to guess how agreeable to the feelings of the youthful lover must have been this public verdict, which awarded the great prize for which he was straining every nerve to his born rival.

By the bye, we must not forget to say that the journey between Turin and Ibella was by this time much easier and shorter than when Vincenzo had set out four years previously; it was, in fact, reduced to a few hours by railroad. Piedmont had not been idle in the interim, and a network of iron lines was now spreading over the face of the whole country.

Now for the second untoward circumstance, or rather complication of circumstances, which made this year an unlucky one to Vincenzo. We must premise that Signor Onofrio had been prevailed upon, a few months back, to accept a temporary mission to the island of Sardinia—a mission connected with the reorganization of the universities there. It was hoped by his friends, both in and out of power, that change of scene with

movement might prove beneficial to his health, sorely tried of late by hard sedentary work and assiduous attendance in Parliament. When Vincenzo, on his return from the funeral, went to inquire after Signor Onofrio, he found him just arrived, and far worse than when he had set out. A few days more, and the deputy was down with fever. The distemper, which had been lurking so long in the system, broke forth with great intensity. Vincenzo offered his services, which were gratefully accepted. A friend in need is a friend indeed. Signor Onofrio's friends, and he had many, were most of them active politicians or men of business, who had everything to give save time. Vincenzo therefore found no competitor in his way; and little by little established himself permanently by the sick bed, transporting thither his books and papers. But of reading or writing there was soon no question. Signor Onofrio's illness was long and dangerous; and, Vincenzo having frequently to sit up all night, it followed as a matter of course that he must rest during the day, and consequently miss his lectures and forgo his studies.

The worst was yet to come. Scarcely had Signor Onofrio entered the stage of convalescence when Vincenzo was seized by the same fever from which his late charge was just rallying. Thus the parts were reversed; and he who had been nursed had to nurse—a task which, though still weak, the convalescent performed with all the care and zeal of one whose naturally kind feelings were further quickened by the too late acquired consciousness of being the cause of this trial to his young friend. Signor Onofrio had never thought of asking his physician, and reproached himself bitterly for the omission, whether his complaint was catching, and only learned that it was so to a high degree on Vincenzo's being taken ill of the same. Once aware of this, Signor Onofrio felt it incumbent upon him to inform the Signor Avvocato without delay of his godson's malady; which he represented, at the patient's most urgent entreaty, in the least alarming colours—laying much stress on the infectious character of the fever, and

adding Vincenzo's earnest request that no one should stir on his account. The youth was haunted by visions of the Signor Avvocato and Rose coming to Turin, catching the fever, and dying.

The Signor Avvocato's first impulse, to his honour be it said, on hearing of his godson's illness, was to go to him—an impulse which the perusal of the next paragraph, dwelling on the malignant nature of the fever, instantly put to flight. Age and growing obesity had not added to his courage; and, much as he liked his godson, he liked his own whole skin better. Still, to receive such tidings as he had received, and impart them to others as he must infallibly do, and to do nothing, or have nothing done, seemed harsh and unnatural. Yet, how could he decently send anybody on an errand from which he himself drew back?

Barnaby extricated him from this dilemma. Barnaby, with that fine discrimination and moderation of views which distinguished him, saw matter in the intelligence for coming to three conclusions—the first, that Vincenzo was dying, if not dead; the second, that his master was a monster not to be already on the road; and the third, that he himself must be off to Turin. This last was the only one that he thought fit to communicate to the Signor Padrone, and that in an indirect form, by inquiring if he had any message for Turin.

"I don't advise you to go," said the Signor Avvocato; "Vincenzo's illness has nothing alarming in it—and then it is catching, and—"

Too wroth to argue the point, Barnaby reiterated his question in a very peremptory tone: "Have you any message for Turin?"

"Besides," continued the Signor Padrone, "it is Vincenzo's express wish, and it ought to be attended to, that none of us should go to him." With a shrug of the shoulders expressive of infinite disgust, Barnaby withdrew. The master had to run after the servant to catch him before he reached the station (the family was still at Ibella), and, *since he would go*, give him directions. These were in the kindest and most generous

sense. Vincenzo was to have the advice of the best physicians, and every comfort that could be had for money ; Barnaby received *carte blanche* in that respect. Vincenzo was to be told not to fret about the loss of a term ; he was to think of nothing but getting well again, and coming to the palace for change of air as soon as possible. The godfather felt a desire to make amends to the godson, and willingly paid in money that which he held back from giving in kind.

At dusk of the same day Barnaby fell, like an aerolite, upon Signor Onofrio, who, it being carnival time, took him at first for one of the masqueraders. The new comer's antiquated accoutrement, incoherent language, and style of ugliness, so grotesque as to seem scarcely natural, made the mistake quite plausible. Barnaby asserted his identity by walking straight into the sick room, much to the patient's amazement and alarm, lest the old man should catch the fever, and carry it to Miss Rose. Indeed, Vincenzo was growing so evidently worse under the lash of this fear, that even opinionated Barnaby saw the expediency of delivering his messages (he had one from Miss Rose also) and of withdrawing, after a parley with Signor Onofrio, to seek shelter elsewhere. His visit on the morrow met with no better success than that of the previous evening. So, seeing that he could be of no service, but rather the contrary, and satisfied from personal observation, and the physician's assurances, that Vincenzo was out of danger, Barnaby felt that the wisest thing for him to do was to return to Ibella—which he did, loaded with Vincenzo's best thanks and blessings for father and daughter, plus this sybilline message to be delivered, particularly to the latter, "that he had put it on."

What had he put on ? Probably the contents of a little sealed packet, that Rose had sent him by Barnaby, and which, on being opened, displayed to Vincenzo's view a very familiar object—a scap'ary to be worn round the neck, and bearing impressed upon the silk of which it was made a flaming heart transpierced with arrows. Rose had written inside the paper, in which this

had been wrapped, "Infallible against all fevers ; pray, put it on." Vincenzo was touched by this childlike mark of interest ; and, much as some years of schooling in a large town had worn out his faith in the efficacy of such spiritual remedies, he hung the scapulary round his neck, and wore it to its last shred. It was enough that it came from her to do him good. Sweet superstitions of love ! who would, even if he could, do away with any of them ?

Vincenzo's complaint, after a time, assumed an intermittent character ; it left him long intervals of tranquillity, but, when least expected, reappeared. After he had shaken it off for good and all, he was too exhausted and worn out to think of resuming lectures and study for a long time. Towards the middle of April, Signor Onofrio accompanied him to Ibella, and there consigned him to the Signor Avvocato, who took him to the palace. His friend's illness and his own entailed upon Vincenzo the loss of a whole scholastic year.

Unusually long and happy were these holidays to the convalescent ; father and daughter vied with each other who should spoil him most. And, though the reigning Marquis called daily at the palace, and the new intendente came thither once or twice a week, and other young men from Ibella appeared on Sundays, and each and all looked sweet indeed upon the blooming heiress, Vincenzo had no pretext for jealousy. All Rose's little preferences were for him ; his was the company that Rose liked best, his the only arm she would accept or seek ; Vincenzo alone was admitted to the privilege of sharing the fatigues and joys of the rearing of her silkworms. What did this mean ? Was her sisterly attachment changing into womanly love ? Not yet. Rose at eighteen, with the form of a woman, had all the unconsciousness of a child. She liked Vincenzo more, but not differently—she liked him for all the good she had done him—in truth, for saving his life, as she confidently believed she had, by sending him the blessed scapulary of the Holy Heart.

To be continued.

WHIST.

IN December, 1861, we published an article on "Games at Cards," having at the same time some misgivings as to whether the subject might be agreeable to our readers. The reception, however, which it met with was so favourable, that we are induced, on the recurrence of the season consecrated to fireside relaxations, to follow it with another, in which we shall confine ourselves to remarks on a particular game—the well-known one named at the head of this article.

Whist is decidedly, in our opinion, the best of all domestic games. The only other one which could lay claim to such a distinction is Chess; but this has the disadvantage of containing no element of chance in its composition—which renders it too severe a mental labour, and disqualifies it from being considered a *game*, in the proper sense of the word. Whist, on the contrary, while it is equal to Chess in its demands on the intellect and skill of the player, involves so much chance as to give relief to the mental energies, and thus to promote, as every good game should, the amusement and relaxation of those engaged.

The high *intellectual* character of Whist becomes evident, if we consider the powers of the mind which its intelligent study and practice may call into action. To investigate thoroughly its fundamental principles, we must bring to bear upon it, as we shall by-and-by have occasion to explain, some of the very highest branches of mental science. But, independently of the theory, the practice also involves considerable mental attainments. The observation must be keen, the memory active; a considerable power of drawing inferences, and of tracing appearances to their causes, must be brought into use; and we must exercise boldness, caution, prudence, foresight, care against deception, promptness of decision, soundness of judgment, fertility of resource, ingenuity of contrivance,

and such a general course of thought and action as must, if it is to be successful, be dictated by competent and well-trained mental powers.

Then Whist has peculiar moral and social relations. It has been called, by those who do not understand it, an *unsocial* game; but nothing can be more untrue. It is a perfect microcosm—a complete miniature society in itself. Each player has one friend, to whom he is bound by the strongest ties of mutual interest and sympathy; but he has twice the number of enemies, against whose machinations he is obliged to keep perpetual guard. He must give strict adherence to the established laws and the conventional courtesies of his social circle; he is called on for candid and ingenuous behaviour; he must exercise moderation in prosperity, patience in adversity, hope in doubtful fortune, humility when in error, forbearance to the faults of his friends, self-sacrifice for his allies, equanimity under the success of his adversaries, and general good-temper throughout all his transactions. His best efforts will sometimes fail, and fortune will favour his inferiors; but sound principles will triumph in the end. Is there nothing in all this analogous to the social conditions of ordinary life?

As an *amusement*, Whist stands equally high. Consider its immense variety. A hand will last only a few minutes; we may have a hundred of them in an evening; and yet, throughout a player's whole life, no two similar ones will ever occur! Each one will present some novel feature, offering special interest of the most diversified kind. Sometimes the interest lies in your own hand, sometimes in your partner's, sometimes in those of your adversaries. Sometimes you have almost nothing to do; sometimes everything turns on your play. The mixture of the unknown with the known gives unbounded scope for amusing speculation; the admirable com-

bination of volition and chance affords a still wider field for observant interest : indeed, some philosophical players make the rubber a fertile field for the study of human character, for the disclosure of which it is proverbially favourable.

The only objection brought against Whist is that, being played for money, it may promote gambling. Apart from the consideration that it is very unfitted for gambling purposes, the objection is untrue in fact. Good players, generally, like to play for stakes high enough to define well the interest taken in the game ; but the idea of *gain*, which is the essential feature of gambling, enters as little into the mind of a Whist as of a Chess player. We have sometimes heard of what are called "professional" players, who play with this object ; but, we believe, they are generally given a wide berth in good society.

Whist has always been a favourite pursuit of great men. The most philosophical novelist of modern times uses it to illustrate his profound speculations ; and we have heard an eminent scholar and writer declare he considers it a *revelation* to mankind ! But we have the *vox populi* also in its favour ; for does not the proverb represent the clever successful man as "*playing his cards well*" ?

Considering the great popularity of Whist in this country, and the extent to which it is played in all classes of society, it is really astonishing to find how few people take the pains to play it well. It has been remarked, by writers on the subject, that good players are very seldom met with, fine ones scarcely ever. And yet, how amply it repays a little trouble devoted to its acquisition !

How, then, is this strange deficiency to be accounted for ? Simply because people do not generally admit that Whist, like other branches of knowledge, requires *learning*. It is commonly supposed that, after acquiring the simple construction of the game, practice alone will suffice to make a good player. This is a great mistake, as experience abundantly shows. We continually meet with persons who have played Whist all their lives, and yet who, though they

may bring to bear on their play great observation, memory, and tact, betray themselves ignorant of the true principles of the game, and would be quite unfit to sit at the same table with well-educated players.

The fact is, that Whist must be treated like a science. It has its principles, which have been the result of long-combined experience and careful reasoning ; and these principles must be studied and learnt by those who would become good players. It is scarcely possible for any one individual to arrive at these by his own practice, however extended, or his own judgment, however shrewd ; and he must therefore be content to *learn* them, as students in other sciences do.

It is very common to hear bad players argue that there are different ways of playing—that opinions vary—that they think their own system as good as other people's, and so on. If, by this, they mean (as many of them do) that they consider the game chiefly as one of chance, and that their amusement is as well promoted by one mode of playing as another, we have nothing to say to them, except to suggest that "*Beggar my Neighbour*" or "*Pope Joan*" would be games better adapted to their capacities. But if they mean, in all seriousness, to deny that there are any fixed and correct principles of the game, we can assure them, on abundant authority, that they are entirely in error. We admit that there is always plenty of scope for individual judgment ; but still, the art of so playing as to give the *chance* of the best possible results in any hand, or the *certainty* of the best possible results in the long run, depends on the application of two of the most exact sciences we know—namely, mathematics and logic. The principles of Whist are founded on a strict mathematical calculation of the probabilities of the game, which are applied, by careful logical reasoning, to the process of play ; and it is as irrational to doubt the applicability of principles thus deduced, as it would be to deny the usefulness of an actuary to an insurance company.

The objection is usually backed by the assertion, that correct play is often unsuccessful—which is, of course, the necessary consequence of the large entrance of chance into the game. Self-taught players are extremely confused in their notions on this point. When they see good play fail to win, they will point out, with amusing *ex-post-facto* discrimination, how much more fortunate some other course would have been. But when good play does succeed, and especially when some clever master-stroke may have annihilated for them a hand of good cards, they will complain “how cross the cards run,” as if the whole were entirely due to accident! It is useless to waste words on such people; suffice it to say, that the advantage of sound over unsound play is as completely demonstrated by experience, as it is by reasoning and by common sense.

The principles of Whist, although so little studied, are no novelty; they are all essentially contained in that much-talked-of but little-understood book, Hoyle,¹ and in many other subsequent works: all that has been done in modern days, is to develope and expand them, and to reduce them to a more complete system. There has, however, hitherto been a great defect in the manner of teaching these principles. They have been laid down in the shape, simply, of isolated and arbitrary conventional rules, the grounds of them being scarcely ever explicitly stated; and hence the acquisition of the knowledge how to play has been rather an effort of the memory than an occupation of the understanding.

We are glad, however, to announce the recent publication of a work on Whist,² which remedies the defect. The directions for play are still stated as hereto-

fore; but the new feature is, that the reasoning on which they are based is given so logically and completely, that any reader may make himself master of the process of their derivation, and so give himself a much greater command over them. Rules alone, however correct, if not thoroughly understood, are often mischievous, as circumstances may require them to be departed from, when the player by mere rote is all at sea. But he who knows their origin well, will have little difficulty in meeting and properly dealing with any exceptional case as it may arise. We shall have occasion to point out instances of this hereafter.

The following extracts will shew the clearness and conclusiveness with which the author of this work (whom we know to be an excellent player, and a member of one of the first whist clubs in London), places the principles of the game before his readers:—

“Lead originally from your strongest suit.—The elements of strength are: First, more than average highness of individual cards; and, second, more than an average number of cards in one suit. Four is above the average number of cards of a suit in one hand, and is therefore *numerical strength*; more than four is *great numerical strength*; three is below the average, and is therefore *numerical weakness*. One honour is the average of honours of each suit in each hand.

“It must be borne in mind that aces and kings are not the only cards which make tricks: twos and threes may become quite as valuable, when the higher cards of the suit are exhausted. To obtain for your own small cards a value that does not intrinsically belong to them, and to prevent the adversary from obtaining it for his, is evidently an advantage.

“Both these ends are advanced by choosing for your original lead the suit in which you have the greatest numerical strength. For you may *establish* a suit of this description, while, owing to your strength, it is precisely the suit which your adversary has the smallest chance of establishing against you.

“A suit that is numerically weak, though otherwise strong, is far less eligible. Suppose, for example, you have five cards (headed by, say, a ten) in one suit, and ace, king, and one small one in another suit. If you lead from the ace-and-king suit, all your power is exhausted as soon as you have parted with the ace and king, and you have given the holder of numerical strength a capital chance of establishing the suit. It is true that this fortunate person *may* be your partner; but it is twice as likely he is your adversary, as you have two adversaries and only one partner.

¹ A very curious book now lying before us, published in 1791, contains almost everything now practised in a very clear form. It is entitled, “Whist; a Poem; in Twelve Cantos.”

² “The Principles of Whist Stated and Explained; and its Practice Illustrated, on an Original System, by means of Hands played completely through.” By Cavendish. London: Banks Brothers, 20, Piccadilly. 1862.

We have reason to know that the appearance of this work is due to a suggestion in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

"On the other hand, if you lead from the five-suit, though your chance of establishing it is small, you, at all events, avoid assisting your adversary to establish his: the ace and king of your three-suit, still remaining in your hand, enable you to prevent the establishment of that suit, and may *procure you the lead, twice over*, at an advanced period of the hand; which we shall find, as we proceed, is a great advantage, especially if, in the course of play, you are left with the long cards of your five suit."¹

Again, on the same subject:—

"Which card of the strong suit should be led originally?—The key to this problem is furnished by the remark, that it conduces to the ultimate establishment of a suit to keep the commanding cards of it in the hand that has numerical strength. In the suit of your own choosing, you are presumably stronger than your partner; it is therefore undesirable at once to part with your high cards. Hence it is best, in general, to lead the smallest. Your partner, actuated by a desire to win the trick, will put on his highest; and, if he fails to win the trick, he will at all events force a higher card from the fourth player, and thereby support your strong suit.

"Another reason in favour of leading the lowest is, that it increases your chance of making tricks in the first two rounds. It is in general the best play for the second hand to put on his smallest card, as will be seen hereafter. If therefore you originally lead the smallest—holding, suppose, ace and others—the chance of making the first trick will, in all probability, lie between your partner and the last player; and, since there is no reason why the fourth player should hold a better card than the third, it is an even chance that your partner wins the trick. It is then certain (bar trumping) that you win the second round; therefore it is an even chance, if the suit is led this way, that you make two tricks in the first two rounds.

But, if you lead out the ace first, it is two to one against making the second trick; for there are two hands against your partner's one, and either may hold the king.

A third reason for leading the lowest of your suit is, that your partner may prove utterly weak in it, and in this case it is important that you keep a commanding card, to stop the adversary from establishing it."

In this clear and convincing way the principles of the game are enunciated. But, independently of this, the work has another novel and most useful feature—namely, an attempt to guide students in the practice of these prin-

ciples, by giving a series of *Examples of Hands*, fully played throughout, with remarks on all the points of importance that occur. This plan has long been followed with great success in books on Chess, but its application to Whist is, we believe, quite new. It was suggested by ourselves a year ago, in the article in this magazine already alluded to,¹ and the author of the "Principles and Practice" has admirably carried out the idea. He has given twenty-two Hands, exhibiting great varieties of play, and showing not only how the principles of the game are worked out, but also how observation and judgment are applied to the best advantage in regulating the play according to the fall of the cards. At the close are given a few "Endings of Hands and Coups," of the same nature as the problems in Chess which so often appear in the newspapers, and which show examples of peculiarly fine play.

Our space will not allow us to make further extracts from this useful little work; we will proceed to give some brief practical hints, illustrating the most important points of the modern game: we must refer to the book itself for full explanations of the reasoning on which they are founded.

PRACTICAL HINTS DERIVED FROM THE PRINCIPLES OF WHIST.

The Lead.

Let your first or principal lead be from your *strongest suit*, taking, generally, *numerical strength* as your easiest criterion. Avoid, as much as possible, early leads of single cards, or from weak suits, as contrary to principle, and almost certain to mislead your partner.

Lead the lowest card of your strongest suit, except under the following five circumstances:

- a. Having ace and king, lead king first, then ace.
- b. Having king and queen, lead king.
(These two rules are founded on the known chance against any suit going round three times.)
- c. Having ace, queen, knave; lead ace, and then queen.
- d. Having ace and four others (not including king, or queen with knave), lead ace, then a small one; for the chances are against this suit going twice round.

¹ The author might have added, that the master-cards of an established suit, though perhaps they may not make tricks, are often extremely useful in *forcing* a strong trump hand of the adversary.

¹ See our number for December, 1861, vol. v. p. 130, foot-note.

c. Having queen, knave, ten, or knave, ten, nine, at the head of your suit, lead the highest. Some players lead the highest of *any* heading sequence of three; but if lower than the knave, it is likely to be mistaken by your partner for the best of three cards only.

There are one or two other exceptions to the rule of leading the lowest, for which we must refer to the book. We may also state, that if trumps are out before you open your suit, you should lead somewhat differently, generally keeping back your high cards.

It is, of course, possible you may have no particularly strong suit, but you must always have one suit with four cards; and, unless this is trumps, it will in any case supply you with a lead. The case in which the four suit consists of small trumps, and the other three are all weak, is rather a hopeless one; but you may even then, perhaps, be guided by some remarks we shall make further on.

If you have a strong suit, it is good to lead *it before* you return your partner's lead (except he leads trumps, which you are bound to return immediately), as it may guide him to another lead when his own suit is stopped. If you happen, however, after the first round of his suit, still to hold the *best* card in it, you should play it out at once, to get it out of his way, and to prevent his imagining it is against him.

Having shown your partner your own strong suit, you may have the choice whether to go on with it, or to return his lead. This will often be determined by the fall of the cards. If, for example, you win his lead cheaply, you should not return it, as you would be leading through the weak hand, which is contrary to principle, and the lead will come more properly from him. If, on the other hand, your partner has shown himself very weak in your suit, and you are also not very strong, of course it would be disadvantageous to go on with that, and you may probably do better to return your partner's. If your right-hand adversary has shown himself weak in your suit, pursue it by all means, as your partner ought not to return it for you.

In returning your partner's lead, *if you held not more than three cards originally*, you are bound to return the *highest* you have, whatever it may be. This is called *strengthening* play: your partner has declared strength in the suit, and you, being numerically weak, play out your best cards, even sacrificing them, if need be, to strengthen his hand, and to aid him in establishing his suit. This is so strong a duty that it has now, by universal consent of the best players, become a conventional rule, by adhering to which your partner may know the state of your hand. If, for example, you have originally ace, five, and four of your partner's lead; after winning with the ace you must return the *five*, and *not* the four. It matters nothing to you, but it may be all-important to your partner, and violation of the rule may lose you the game.

When you had originally *more than three*,

you generally return the *lowest*; except you have the master-card, when you play it out at once, as before directed.

If your partner has led from a *weak* suit (which, if you and he are careful players, you may generally guess by the card he leads), it is called a forced or unnatural lead; and you *must not return it*, unless you happen to be strong in that suit yourself, when you treat it as a lead of your own.

You may be often driven to this forced or unnatural leading from weak suits. You may have no strong suit in your hand, or your own strong suit may be trumped, and your partner may not yet have given you any indication what to lead for him. In this case the following rule may guide you.

It is good to lead *up to the weak* adversary, or (though not *so good*) *through the strong* one. Therefore you may pretty safely lead a suit in which your right-hand adversary has shown himself weak, or your left-hand adversary strong. (Indication of strength is given by the lead—of weakness by the play of the third and fourth hand, and by the *discard*.) Remember, however, that, as a general rule, returning your adversary's lead is to be avoided.

When you are obliged to lead from a numerically weak suit, the general rule is to play out the highest card you have, to inform your partner. If you have any reason to know that he is strong in the suit, the rule admits of no exception; but if you are doubtful on this point, it may be taken with some reserve. If, for example, you have ace, or king, or queen, with two small ones, lead the smallest. Anything below this is very unlikely to make, and you may adhere to the rule. Even with ace, king, and a small one, you play the ace first, not the king, to keep up the conventionalities.

It is an old and well-known rule to "lead the highest of a sequence." But, like many other rules, when the reason of it is not comprehended, it is often totally misunderstood and misapplied. The object of doing this is to prevent your partner from putting on the next highest, if he has it; but there are many cases where you ought to *desire* him to put it on, and where, consequently, the lowest ought to be played. Directions for these may be seen in "Cavendish;" but for our purpose now, it is sufficient to state that the rule should only apply to a high sequence *heading the suit* in your own hand, and not to *low* sequences. For example, having king, ten, nine, eight, you should lead the eight, not the ten.

Second Hand.

The general rule for the second hand is to play the lowest, for your partner has a good chance of winning the trick; and the strong hand being on your right, it is good to reserve your high cards for the return of the lead, when you will become fourth player.

The rule has, however, many exceptions in detail, which may be seen in the book. We

will only give one or two directions particularly useful.

If you have two *high* cards in sequence, with only one other—or if you have three high cards in sequence with any number—it is generally considered right to play the lowest of the sequence second hand. There is some danger of this being mistaken for the signal for trumps, but the partner must be on his guard. If, with two high cards in sequence, you have *two* or more others, play a small one.

The second time round of a suit, you must win the trick if you have the best card. Great strength in trumps, however (which always warrants a backward game), may justify you sometimes in leaving it for your partner.

If you have ace and queen, you should not generally put on queen second hand (a mistake very common with inferior players), for when the suit is returned you become fourth player, and your ten ace must (bar trumping) *ensure* you two tricks in the suit; and, independent of this, it is right not to part too freely with the high cards of your adversary's suit.

A controversy has long existed as to whether, having king and one small one, you should put on king second hand. "Cavendish" says, play the small one; we ourselves, having carefully calculated all the chances, are inclined to think they are slightly in favour of playing the king. But as, with any other honour, the small one is generally the right play, perhaps it is as well, for the sake of analogy, to follow the rule with the king also.

If an honour is led, you should generally put a higher honour upon it. But do not put ace on knave.

Untaught players are always in a great difficulty as to whether or not they should trump a doubtful trick second hand. The proper guide is, *not* the consideration whether your partner may have the best card (which you can very seldom know), but the state of your *own* hand as regards trumps. If you are *weak* in trumps, holding not more than three, trump without hesitation, as your trumps are of no other use, and they may probably save a useful high card of your partner's. But if you have four or more trumps, or even three very high ones, pass the trick, as they are too valuable to risk wasting. If your partner sees you trump, he will know you are weak; if you abstain, he will know you are strong, and the knowledge may be of great value to him.

Third Hand.

The general rule for the third hand is to play the highest you have;—the reason being, not only to do your best towards getting the trick, but also to get the commanding cards of your partner's suit out of his way. This last object is entirely lost sight of by those silly people who feel mortified at "having their high cards taken," as well as by those, not much less silly, who, when strong in trumps, object to "lead up to an honour."

The rule, however, must be taken with two

limitations. In the first place, if you have a sequence at the head of your hand, you must play the *lowest* card of that sequence, which is, of course, equivalent in effect to the highest. If you were to play the highest of the sequence, you would break a recognised rule, and would consequently deceive a good partner. For example, if, having king and queen, you played king third hand, your partner would take it for granted you had not the queen; but, if you played queen, he would allow for the possibility of your holding king, and this knowledge, in his own suit, would be very useful to him.

The second limitation is as regards *finesse*, which is the peculiar attribute of the third hand. To know how to finesse properly requires great judgment and experience, but there are a few useful rules of general application.

a. The first-time round of a suit, if you hold ace and queen, you always play the queen.

b. With this exception, it is wrong in principle to finesse in your partner's strong suit, as he wants the high cards out of his way. If you see that he leads from weakness, or if he leads you strengthening cards in your *own* strong suit, you may finesse more freely.

c. It is dangerous to finesse the *second-time* round of a suit, as the chances are it will be trumped the third time.

d. If, however, you are strong in trumps, you may finesse much more freely, as your trumps may enable you to bring your high cards in.

e. Be careful to watch the fall of the cards from your left-hand neighbour, in order that, if he proves weak in a suit, you may avoid wasting high cards when small ones would suffice to win the trick over him. This is very necessary, as your partner is very likely to lead up to the weak hand.

Fourth Hand.

In this you have little to do except to win the trick as cheaply as you can; and recollect, if you *do* win it cheaply, it may afford you a hint for a good lead when you are in want of one.

Management of Trumps.

The management of trumps is a great puzzle to ill-taught players, who generally treat them in the wildest and most unskilful way. To play them properly requires much judgment, even in the most educated; but still there are certain broad principles regarding them, which, if duly understood, must render their use much more easy.

Trumps may be used for three distinct purposes:—

1. To play as ordinary or *plain* suits. This should be quite subordinate to the other two.

2. To make tricks by trumping. This is the sole idea of ill-taught players, but is only resorted to by the better-educated in weak hands, when the third use is unattainable.

3. To disarm the adversaries, and so to enable yourself or your partner to make long suits or strong cards. This is the highest and most scientific application of trumps, which is always most prominent with good players.

When you have *five* trumps, whatever they are, or whatever the other components of your hand, you should lead them. If they are all small ones, your partner will probably hold honours; and even if all the honours are against you, you will probably soon bring down two together. If your hand is otherwise weak, your partner will probably be strong, and have long suits to bring in.

When you have *four* trumps, more discretion is required, but their lead may be generally warranted by strength in other suits, either your own or your partner's; or if the trumps are strong themselves, containing say two honours. But if you have a *long* suit to bring in, it is generally best, with four trumps, to lead that first.

A trump lead from three or less (unless they are three honours) is generally only warranted by *great* strength of other cards. You must not lead them simply because your long suit is trumped, for if your adversaries are strong in them, you will only be playing their game.

The lead of trumps is considered so important to the science of the modern game that, for many years back, a *conventional signal* has been introduced, by which, when a player wants them to be led, and cannot get the lead himself, he may intimate the fact to his partner, and call upon him to lead them. This signal simply consists in throwing away, unnecessarily, a higher card before a lower. Thus, suppose king and ace of some suit are led consecutively, and your two lowest cards are the seven and the three, the usual play is to throw away, *first* the three, and next the seven. But if you reverse this order, playing *first* the seven and then the three, this is a command to your partner to lead trumps immediately. It is called the *signal for trumps*, or *asking* for trumps; it is explained in all modern works, and it is become a recognised arrangement in all the best whist circles.¹

If you see your partner ask for trumps, you are bound to lead them, and if he leads them you are bound to return them the first opportunity—remembering always to play your *highest* if you had not more than three at first. This is a command which you *must* obey, whatever your own hand may be; a

person who refuses should be “sent to Coventry” by all good players.

There is only one case in which you have any option, and that is where your partner, in desperation, leads trumps from *weakness*, in hopes *you* are strong; if, therefore, you are *also* weak, you can return them or not as you think best for the game.

The proper card to lead from your own strong suit of trumps varies a little from that of common suits, for the latter is influenced by the chance of being ruffed, from which the trump suit is free. Thus, in a strong trump suit, having ace and king, or king and queen, you should generally not lead the king, but a small one; having ace and four small ones, you should lead the smallest, and so on, playing a *backward* game. If you have ace, king, queen, or a longer commanding sequence, lead the *lowest* of them first, then the next lowest, and so on, to inform your partner.

Never lead *through* an honour turned up, unless you otherwise want trumps led. On the other hand, do not hesitate to lead *up* to an honour if you are strong in them. Indifferent players much misconceive these points, to the great mystification of good partners.

If one adversary renounces, you do not generally continue the trump lead, as you would be expending two for one drawn: you must then try to make your and your partner's trumps separately. On the other hand, if your *partner* renounces trumps it is generally advisable to go on, as you draw two trumps by expending one. The management, however, of these cases requires judgment.

You may finesse in trumps much more deeply than in plain suits.

We have said, in our directions for the second hand, that you should ruff freely when weak in trumps, but not when strong. It may often be advisable, in the latter case, even to refuse a trick which is certainly against you, as your trumps will ultimately make, and you may, perhaps, discard advantageously. If you see your partner do this, he will generally want trumps led, and you must carefully avoid forcing him.

You must not force your partner if weak in trumps yourself, as *he* may probably be strong, when forcing will do him much injury.

On the other hand, force a strong trump hand of the adversary whenever you can.

If you are dealer, retain the turn-up card as long as you can, to inform your partner you still hold it. If not, recollect it, and notice when it falls.

General Hints.

Sort your cards carefully, both according to suit and rank, and count the number of each suit. This will greatly assist the memory.

If not leading, always play the *lowest* of a sequence. Error in this will much mislead your partner.

Get rid of the commanding cards of your partner's strong suit as soon as possible. Re-

¹ This, and the other conventional arrangement of returning the highest card of a weak hand, are the only novelties which have been introduced into the game since the days of Hoyle. There is some difference of opinion as to the advisability of adopting *any* conventional signs; but the practice of all the best clubs, now continued for many years, seems to approve their retention. It can be shown that they are both derived from ordinary play.

tain those of the adversary's suit as long as you conveniently can.

Consider the effect of the *lead*. It is often desirable to depart from the usual modes of play for the sake of gaining the lead, or of giving it to your partner. It is also sometimes worth while even to throw away a trick, in order to give the lead to one of your adversaries.

Discard generally from *weak* suits, not from strong ones. The cards of the former are of little use; those of the latter may be very valuable.

Be as careful in the management of your small cards as of your large ones, or you will mislead your partner. Do not throw away a three or four if you hold a two.

Pay attention to the state of the score. Remember that the third trick saves the game when honours are equal, that the fifth will save it against two by honours, and the seventh against four by honours; make therefore an effort to get these. Note also that the odd trick is twice as valuable as any other, as it makes a difference of two to the score.

Do not be discouraged when correct play fails of success, as must often occur. It will be otherwise in the long run.

Keep up a good understanding with your partner.—The want of this is the great fault of many otherwise good self-taught players, and it is the hardest lesson they have to learn. We know many people who can play their own hands excellently, but who have no idea either of getting help from, or of affording help to, their partners, and who must therefore always be at a disadvantage as compared with well-taught players. It is found by experience that to inform your partner is of far greater benefit than to deceive your adversary; and you must therefore try not only to ascertain, from his play, what cards he has, and what help he wants, but you must give him all possible information by your play, to enable him to help you.

This is done chiefly by following the recognised practice of the game, and by avoiding wild or irregular play. A glance through the rules we have given, will show how many of them have this object directly in view.

These directions illustrate, we believe, the most important points of the modern scientific game. We do not, however, give them to be simply learnt by rote; for it must always be borne in mind that short abstracted rules of this kind must be necessarily imperfect, and subject to frequent exceptions and modifications; we would rather recommend the study of the principles on which they are based, and which may be found in the work we have quoted from.

Any one who masters these prin-

ciples will become a *sound* player; his game will be intelligible to his partner, and he will find himself repaid a hundred fold in the increased enjoyment and satisfaction the game will afford him. But, to become a *good* player, something more is necessary; for here the qualifications of *observation, memory, inference, and judgment* come in. We must devote a few words to these.

If you aspire to become a good player, you must *observe* carefully. Look constantly at the *board*, watch every card as it falls, and notice particularly every honour; when you are practised in this, extend your special notice to the tens and nines, which, from their importance and the different appearance they have from the lower cards, we have found it convenient to call *semi-honours*. Also let every original lead and renounce, or other sign of strength or weakness shewn by each hand, impress itself upon your mind as it occurs.

A good player must exercise some effort of *memory* to recollect the fall of the cards, and the indications given of the state of the hands. But the importance of this is vastly overrated by untaught players. We often hear such expressions as—"Mr. So-and-So is a first-rate player, for he can recollect every card out," or "I shall never play well—I have no memory." These are entirely delusions. Memory is of infinitely less importance than correct play. The best memory in the world will help a player very little if he does not understand and practise the principles of the game; if he *does*, a very moderate mnemonical power will suffice for every practical purpose. Let no one therefore despair on this ground. We will give a few hints, by following which the necessary power may soon be acquired. Avoid all artificial systems—trust to the natural memory only. Don't attempt to recollect too much at once; go by degrees, beginning with the most important things, somewhat as follows: *First*, always count the trumps, notice the honours as they fall, and remember the turn-up card. *Secondly*, direct your attention to your

own strong suit, and try to recollect the fall of any honours in it. As soon as you can do this well, try also to remember the semi-honours. *Thirdly*, extend this to your partner's strong suit also. Go as much further as you like; but, if you can do these, you will have done much to qualify you, as far as memory goes, for a good player.

Then a good player will draw *inferences* from what he sees, as to where certain cards do or do not lie, and generally as to the state of the various hands. For example, if a player leads the queen, you should infer at once that he has not the king; if he plays the queen second, third, or fourth hand, you infer he has not the knave. If a player trumps a doubtful trick second hand, you infer he is weak in trumps; if he does *not*, you infer he is strong, and so on.

And, lastly, a good player must apply the results of his observation, memory, and inference, with *judgment* in his play.

All these points are admirably illus-

trated in the Examples of Hands in Cavendish's work.

There is yet one step more. When a good player is specially gifted by nature with the power to make master-strokes of genius and skill, he becomes a *fine* player. This cannot be taught; but it may be sometimes approached by habits of careful and sound play, the only foundation for which is—to return to the point from which we set out—a correct understanding of the principles of the game.

It is a matter of universal regret, that there is no sufficiently authoritative *Code of Laws for Whist*; "Cavendish" wisely gives none, as an anonymous code would have no weight. Could not the Portland Club (which we believe we are right in designating the highest whist club in the kingdom) authorise their secretary to publish, in their name, the laws adopted for their own guidance? It would be a great boon to all lovers of this fine game.

W. P.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AND NOW I come to the very saddest part of all my story. I know some people will only laugh at it, and call it much ado about nothing. But I know one man who would not; and he was an officer with a pair of grey moustaches as long as your arm, who said once in company, that two of the most heartrending sights in the world, which moved him most to tears, which he would do anything to prevent, or remedy, were a child over a broken toy, and a child stealing sweets.

The company did not laugh at him; his moustaches were too long and too grey for that: but, after he was gone,

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they called him sentimental, and so forth, all but one dear little old quaker lady, with a soul as white as her cap, and who was not, of course, generally partial to soldiers; and she said very quietly, like a quaker:

"Friends, it is borne upon my mind that that is a truly brave man."

Now, you may fancy that Tom was quite good, when he had everything that he could want or wish; but you would be very much mistaken. Being quite comfortable is a very good thing; but it does not make people good. Indeed, it sometimes makes them naughty, as it has made the people in America; and as it made the people in the Bible, who waxed fat and kicked, like horses overfed and

underworked. And I am very sorry to say that this happened to little Tom. For he grew so fond of the sea-bull's-eyes and sea-lollipops, that his foolish little head could think of nothing else : and he was always longing for more, and wondering when the strange lady would come again and give him some, and what she would give him, and how much, and whether she would give him more than the others. And he thought of nothing but lollipops by day, and dreamt of nothing else by night—and what happened then ?

That he began to watch the lady to see where she kept the sweet things ; and began hiding, and sneaking, and following her about, and pretending to be looking the other way, or going after something else, till he found out that she kept them in a beautiful mother-of-pearl cabinet, away in a deep crack of the rocks.

And he longed to go to the cabinet, and yet he was afraid ; and then he longed again, and was less afraid ; and at last, by continual thinking about it, he longed so violently, that he was not afraid at all. And one night, when all the other children were asleep, and he could not sleep for thinking of lollipops, he crept away among the rocks, and got to the cabinet, and, behold ! it was open.

And, when he saw all the nice things inside, instead of being delighted, he was quite frightened, and wished he had never come here. And then he would only touch them, and he did ; and then he would only taste one, and he did ; and then he would only eat one, and he did ; and then he would only eat two, and then three, and so on ; and then he was terrified lest she should come and catch him, and began gobbling them down so fast that he did not taste them, or have any pleasure in them ; and then he felt sick, and would have only one more ; and then only one more again ; and so on till he had eaten them all up.

And all the while, close behind him, stood Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid.

Some people may say, But why did she not keep her cupboard locked ? Well, I know. But—it may seem a very strange thing, but she never does

keep her cupboard locked ; every one may go, and taste for themselves, and fare accordingly. It is very odd, but so it is ; and I am quite sure that she knows best. Perhaps, she wishes people to keep their fingers out of the fire, by having them burnt.

She took off her spectacles, because she did not like to see too much ; and in her pity she arched up her eyebrows into her very hair, and her eyes grew so wide that they would have taken in all the sorrows of the world, and filled with great big tears, as they too often do.

But all she said was :

“ Ah, you poor little dear ! you are just like all the rest.”

But she said it to herself, and Tom neither heard nor saw her. Now, you must not fancy that she was sentimental at all. If you do, and think that she is going to let off you, or me, or any human being when we do wrong, because she is too tender-hearted to punish us, you will find yourself very much mistaken, as many a man does every year and every day.

But what did the strange lady do, when she saw all her lollipops eaten ?

Did she fly at Tom, catch him by the scruff of the neck, hold him, howk him, hump him, hurry him, hit him, poke him, pull him, pinch him, pound him, put him in the corner, shake him, slap him, set him on a cold stone to reconsider himself, and so forth ?

Not a bit. You may watch her at work, if you know where to find her. But you will never see her do that. For, if she had, she knew quite well, Tom would have fought, and kicked, and bit, and said bad words, and turned again that moment into a naughty little hearthen chimney-sweep, with his hand, like Ishmael of old, against every man, and every man's hand against him.

Did she question him, hurry him, frighten him, threaten him, to make him confess ? Not a bit. You may see her, as I said, at her work often enough, if you know where to look for her ; but you will never see her do that. For, if she had, she would have tempted him to tell lies in his fright ;

and that would have been worse for him, if possible, than even becoming a heathen chimney-sweep again.

No. She leaves that for anxious parents and teachers (lazy ones, some call them), who, instead of giving children a fair trial, such as they would expect and demand for themselves, force them by fright to confess their own faults—which is so cruel and unfair, that no judge on the bench dare do it to the wickedest thief or murderer, for the good British law forbids it—ay, and even punish them to make them confess, which is so detestable a crime, that it is never committed now, but by Inquisitors, and Kings of Naples, and a few other wretched people, of whom the world is weary. And then they say, “We have trained up the child in the way he should go, and when he grew up he has departed from it. And why did Solomon say that he would not depart from it?” But perhaps the way of beating, and hurrying, and frightening, and questioning, was not the way that the child should go—for it is not even the way in which a colt should go, if you want to break it in, and make it a quiet serviceable horse.

Some folks may say, “Ah ! but she does not need to do that, if she knows everything already.” True. But if she did not know, she would not surely behave worse than a British judge and jury ; and no more should parents and teachers either.

So she just said nothing at all about the matter, not even when Tom came next day with the rest for sweet things. He was horribly afraid of coming : but he was still more afraid of staying away, lest any one should suspect him. He was dreadfully afraid, too, lest there should be no sweets—as was to be expected, he having eaten them all—and lest then the fairy should inquire who had taken them. But, behold ! she pulled out just as many as ever, which astonished Tom, and frightened him still more.

And, when the fairy looked him full in the face, he shook from head to foot : but she gave him his share like the rest,

and he thought within himself that she could not have found him out.

But, when he put the sweets into his mouth, he hated the taste of them ; and they made him so sick, that he had to get away as fast as he could ; and terribly sick he was, and very cross and unhappy, all the week after.

Then, when next week came, he had his share again ; and again the fairy looked him full in the face ; but more sadly than she had ever looked. And he could not bear the sweets : but took them again in spite of himself.

And, when Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby came, he wanted to be cuddled like the rest ; but she said very seriously :

“I should like to cuddle you ; but I cannot, you are so horny and prickly.”

And Tom looked at himself : and he was all over prickles, just like a sea-egg.

Which was quite natural ; for you must know and believe that people’s souls make their bodies, just as a snail makes its shell (I am not joking, my little man ; I am in serious, solemn earnest). And, therefore, when Tom’s soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers, his body could not help growing prickly too, so that nobody would cuddle him, or play with him, or even like to look at him.

What could Tom do now, but go away and hide in a corner, and cry ? For nobody would play with him, and he knew full well why.

And he was so miserable all that week that, when the ugly fairy came, and looked at him once more full in the face, more seriously and sadly than ever, he could stand it no longer, and thrust the sweetmeats away, saying, “No, I don’t want any ; I can’t bear them now,” and then burst out crying, poor little man, and told Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid every word as it happened.

He was horribly frightened when he had done so ; for he expected her to punish him very severely. But, instead, she only took him up and kissed him, which was not quite pleasant, for her chin was very bristly indeed ; but he was so lonely-hearted, he thought that rough kissing was better than none.

"I will forgive you, little man," she said. "I always forgive every one the moment they tell me the truth of their own accord."

"Then you will take away all these nasty prickles?"

"That is a very different matter. You put them there yourself, and only you can take them away."

"But how can I do that?" asked Tom, crying afresh.

"Well, I think it is time for you to go to school; so I shall fetch you a schoolmistress, who will teach you how to get rid of your prickles." And so she went away.

Tom was frightened at the notion of a schoolmistress; for he thought she would certainly come with a birch-rod or a cane; but he comforted himself, at last, that she might be something like the old woman in Vendale—which she was not in the least; for, when the fairy brought her, she was the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen, with long curls floating behind her like a golden cloud, and long robes floating all round her like a silver one.

"There he is," said the fairy; "and you must teach him to be good, whether you like or not."

"I know," said the little girl; but she did not seem quite to like, for she put her finger in her mouth, and looked at Tom under her brows; and Tom put his finger in his mouth, and looked at her under his brows, for he was horribly ashamed of himself.

The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin; and perhaps she would never have begun at all, if poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him to be good, and help him to cure his prickles; and at that she grew so tender-hearted, that she began teaching him as prettily as ever child was taught in the world.

And what did the little girl teach Tom? She taught him, first, what you have been taught ever since you said your first prayers at your mother's knees; but she taught him much more simply. For the lessons in that world, my child, have no such hard words in

them as the lessons in this, and therefore the water-babies like them better than you like your lessons, and long to learn them more and more; and grown men cannot puzzle nor quarrel over their meaning, as they do here on land; for those lessons all rise clear and pure, like the Test out of Overton Pool, out of the everlasting ground of all life and truth.

So she taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went away home, and the kind fairy took her place. And, before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles had vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl; "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bedroom."

"Dear me!" cried Tom. "And I know you, too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed." And he jumped at her, and longed to hug and kiss her; but did not, remembering that she was a lady born; so he only jumped round and round her, till he was quite tired.

And then they began telling each other all their story—how he had got into the water, and she had fallen over the rock; and how he had swam down to the sea, and how she had flown out of the window; and how this, that, and the other, till it was all talked out; and then they both began over again, and I can't say which of the two talked fastest.

And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked them so well, that they went on well till seven full years were past and gone.

You may fancy that Tom was quite content and happy all those seven years; but the truth is, he was not. He had always one thing on his mind, and that was—where little Ellie went, when she went home on Sundays.

To a very beautiful place, she said.

But what was the beautiful place like, and where was it?

Ah! that is just what she could not say. And it is strange, but true, that

no one can say; and that those who have been oftenest in it, or even nearest to it, can say least about it, and make people understand least what it is like. There are a good many folks about the Other-end-of-Nowhere (where Tom went afterwards), who pretend to know it from north to south as well as if they had been penny postmen there; but, as they are safe at the Other-end-of-Nowhere, nine hundred and ninety-nine million miles away, what they say cannot concern us.

But the dear, sweet, loving, wise, good, self-sacrificing people, who really go there, can never tell you anything about it, save that it is the most beautiful place in all the world; and, if you ask them more, they grow modest, and hold their peace, for fear of being laughed at; and quite right they are.

So all that good little Ellie could say was, that it was worth all the rest of the world put together. And of course that only made Tom the more anxious to go likewise.

"Miss Ellie," he said, at last, "I will know why I cannot go with you when you go home, on Sundays, or I shall have no peace, and give you none either."

"You must ask the fairies that."

So when the fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, came next, Tom asked her.

"Little boys who are only fit to play with sea-beasts cannot go there," she said. "Those who go there must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like."

"Why, did Ellie do that?"

"Ask her."

And Ellie blushed, and said, "Yes, Tom; I did not like coming here at first; I was so much happier at home, where it is always Sunday. And I was afraid of you, Tom, at first, because—because—"

"Because I was all over prickles? But I am not prickly now, am I, Ellie?"

"No," said Ellie. "I like you very much now; and I like coming here, too."

"And perhaps," said the fairy, "you

will learn to like going where you don't like, and helping some one that you don't like, as Ellie has."

But Tom put his finger in his mouth, and hung his head down; for he did not see that at all.

So when Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby came, Tom asked her; for he thought in his little head, She is not so strict as her sister, and perhaps she may let me off more easily.

Ah, Tom, Tom, silly fellow! and yet I don't know why I should blame you, while so many grown people have got the very same notion in their heads.

But, when they try it, they get just the same answer as Tom did. For, when he asked the second fairy, she told him just what the first did, and in the very same words.

Tom was very unhappy at that. And, when Ellie went home on Sunday, he fretted and cried all day, and did not care to listen to the fairy's stories about good children, though they were prettier than ever. Indeed, the more he overheard of them, the less he liked to listen, because they were all about children who did what they did not like, and took trouble for other people, and worked to feed their little brothers and sisters, instead of caring only for their play. And, when she began to tell a story about a holy child in old times, who was martyred by the heathen because it would not worship idols, Tom could bear no more, and ran away and hid among the rocks.

And, when Ellie came back, he was shy with her, because he fancied she looked down on him, and thought him a coward. And then he grew quite cross with her, because she was superior to him, and did what he could not do. And poor Ellie was quite surprised and sad; and at last Tom burst out crying; but he would not tell her what was really in his mind.

And all the while he was eaten up with curiosity to know where Ellie went to; so that he began not to care for his playmates, or for the sea-palace, or anything else. But perhaps that made matters all the easier for him; for he grew

so discontented with everything round him, that he did not care to stay, and did not care where he went.

"Well," he said, at last, "I am so miserable here, I'll go; if only you will go with me?"

"Ah!" said Ellie, "I wish I might; but the worst of it is, that the fairy says, that you must go alone, if you go at all. Now don't poke that poor crab about, Tom (for he was feeling very naughty and mischievous), or the fairy will have to punish you."

Tom was very nearly saying, "I don't care if she does;" but he stopped himself in time.

"I know what she wants me to do," he said, whining most dolefully. "She wants me to go after that horrid old Grimes. I don't like him, that's certain. And if I find him, he will turn me into a chimney-sweep again, I know. That's what I have been afraid of all along."

"No, he won't—I know as much as that. Nobody can turn water-babies into sweeps, or hurt them at all, as long as they are good."

"Ah," said naughty Tom, "I see what you want; you are persuading me all along to go, because you are tired of me, and want to get rid of me."

Little Ellie opened her eyes very wide at that, and they were all brimming over with tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said, very mournfully—and then she cried, "Oh, Tom! where are you?"

And Tom cried, "Oh, Ellie, where are you?"

For neither of them could see each other—not the least. Little Ellie vanished quite away, and Tom heard her voice calling him, and growing smaller and smaller, and fainter and fainter, till all was silent.

Who was frightened then but Tom? He swam up and down among the rocks, into all the halls and chambers, faster than ever he swam before, but could not find her. He shouted after her, but she did not answer; he asked all the other children, but they had not seen her; and at last he went up to the top of the water and began crying and

screaming for Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, but she did not come. Then he began crying and screaming for Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid—which perhaps was the best thing to do—for she came in a moment.

"Oh!" said Tom. "Oh dear, oh dear! I have been naughty to Ellie, and I have killed her—I know I have killed her."

"Not quite that," said the fairy; "but I have sent her away home, and she will not come back again for I do not know how long."

And at that Tom cried so bitterly, that the salt sea was swelled with his tears, and the tide was 3,954,620,819 of an inch higher than it had been the day before: but perhaps that was owing to the waxing of the moon. It may be so; but it is considered right in the new philosophy, you know, to give spiritual causes for physical phenomena—especially in parlour-tables; and, of course, physical causes for spiritual ones, like thinking, and praying, and knowing right from wrong. And so they odds it till it comes even, as we say down in Berkshire.

"How cruel of you to send Ellie away!" sobbed Tom. "However, I will find her again, if I go to the world's end to look for her."

The fairy did not slap Tom, and tell him to hold his tongue; but she took him on her lap very kindly, just as her sister would have done; and put him in mind how it was not her fault, because she was wound up inside, like watches, and could not help doing things whether she liked or not. And then she told him how he had been in the nursery long enough, and must go out now and see the world, if he intended ever to be a man; and how he must go all alone by himself, as every one else that ever was born has to go, and see with his own eyes, and smell with his own nose, and make his own bed and lie on it, and burn his own fingers if he put them into the fire. And then she told him how many fine things there were to be seen in the world, and what an odd, curious, pleasant, orderly, respect-

able, well-managed, and, on the whole, successful (as, indeed, might have been expected) sort of a place it was, if people would only be tolerably brave and honest and good in it; and then she told him not to be afraid of any thing he met, for nothing would harm him if he remembered all his lessons, and did what he knew was right. And at last she comforted poor little Tom so much, that he was quite eager to go, and wanted to set out that minute. "Only," he said, "if I might see Ellie once before I went!"

"Why do you want that?"

"Because—because I should be so much happier if I thought she had forgiven me."

And in the twinkling of an eye there stood Ellie, smiling, and looking so happy that Tom longed to kiss her; but was still afraid it would not be respectful, because she was a lady born.

"I am going, Ellie!" said Tom. "I am going, if it is to the world's end. But I don't like going at all, and that's the truth."

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" said the fairy. "You will like it very well indeed, you little rogue, and you know that at the bottom of your heart. But if you don't, I will make you like it. Come here, and see what happens to people who do only what is pleasant."

And she took out of one of her cupboards (she had all sorts of mysterious cupboards in the cracks of the rocks) the most wonderful waterproof book, full of such photographs as never were seen. For she had found out photography (and this is a fact) more than 13,598,000 years before anybody was born; and, what is more, her photographs did not merely represent light and shade, as ours do, but colour also, and all colours, as you may see if you will look at a black cock's tail, or a butterfly's wing, or, indeed, most things that are or can be, so to speak. And, therefore, her photographs were very curious and famous, and the children looked with great delight for the opening of the book.

And on the title-page was written,

"The History of the great and famous nation of the Doasyoulikes, who came away from the country of Hardwork, because they wanted to play on the Jews'-harp all day long."

In the first picture they saw these Doasyoulikes living in the land of Ready-made, at the foot of the Happygolucky Mountains, where flapdoodle grows wild; and if you want to know what that is, you must read Peter Simple.

They lived very much such a life as those jolly old Greeks in Sicily, whom you may see painted on the ancient vases, and really there seemed to be great excuses for them, for they had no need to work.

Instead of houses, they lived in the beautiful caves of tufa, and bathed in the warm springs three times a day; and, as for clothes, it was so warm there that the gentlemen walked about in little beside a cocked hat and a pair of straps, or some light summer tackle of that kind; and the ladies all gathered gossamer in autumn (when they were not too lazy) to make their winter dresses.

They were very fond of music, but it was too much trouble to learn the piano or the violin; and, as for dancing, that would have been too great an exertion. So they sat on ant-hills all day long, and played on the Jews'-harp; and, if the ants bit them, why they just got up and went to the next ant-hill, till they were bitten there likewise.

And they sat under the flapdoodle-trees, and let the flapdoodle drop into their mouths; and under the vines, and squeezed the grape-juice down their throats; and, if any little pigs ran about ready roasted, crying, "Come and eat me," as was their fashion in that country, they waited till the pigs ran against their mouths, and then took a bite, and were content, just as so many oysters would have been.

They needed no weapons, for no enemies ever came near their land; and no tools, for everything was ready-made to their hand; and the stern old fairy Necessity never came near them to hunt them up, and make them use their wits, or die.

And so on, and so on, and so on, till

there were never such jolly, comfortable, easy-going, happy-go-lucky people in the world.

"Well, that is a jolly life," said Tom.

"You think so?" said the fairy.

"Do you see that great peaked mountain there behind," said the fairy, "with smoke coming out of its top?"

"Yes."

"And do you see all those ashes, and slag, and cinders, lying about?"

"Yes."

"Then turn over the next five hundred years, and you will see what happens next."

And behold the mountain had blown up, bang, like a barrel of gunpowder, and then boiled over, fizz, like a kettle, and one-third of the Doasyoulikes were blown into the air, and another third were smothered in ashes, and there was only one-third left.

"You see," said the fairy, "what comes of living on a burning mountain."

"Oh, why did you not warn them?" said little Ellie.

"I did warn them all that I could. I let the smoke come out of the mountain; and wherever there is smoke there is fire. And I laid the ashes and cinders all about; and wherever there are cinders, cinders may be again. But they did not like to face facts, my dears, as very few people do; and so they invented a cock-and-bull story, which, I am sure, I never told them, that the smoke was the breath of a giant, whom some gods or other had buried under the mountain; and that the cinders were what the dwarfs roasted the little pigs whole with, and other nonsense of that kind. And, when folks are in that humour, I cannot teach them, save by the good old birch-rod."

And then she turned over the next five hundred years, and there were the remnant of the Doasyoulikes, doing as they liked, as before. They were too lazy to move away from the mountain; so they said, If it has blown up once, that is all the more reason that it should not blow up again. And they were few in number: but they only said, The

more the merrier, but the fewer the better fare. However, that was not quite true; for all the flapdoodle-trees were killed by the volcano, and they had eaten all the roast pigs, who, of course, could not be expected to have little ones. So that they had to live very hard, on nuts and roots which they scratched out of the ground with sticks. Some of them talked of sowing corn, as their ancestors used to do, before they came into the land of Readymade; but they had forgotten how to make ploughs, (they had forgotten even how to make Jews'-harps by this time), and had eaten all the seed-corn years ago which they brought out of the land of Hard-work; and it was too much trouble to go away and find more. So they lived miserably on roots and nuts, and all the weakly little children had great stomachs, and then died.

"Why," said Tom, "they are growing no better than savages."

"And look how ugly they are all getting," said Ellie.

"Yes; when people live on poor vegetables, instead of roast beef and plum-pudding, their jaws grow large, and their lips grow coarse, like the poor Paddies who eat potatoes."

And she turned over the next five hundred years. And there they were all living up in trees, and making nests to keep off the rain. And underneath the trees lions were prowling about.

"Why," said Ellie, "the lions seem to have eaten a good many of them, for there are very few left now."

"Yes," said the fairy; "you see it was only the strongest and most active ones who could climb the trees, and so escape."

"But what great, hulking, broad-shouldered chaps they are," said Tom; "they are a rough lot as ever I saw."

"Yes, they are getting very strong now; for ladies will not marry any but the very strongest and fiercest gentlemen, who can help them up the trees out of the lions' way."

And she turned over the next five hundred years. And in that they were fewer still, and stronger, and fiercer;

but their feet had changed shape very oddly, for they laid hold of the branches with their great toes, as if they had been thumbs, just as a Hindoo tailor uses his toes to thread his needle.

The children were very much surprised, and asked the fairy whether that was her doing.

"Yes, and no," she said, smiling. "It was only those who could use their feet as well as their hands who could get a good living; or, indeed, get married; so that they got the best of everything, and starved out all the rest; and those who are left keep up a regular breed of toe-thumb-men, as a breed of shorthorns, or skye-terriers, or fancy pigeons is kept up."

"But there is a hairy one among them," said Ellie.

"Ah!" said the fairy, "that will be a great man in his time, and chief of all the tribe."

And, when she turned over the next five hundred years, it was true.

For this hairy chief had had hairy children, and they hairier children still; and every one tried to marry hairy husbands, and have hairy children too; for the climate was growing so damp that none but the hairy ones could live; all the rest coughed and sneezed, and had sore throats, and went into consumption, before they could grow up to be men and women.

And the fairy turned over the next five hundred years. And they were fewer still.

"Why, there is one on the ground, picking up roots," said Ellie, "and he cannot walk upright."

No more he could; in the same way that the shape of their feet had altered, the shape of their backs had altered also.

"Why," cried Tom, "I declare they are all apes."

"Something very like it, poor foolish creatures," said the fairy. "They are grown so stupid now, that they can hardly think: for none of them have used their wits for many hundred years, and they have almost forgotten how to talk. For each stupid

child forgot some of the words it heard from its stupid parents, and had not wits enough to make fresh words for itself. And beside, they are grown so fierce, and suspicious, and brutal, that they keep out of each other's way, and mope, and sulk in the dark forests, never hearing each other's voice, till they have forgotten almost what speech is like. I am afraid they will all be apes very soon, and all by doing only what they liked."

And in the next five hundred years they were all dead and gone, by bad food, and wild beasts, and hunters, all except one tremendous old fellow with jaws like a jack, who stood full seven feet high; and M. Du Chaillu came up to him, and shot him, as he stood roaring and thumping his breast. And he remembered that his ancestors had once been men, and tried to say, "Am I not a man and a brother?" but he had forgotten how to use his tongue; and then he had tried to call for a doctor, but he had forgotten the word for one. So all he said was, "Ubboboo!" and died.

And that was the end of the great and jolly nation of the Doasyoulikes. And, when Tom and Ellie came to the end of the book, they looked very sad and solemn; and they had good reason so to do, for they really fancied that the men were apes, and never thought of asking, in their simplicity, whether the creatures had hippopotamus majors in their brains or not; in which case, you know, they could not possibly have been apes, though they were more apish than the apes of all aperies.

"But could you not have saved them from becoming apes?" said little Ellie, at last.

"At first, my dear; if only they would have behaved like men, and set to work to do what they did not like. But the longer they wailed, and cried like the dumb beasts, who only do what they like, the stupider and clumsier they grew, till at last they were past all cure, for they had thrown their own wits away. It is such things as this that help to make me so ugly, that I know not when I shall grow fair."

"And where are they all now?" asked Ellie.

"Exactly where they ought to be, my dear."

"Yes!" said the fairy, solemnly, half to herself, as she closed the wonderful book. "Folks say now that I can make beasts into men, by circumstance, and selection, and competition, and so forth. Well, perhaps they are right; and perhaps, again, they are wrong. That is one of the seven things which I am forbidden to tell, till the coming of the Cocqigruers; and, at all events, it is no concern of theirs. Whatever their ancestors were, men they are; and I advise them to behave as such, and act accordingly."

But let them recollect this, that there are two sides to every question, and a downhill as well as an uphill road; and, if I can turn beasts into men, I can, by the same laws of circumstance, and selection, and competition, turn men into beasts. You were very near being turned into a beast once or twice, little Tom. Indeed, if you had not made up your mind to go on this journey, and see the world, like an Englishman, I am not sure but that you would have ended as an eel in a pond."

"Oh, dear me!" said Tom; "sooner than that, and be all over slime, I'll go this minute, if it is to the world's end."

To be continued.

THE FIRST WAITS.

A MEDITATION FOR ALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

So, Christmas is here again!—

While the house sleeps, quiet as death,

'Neath the midnight moon comes the Waits' shrill tune,

And we listen and hold our breath.

The Christmas that never was—

On this foggy November air,

With clear pale gleam, like the ghost of a dream,

It is painted everywhere.

The Christmas that might have been—

It is borne in the far-off sound,

Down the empty street, with the tread of feet

That lie silent underground.

The Christmas that yet may be—

Like the Bethlehem star, leads kind:

Yet our life chimes past, hour by hour, fast, fast,

Few before—and many behind.

The Christmas we have and hold,

With a tremulous tender strain,

Half joy, half fears—Be the psalm of the years,

"Grief passes, blessings remain!"

The Christmas that sure will come,

Let us think of, at fireside fair;—

When church bells will sound o'er one small green mound,

Which the neighbours pass to prayer.

The Christmas that God will give,—

Long after all these are o'er,

When is day nor night, for the LAMB is our Light,

And we live for evermore.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

It is no new thing in the history of the world that important movements of thought should be strikingly illustrated and confirmed by apparently accidental events. When a certain tendency has been gradually impressing itself upon the convictions of the few, some crisis in national or human affairs has often proved the occasion through which the general mind has caught fire from the small and struggling flame. A coincidence of this kind must be looked upon as highly significant of a Divine purpose, by those who believe that the world is under Divine guidance.

The present Cotton Famine in this country, amongst its many results, has done something to forward a conciliation of important principles. It has called forth a cooperation between what may be called the economical and religious interests, which could hardly have taken place without some compulsion. Under its pressure, political economy and religion have met together, science and philanthropy have kissed each other. Manchester itself has invoked the aid of the pious benevolence of the country, in a distress which the utmost freedom of trade could not avert or remedy. The response has been quick and cordial; and pious benevolence has shown itself willing to act in deference to all known rules of political economy, and anxious to avoid the indulgence of any impulse by which those rules would be violated. It must be a welcome sight to all lovers of national harmony, to observe interests which could hardly be said to be natural allies, thus forced into a beneficent fellowship.

This special view of the Lancashire Relief movement has been suggested by an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of the 15th November, entitled "De l'accord de l'économie politique et de

"la religion," by M. Léonce de Lavergne, Member of the Institute. This article sets forth belief which the English public would hardly expect, I think, to see declared by an orthodox economist in that eminent review. The effect of it is the more impressive from the absence of all that is extreme or paradoxical in opinion. M. de Lavergne writes with admirable moderation. His tone is that of one who is not propounding any new discovery, but commending to general acceptance by some needed explanations a view for which there was sufficient evidence ready to hand. Writing as an economist, he maintains that the essential principles of political economy are in no opposition to the essential principles of the Christian Church, but that they interpenetrate one another. If he used the word Christianity as a vague substitute for modern civilization, such a conclusion might have been a matter of course. But he writes, to all appearance, as a *bonâ-fide* Christian, accepting the New Testament revelation and the Scriptural and historical doctrines of Christianity; and he winds up with the following earnest appeal: "Ye men of little faith, "who think you see death where life is, "recognise the finger of the Almighty, "and in view of those pacific conquests "which are preparing the reign of "universal brotherhood announced by "the Gospel, repeat the triumphal acclamation of the Christian, *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.*"

This article, of which I am about to give a more detailed account, is made specially interesting to Englishmen by a cordial and flattering defence of this country against the imputations of a writer whom M. de Lavergne is reviewing, and by most sympathising allusions to the distress in the Cotton Districts,

and the manner in which it is borne. We have felt proud ourselves, throughout the British Empire, of the noble uncomplaining endurance of our fellow-countrymen. But we could hardly have expected a foreigner to speak of it, as "perhaps the most beautiful spectacle that has ever been seen," (un si beau spectacle, le plus beau peut-être qu'on aie jamais vu). M. de Lavergne, who is well known as a writer on English agriculture and other economical subjects, protests against the darker representations of the social condition of this country which he finds in the work of M. Périn, a professor of political economy in the Roman Catholic University of Louvain, upon "Wealth in Christian Communities." But this work is evidently a remarkable one, and must hold a unique place in the existing literature of political economy. M. Périn has that spice of paradox which is foreign to his reviewer's mind; and whilst in the judgment of M. de Lavergne he writes as a sound economist, he professes to find the root of every economical principle in the special teaching of Roman Catholic Christianity. There is an originality and thoroughness in this theory which might induce even English readers to forgive the injustice which M. Périn, as a zealous Romanist, cannot help doing to Protestant England. M. de Lavergne, on the other hand, does us more than justice. Both our religion and our social condition have in him a most generous apologist.

The object of the article, as I have said, is to exhibit the harmony of political economy and religion. That harmony has not always been confessed. Mutual suspicion and dislike have been felt on both sides. Of our own most eminent economists, some have been openly alienated from Christianity; others have worn their Christian profession but loosely. Hardly any have looked seriously to the power of the Gospel for a more general and thorough acceptance of economical principles. On the other hand, zealous and warm-hearted Christians have denounced political economy as cruel and godless.

They have looked upon the spread of economical science as tending to make men selfish and covetous. Political economy, they have said, upholds individual interest as a man's supreme consideration; Christianity teaches him to deny self, and to live for God and for his brethren. There is a great deal of truth in the contrast thus stated: enough to have caused much anxiety to many earnest men, and to have prompted some vigorous efforts to bring Christian faith and social economy into a living harmony.

With reference to the conciliation of these two distrustful interests, M. de Lavergne lays down an important maxim with emphatic clearness. He protests against attempts to Christianize or spiritualize political economy. He condemns the phrase "Christian political economy"—"as if," he says, "there were a political economy that was not Christian." "We must take great care not to mix kinds or to confound methods. Economical science must not renounce its identity. It cannot be right for it to abdicate its nature in order to obtain acceptance, or to pursue a kind of amnesty by undergoing a conversion. Utility is its end, wealth its object, interest, rightly understood, its means. Nothing assuredly could be better than that utility should ultimately blend itself with justice and godliness; but if it consented to submit to foreign influences, it would lose its independent existence. The final harmony will only have the more weight, the more freely each road conducts towards it. We may add to political economy, we may develop and perfect it; but it must be by processes which properly belong to it: we must not think of changing its essence."

Nothing can be sounder than this warning. It applies equally to the treatment of what M. de Lavergne generally calls by the somewhat vague title of "religion." If political economy should not be *Christianized*, neither must the Christian faith be *economized*. The question to be asked with regard to

each is, What is true?—not, How may the two be harmonized together? It is a very dangerous attempt, however well meant, to cut away from one truth in order to make it fit in with another. Our religion would be imperilled by such a method as much as our political economy. But, if the convictions of economists and the convictions of Christians appear to come into collision, the following course may be adopted, without any sacrifice of principle, and often with most advantageous results. An economist or a Christian may feel called upon to inquire with special carefulness, Is the statement on my side, at the point of collision, exactly the right one? A more thorough investigation may lead to a correction, on the one side or the other, to be made, not for the sake of harmony, but for the sake of truth. Suppose, for example, that the presumed Christian duty of almsgiving is condemned in the name of economical science. The Christian is called upon to consider, with more carefulness than before, whether he has rightly understood this duty and the practice of it. Most of us are now convinced that almsgiving, as a religious duty, has often been very ignorantly conceived and mischievously carried out. And we can see that to that extent almsgiving has been really false to itself and to its proper object. Suppose again that a presumed principle of political economy, as to the necessary pursuit of individual interest, appears to be condemned by Christianity. The economist may feel himself bound to consider whether the presumed principle is really a part of true economical science. And it is generally admitted by economists, that those statements are rash and unscientific in which selfishness has been affirmed to be the necessary root of human prosperity. These obvious illustrations may serve as hints of the way in which political economy and religion may be of mutual service to each other. Whether in the long run sound theories of material prosperity and the religion of the New Testament will be found irreconcilable, is a ques-

tion to be determined by fair investigation, conducted in the spirit of which M. de Lavergne has given a welcome example.

As it is the object of political economy to ascertain how wealth may be increased, it may be maintained at the outset, that the whole science is opposed to New Testament teaching, according to which, it may be urged, the very possession of wealth is an evil and the attempt to acquire it unchristian. To this it is answered, that such a representation of the doctrines of the New Testament is not a true one. M. Périn dwells on the striking testimony given by history, in the fact that Christianity and wealth have always flourished together. Let the modern world and the ancient world be compared as to their wealth: what an amazing balance will be found on the side of the Christian world in all the conditions of material wellbeing! Look at the matter more closely, and observe the latter days of the pagan world, the early ages of the Christian Church. Under paganism, population and wealth are seen everywhere declining. As soon as the world was seriously penetrated by the Christian spirit, riches began to increase with a steady onward movement. The voice of the Gospel, proclaiming freedom and brotherhood amongst men, attacked the causes of misery and of idleness. Industry became active, when the personal rights of the labourer were acknowledged. Waste was restrained, when luxury and profligacy were rebuked. The world has become rich through the influence of the very doctrine which taught men not to worship riches.

Special historical examples may be adduced to prove the same fact. We are referred to the state of France towards the end of the 13th century. At that time France was distinguished by singular religious activity and by singular prosperity. The population increased till it was as large as in 1789:—

“The magnificent churches which rose everywhere simultaneously, and which all modern resources would have some trouble in building within the same time; the cathedrals

of Paris, of Rheims, of Amiens, of Chartres, of Rouen, of Bourges; the church of St. Denis, and so many others which it would be impossible to enumerate, attest not only an original development of art, but an amazing degree of science and of activity. The influence of the Catholic Church then penetrated the whole of society, and it is to the Church that the honour of this noble historical period especially belongs. A king whom the Church has canonized has given his name to this age, in which, according to Joinville, 'le royaume se multiplia tellement par la bonne droiture que le domaine, censive, rente et revenu du roi croissait tous les ans de moitié.' "

Another striking illustration is found in the labours of the Order of St. Benedict, whose name is as great, says M. de Lavergne, in the records of political economy as in those of religion. The Roman Catholic Church, however, cannot claim a similar credit for all its institutions. The Mendicant Orders, whether they have any religious merit or not, must certainly stink in the nostrils of political economy. Indeed, we English might plausibly contend, that whilst the Church Catholic, as such, has been always favourable to national and human prosperity, the Romanizing or Papistical element has borne baneful fruit in corruption and idleness.

M. de Lavergne adds an example which the Louvain professor would not willingly accept. He cites the case of modern Protestant England. He speaks of England as being at the same time the richest and the most religious nation in Europe. Perhaps this is true. But the attempt to compare the religiousness of one country with that of another, must bring to our minds the very important fact, that "religion" is not everywhere the same thing. If on the one hand religion may be either Romish or Protestant, so on the other hand we must remember that Protestant religion may be either a mercenary and pharisaical attempt to make oneself safe for another world, or the response of the spirit to the genuine Gospel of Christ. We ought not to accept the praise of being at once so religious and so rich without some searchings of heart.

Indeed, we might anticipate an ob-

jection of the following kind: 'It is all very well to exhibit the union of industry and religion. It proves, certainly, that even a people energetically bent upon secular pursuits will not go without some religion. The wealth-producing English nation has devised for itself a religion which is for the time to its taste. But the modern religion of a country of economists is not, whatever it may pretend, the religion of the New Testament. Look at your texts: read the denunciations of Mammon, the warnings against the danger of riches, the Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, the Take no thought for the morrow. Let us understand whether the Christianity with which you boast yourselves to be in agreement, is that of Christ and His Apostles, or the result of ages of modification, the *novæ frondes et non sua poma*, which it is doubtful whether a John or a Paul would admire.' Certainly: this is a very necessary question, especially for us who profess to go back to the New Testament without asking any help from development. Let us admit that exhortations to "make the best of both worlds" must have sounded strange in the ears of the first Christians. But we must forbear to enter upon the general subject of modern religion. Our present purpose only bids us ask whether the doctrine of our Lord and of His Apostles is to be understood as condemning industry and the production of wealth.

M. de Lavergne shows well how a reverent Christian, putting aside the cavils of those who desire to create discrepancies, would deal with this question. He says that the exhortations of Christ were partly *exceptional*—that those who would become His followers were actually called upon for a time to renounce riches and to accept poverty. The saying, "Whosoever of you forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple," stated a matter of fact. A deeper universal meaning might have been recognised in such sayings, by perceiving that the same facts may occur in a new shape at any time. We never know when the sincere following of the

Light may involve similar consequences. Our Lord was declaring a permanent truth, when He taught that a true disciple must hold all that he has upon the tenure of renouncing it in a moment when his loyalty demands the sacrifice. And thus these apparently exceptional sayings are in perfect harmony with the doctrine which M. de Lavergne accepts as embracing the whole truth. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "Voilà," he says, "la véritable doctrine. Avant tout, Dieu et la justice ; mais après ces premiers biens il y en a d'autres qui doivent nous être donnés par surcroît. Ce reste forme le domaine de l'économie politique." No doubt many economists would decline to hold this language. But they cannot, as economists, object to it. They have no more right to say that the increase of material wealth ought to override considerations of the kingdom of God and His righteousness, than a medical man would have to say that a soldier ought not to go to the wars because his health will be endangered. It is the business of divines to point out how completely our Lord's strong language is justified by those temptations to make money unfairly and unwisely, of which the economist is well aware. But the divine may also explain that the most utter devotion to the Divine kingdom and righteousness will not in the long run be prejudicial to the growth of riches. The fear of God and the love of justice are the strongest enemies of those vices which breed poverty and distrust. Every one knows that it would not do to teach without reserve, Make yourselves rich, above all. But it *would* do to teach, without any reserve, Submit yourselves to the will of the righteous Father of all. This obedience would inevitably, as our Lord teaches, be followed by prosperity. It would supersede the necessity of a political economy, if it were not truer to say that it would be sure to bring a sound political economy in its train. It is no wish of mine therefore, as a preacher of the Gospel

of Christ, to go cap in hand to political economy, and to ask that our religion may be tolerated as innocuous. I maintain, what M. de Lavergne on his side fully admits, that nothing can do so much for a true social economy as a true Christianity.

The following is a paragraph from the *Review* :—

"The principle to which the Louvain professor ascribes the production of wealth is new and somewhat paradoxical ; it is the Christian spirit of sacrifice (*renoncement*). The spirit of sacrifice is the basis of Christianity, but it only acts very indirectly upon production ; and if taken literally, and applied as a universal and absolute rule, it would be irreconcilable with it. M. Périn develops in two volumes this original theory. On some points he happens to be right enough, for the love of riches carried to excess leads to the destruction of riches, and there are cases in which riches must be given up, in order to obey a higher duty ; but these cases are rare and exceptional. The genuine principle of the wealth of Christian nations is rather in that other law which Christianity has proclaimed, *Love your neighbour as yourself for the love of God*. By this rule of love and of justice, aided when necessary by the spirit of sacrifice, the useful is in some sort transfigured : it ceases to be a matter of individual and selfish calculation, and becomes the symbol of charity and of the common interest (*solidarité*), the bond between all men and all peoples, the earthly cement of humanity. It is thus that political economy may well be called the daughter of Christianity ; it could not have had birth in the old world."

This is a noble doctrine for a professed economist. Upon the theological part of it I will venture to remark, that the Christian law of sacrifice would be identical with that of love. Sacrifice without an object does not belong to the Christian life. "Love God supremely and your neighbour as yourself" embraces all true self-abnegation, all surrender, all sacrifice. A striking sentence from another part of the essay illustrates this doctrine, and marks the most sacred point of contact between Christianity and political economy : "*Family life is the true source of wellbeing, and no thing encourages family life like property.*" Is not acquisition transfigured indeed, when it becomes the conscientious discharge of duty towards those whom God has made dependent upon us ? And popular feeling, even

amongst ourselves, demands that it should be thus transfigured. A solitary man without relations, laboriously making himself rich, is a disagreeable object to all of us—unless, indeed, he shows that the poor or his country may be to him in the place of a family. Every man ought to labour for an independence, in order that he may not be a burden upon others. After that, he ought to be glad to make himself able to help others. St. Paul's maxims are perfectly practical and rational: "Them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread. But ye, brethren, be not weary in well-doing." "Rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

From our English point of view, no better illustration of the historical connexion between religion and material prosperity could be given than the development of enterprise and trade which accompanied the Reformation. It is interesting to see that at the same time the high principle laid down by the French economist was fully recognised, as the following extracts will show. The first is from a letter given, in the name of Edward VI., to an expedition which went on a north-eastern voyage of discovery, to be presented to any potentates whose lands the expedition might light upon:—

"For the God of heaven and earth, greatly providing for mankind, would not that all things should be found in one region, to the end that one should have need of another, that by this means friendship might be established among all men, and every one seek to gratify all. For the furtherance of which universal amity, certain men of our realm, moved hereto by the said desire, have instituted and taken upon them a voyage into far countries, desiring us to further their enterprise. Who, assenting to their petition, have licensed the right valiant and worthy Sir Hugh Willoughby, Knight, and other our trusty and faithful servants, to go to countries to them heretofore unknown, as well to seek such things as we lack, as also to carry unto them from our regions such things as they lack. So that hereby, not only commodity may ensue both

to them and us, but also an indissoluble and perpetual league of friendship be established between us both. We therefore desire you kings and princes, and all other to whom there is any power on the earth, to permit unto these our servants free passage by your regions and dominions: for they shall not touch anything of yours unwilling unto you. Consider you that they also are men. If therefore they shall stand in need of anything, we desire you of all humanity and for the nobility which is in you, to aid and help them with such things as they lack, receiving again of them such things as they shall be able to give you in recompense. Show yourselves so towards them, as you would that we and our subjects should show ourselves towards your servants, if at any time they shall pass by our regions."

Is not Free Trade nobly grounded in this document? The expedition thus sent forth "discovered" Russia from the North, and was the beginning of intercourse between that country and England. A charter of Ivan Vasiliwich, the reigning sovereign of Russia, given to an English company, expounds with almost tedious fulness the principle of Edward's letter. Its preamble is as follows:—

"Forasmuch as God hath planted all realms and dominions in the whole world with sundry commodities, so as the one hath need of the amity and commodities of the other, and by means thereof traffic is used from one to another, and amity thereby increased; and for that amongst men nothing is more to be desired than amity, without the which no creature being of a natural good disposition can live in quietness, so that it is as troublesome to be utterly wanting, as it is perceived to be grievous to the body to lack air, fire, or any other necessities most requisite for the conservation and maintenance thereof in health; considering also—"

But here we may as well stop, in the homily of Ivan or his advisers. The reader will have seen how familiar a thing it was in that age, with whatever sincerity it might happen in any particular case to be done, to lay down a great moral benefit as the final cause of commerce, and to recognise free and industrious commerce as the appointed means of securing that moral benefit.

Let us now follow our authorities in touching briefly upon some of the chief subjects with which political economy is concerned, to see whether in its details there is any collision between this science and the principles of the Gospel. I need

hardly apologise for what must appear a slight and superficial treatment of economical questions. My object is only to bring the admitted elements of political economy into the light of theology. I could not pretend to write as an economist; but I desire, as a preacher of the Gospel, to see clearly that I am not contradicting the positive conclusions of science.

What is the Christian theory of *labour*? No doubt one aspect of it presented to us in the Bible is that of a curse. It is a necessary result of the presence of evil in the earth. It must be submitted to as a burden which cannot be thrown off. And there is an important reality in this representation of labour. The New Testament recognises it in a manner by holding out *rest* as a promised blessing. But even the Mosaic teaching declared work as well as rest to be made in the image of God. Thou shalt work six days, for God wrought: thou shalt rest on the seventh day, for God rested. And all honour is paid to common industry under the Gospel. It may be true that the Scriptures do not dwell anywhere, after the modern manner, upon the happiness of work in itself, when it is a wholesome exercise of the faculties. But, perhaps, it is simpler and better to regard work as a means rather than as an end—to think of the satisfaction of getting good things done rather than of the pleasure of doing them. "What makes labour really energetic and productive," says M. de Lavergne, "is not fear [we may add, nor the reflex consciousness of the pleasure of it], but hope." And the principle of hope—hope in work as well as hope in waiting—is eminently a Christian and Evangelical one. Those who trust in God see it to be worth while to work on at whatever their hand finds to do—to be wrong to waste the "talents," intrusted to them—even more than those who work for selfish ends. The maxim, "always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your 'labour is not in vain in the Lord,'" applies to productive industry in its place as much as to any other kind of

work. When St. Paul wanted to earn a living, he worked as industriously at a trade as any other operative. Christian teaching, therefore, entirely supports political economy in enforcing industry. That which is shown to be indispensable to production is commended as a duty under the Gospel, and made cheerful with the hope of a still higher reward. On the other hand, it is due to economical science to remember that one of its chief tasks is to show how labour may be more equally distributed, how its enslaving pressure may be lightened, how it may be made to minister to happy and intelligent rest, by a growing perfection of its instruments, and by the accumulation of the means of subsistence. With regard to labour, political economy and the Gospel need not even appear to differ.

So again as to *saving*, or the creating of capital. Political economy may seem to acquiesce in the covetous spirit which the Gospel vehemently condemns; it may demonstrate that the hoarding of a miser is less mischievous than the squandering of a prodigal. But it has no right or reason to praise covetousness. In many ways, this spirit is injurious to the ends which political economy proposes to itself. And Christian teaching is eminently favourable to all rational saving, by the self-denial which it inculcates, and by its hatred of the means by which wealth is dissipated.

A difficulty is much more likely to arise upon the subject of *competition*. Language has been used, in the name of political economy, as to the necessity and value of competition, which certainly seemed to contradict the fundamental principle of Christian fellowship, and to set the science which dictated it in direct opposition to the Gospel. Against the political economy, therefore, which glorified competition, the rival principle of *association* has been upheld. But I believe that the soundest economists would not argue for competition in any such sense as to depreciate association. They would, no doubt, contend for *freedom*, both in production

and in trades. They would be as ready as ever to demonstrate the fallacy of a socialism established by law and maintained by force. They would exhibit the advantages that accrue to the world from that liberty which may be perverted into eager and inhuman competition. But political economy is not bound to praise, in the social struggle, anything which Christianity would condemn. It is alive to the evils which attend this struggle. Almost as soon as the struggle becomes unchristian, it becomes also uneconomical. A partial remedy for the evils of competition may be sought in the adoption of the principle of association in industry. No supporter of voluntary co-operation can dream that it could extinguish competition; and, on the other hand, there is nothing in the largest extension of co-operative schemes, so long as they are voluntary, which need offend an economist. But, in any case, is it not necessary to invoke the aid of Christian principle to maintain a sound economical condition? Suppose that individual competition is the general law of the social system, what does Christian teaching say? It speaks thus to each man: Work industriously, do the best you can to earn a living for yourself and those dependent upon you, delight in producing what will be for the general advantage; but beware of the temptations which beset you, abstain upon your loyalty as a subject of Christ from defrauding or overreaching a neighbour, and do not allow your inward health to be corroded by anxiety. If such a voice is listened to, will not society be the more prosperous? If, again, attempts are made to organize voluntary associations for industry and trade, a Christian should welcome them cordially. Every effort to work in honourable fellowship is a witness in behalf of the law of Christian life. It is almost impossible that co-operation should succeed at all, unless some principle higher than that of self-interest binds the members together. Association needs a living Christianity to sustain it, as competition needs a living Christianity to control

and to purify it. The end which both the Christian and the economist would look upon as a success is the same. Large collective wealth, increased without gambling, or fraud, or monopolies, distributed as generally as possible amongst a well-rewarded people, ministering to true freedom and cultivation: this is what both would desire. Political economy does not dictate that individuals should acquire or hold enormous fortunes. Large capitals are, indeed, of special value; but, if these can be obtained by association, they are just as efficacious, and the more numerous the partners the better.

The alliance between religion and commerce is so well recognised, as hardly to require the illustrations which it is easy to adduce. Every great religious movement has opened ways for commercial enterprise; credit, so indispensable to the transactions of exchange, has its root in the moral or religious quality of integrity. The commercial spirit has its own great dangers; and when it subdues religion to itself, it works in it the deadliest corruptions. But commercial activity has not been more adverse than any other condition of human life to the pure spirit of the Gospel. St. Paul seems to have laboured longest and most effectually in busy commercial places, where the thoughts of men were quickened by various intercourse—such as Antioch, Ephesus, and Corinth. Christian missions and commerce have always gone hand in hand together. There is no reason why every trader should not be elevated by such thoughts as those of the letter quoted above, and regard himself as a minister of the Divine goodness for blessing and binding together the human race.

The subject of *population* reminds us of the controversy of which Malthus's famous book was the beginning, and in which there is some appearance of religion taking the side opposed to political economy. It is curious that Malthus's views should have won him praise from zealous Romanists, whose opinions on other matters would have been no less distasteful to him as an economist than as a

Protestant. M. de Maistre, as M. de Lavergne mentions, exults to find in the Malthusian theory a justification of the celibacy of priests and monks and nuns. But it might be replied, perhaps to Malthus himself (I am not sure whether he needs the reply), that *such* a restriction on the growth of population would not have the desired effect. Probably the population might show just as dangerous a tendency to encroach upon the means of subsistence, in a country where monks and nuns abound, as in a country where no one takes a vow of celibacy. If prudence and energy and enterprise prevail amongst a people, improvident marriages will not be common, but in all probability the means of subsistence will increase in a degree to warrant a rapidly increasing population. Emigration will give its aid; but, as a general rule, it is the prudent and self-respecting people that will avail itself of emigration. To preach against improvident marriages, therefore, is not necessarily to promote celibacy. On the whole, it would seem that the desire entertained by a sensible Christian father on behalf of his sons, would comprise the aims both of religion and of political economy in this matter. He would wish to see them married; but he would not wish to see them rush, whilst yet boys and without a provision, into the first marriage that offered itself. He would exhort them to wait, living a virtuous life, and looking forward to marriage, until they should have at least a reasonable hope of supporting a wife and family in independence. The higher his estimate of the excellence of marriage, the more he would be grieved to see it degraded and embittered by destitution and dependence. What more could be desired, than that such views should be generally acted upon? It would be fantastical for an individual to abstain from marriage, in order that the population might not increase. But if all took care not to marry improvidently, there would be no fear of the population outrunning the means of subsistence. And our religion teaches us that marriage, because it is such an

honourable estate, is "Not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

The objection to a superabundant population is that it makes the *poverty* of the poor more extreme and hopeless. Now, one complaint brought, not without reason, by political economy against religion, is that poverty has been *petted* by it. This has been the case far more in Roman Catholic than in Protestant countries. Almsgiving has been too much glorified in itself, and the object to be attained by it has been too little considered. But, as M. de Lavergne justly says, "the ideal of almsgiving is to make itself superfluous." The object of all relief is to diminish poverty. Whenever this effect is not produced by attempts to relieve, the relief is a failure. If incontestable evidence shows that poverty is even increased by what is done to relieve it, then those who give are proved to be acting in just as self-stultifying a manner, as those who in unwisely trying to extinguish a fire should make it rage the more fiercely. And, beyond any doubt, this has been the history of a great deal of the so-called "charity" of the Christian world. It is painful to condemn a habit which means well, but is too ignorant and thoughtless to *do* well. But it is more painful to see such a habit working its natural mischief. The French economists, so far from being too stern against religious works of charity, appear to me scarcely alive enough to their dangers. But the whole great question of poverty and its remedies requires to be considered with reference to the particular country, and also to the particular time in which the inquirer may be most interested. Whether certain particular methods may be wise and effectual or not, will depend very much on the actual condition of the population to be dealt with. So far as political economy and religion are concerned, the economist may be tempted to forget the dignity and value of the higher feelings, and the religious man may be too careless about following up his acts to their

practical results ; but the *end* sought by both, the amelioration of the condition of the distressed, is so entirely the same, that the one or the other must be wrong as to his own processes, if there is any collision between them.

A report upon the Relief of the Poor, embodying the results of accurate observation and inquiry, and embracing both the administration of poor-law relief and the various schemes of benevolence, and relating expressly to the present time, would be a very interesting and valuable work. If any comparison were made between England and Continental countries, this difference would come into view, that in all foreign nations far more is attempted in the way of repressing crime and vice, and *preventing* them from breaking out into overt acts, than the English jealousy as to the liberty of the subject will allow to be tried amongst ourselves. Our disreputable classes are allowed to have things their own way, and so become *more* disreputable, to a degree that must astonish the administrative powers of other countries. I am not blind to the reasons alleged for leaving things as they are ; but I can never persuade myself that it is wise or right to tolerate so much brutality and blackguardism, as the police know well, but dare not touch, in the lower haunts of this metropolis. I think that the liberty of the subject might bear, without danger, to be a little infringed upon in those directions, for the great gain of suppressing to some extent the recklessness of hard drinking, the audacities of prostitution, the miseries of vagabondage, the immodesties of overcrowding, the brazenness of crime, which run riot amongst us. But it is almost hopeless to look for any vigorous trial of what might be done in this way. No Home Secretary would find sufficient encouragement in grappling with the great difficulties which his first experiments would encounter.

We must not flatter ourselves, however, that we do not pay for this licence. We pay, for one thing, in national reputation. It is easy to draw frightful pictures of the condition of the English

people, which are literally true, but which convey the most fallacious impressions. By such representations foreigners may be altogether deceived, whilst we ourselves are puzzled and confused. We cannot understand how these things should be true, side by side with so much that is healthy and pleasing and hopeful amongst us. But we suffer also inevitably in other ways. We have to deal with these dregs of our population when they show their quality in mendicancy and in crime. We have a heavier and more difficult work to do in the punishment of our criminals. It must always be a perplexing problem how to punish crime effectually without being brutal and unmerciful ; but it is probable that a good deal of crime might be prevented, by making the ordinary life of criminals less free and more hazardous. And, then, some additional degree of sternness must be imparted to the administration of our poor-law. And it is the more needful also for every private person to be on his guard against the tricks of those who make a trade of mendicancy and imposture.

In speaking of the evils entailed upon the working-classes by drunkenness, M. de Laverne invokes the united efforts of priests, economists, and the civil authorities : " Let political economy " show the working-man how much he " injures himself by wasting his savings " and his time, by consuming his health, " his intelligence, and his strength, and " by preparing for himself a miserable " and premature old age. Let the authorities exercise a rigorous supervision " over public-houses, and let the law " punish, when necessary, the excesses " committed there. And let religion " give her sanction to these practical " lessons, by reminding the working-man " of his duties to himself, to his family, " and to God." Now, if we are to hope for little from the second of these agencies, we ought to labour the more earnestly at the other two. We are bound to do our utmost that knowledge, and a sense of duty, and an inspiring hope of better things may be diffused amongst the poor.

In the work of National Education, I am afraid that the country, without meaning it, has just been taking a backward step, by adopting the measures proposed to Parliament by the Committee of Council. There was sufficient evidence that during the last twenty years a very considerable advance had been made, and that this advance was due, in great measure, to the plans suggested by Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, and matured by gradual experience. It is true that the *Times*, in its desire to discredit that work, had the injustice and the cruelty, not many weeks ago, to point to the condition of the Lancashire operatives, as a conclusive proof that recent education had failed. Their presumed "helplessness" was laid at the door of the prevalent method of education. But the advocates of that education could not wish for a more favourable test than the character and conduct of these suffering people. What does M. de Lavergne say of them?—"If the "operatives of Lancashire and of the "neighbouring counties are presenting "at this moment so beautiful a spectacle—the most beautiful, perhaps, that "has ever been seen—it is no doubt "because they know the laws of political economy, but also because they "are sustained, for the most part, by a "sincere piety." The account is only too flattering; and it would be a mistake to claim for the improved method of popular education all the credit of a behaviour so admirable. But, according to the *Times* itself, those methods have had something to do with making our poor people what they are. But Parliament allowed itself to be persuaded that education had been going on a wrong tack, and great changes have been introduced. I fear that these changes will do much harm. It is no trifling matter that the managers of schools in poor districts should have some portion of this government-aid withdrawn and the rest made uncertain and precarious, and should thus be compelled to reduce and contract their work. But this is by no means the worst part of the change. Under the plausible but falla-

cious plea of securing sounder instruction in the more important elements, all schools are being urged and tempted by the new system to give up instruction in those higher subjects which made education interesting both to the teachers and the taught, and to drill the children wearily in reading, writing, and arithmetic only. This change is already beginning to tell upon schools. Inspectors and the Committee of Council perceive that they will have to resist to the utmost this tendency, unless the schools are everywhere to degenerate. A practised observer discovers at once, by the much-ridiculed "tone" of the school, that the teaching has become more mechanical. Even the three R's themselves are not found to be taught the better, when time and labour are subtracted from other things to be devoted to them. The best hope is that the Committee, by its administrative power, may succeed in neutralising the effects of its own legislation.

The task of dealing directly with destitution is mainly performed by our poor-law system. This system is more in favour with economists than with the charitable. Its operations inevitably shock to some extent the spirit which would desire to be indulgent and gentle towards the distressed. Workhouses and officials and boards of guardians are by no means perfect, and it is very desirable that improvements should be urged upon them. But I am bound to say that, as far as some experience enables me to judge, the poor-law system does its work fairly, and avoids its besetting evils more successfully than the free benevolence of the country avoids its dangers. It is worth while to ask, however, Which direction ought our poor-law system to take, if things go on as favourably as we hope they may do? Ought it to open its arms more widely, and show more tenderness, and seek to minister in a more Christian spirit to the wants of the poor? Or ought it to be contracted within even narrower circles, never relaxing its rigour? Many persons seem to hope for the former movement; but I con-

fess I think the latter would be the best for the country. There will always, or for a long time, be a quantity of distress arising out of idleness, drunkenness, and other vices. It is necessary to deal with this firmly. We cannot let the most worthless people starve outright; but they ought to be made to feel the wretchedness proper to their conduct, and, if necessary, they ought to be partially imprisoned. I could wish, as the ideal of poor-law relief, that it should have none but underserving persons to deal with, and that it should treat them rigorously. Education and general prosperity might render decent people independent of any distress, except such as might fairly be considered exceptional; and this might be the care of Christian charity, acting privately or through Church organization.

The hope of gradually diminishing pauperism to this point must lie in whatever tends to increase the intelligence and energy and self-respect of our poorer class. Almsgiving, however well considered, will not do much to extinguish pauperism, because it hardly aims at exerting such an influence. It is disappointing, and even humbling, to those who are both rich and kindly, to learn how little the giving away of their money will do to help the poor, and what danger there is of their doing more harm than good. But it is a wholesome lesson to learn; and, when really learnt, it is not likely to diminish the sympathy of the rich towards the poor, or their real power to do them service. M. de Lavergne has some good remarks on this point: "The rich can do very little," he says, "by material means, to ameliorate the condition of the working-classes. Morally, they can do much more. They can set an example of good living. If it belongs to political economy to show the fatal effects of luxury on public and private riches, it belongs to religion to raise its voice, and to remind the rich that they have the charge of souls." Yes—this is the difference between the false and the true charity.

The false regards the poor chiefly as animals to be fed and clothed; the true regards them as spiritual beings, to be built up in faith and hope and love. As means towards this end, besides the education of children, we may expect much from two classes of efforts. (1.) The first includes friendly societies, good clubs, cooperative associations, and all institutions which bind working-people together in mutual trust and support. The higher the qualities called out by any such association—and the qualities of management, self-control, and foresight required by large cooperative stores and by manufacturing enterprises must be of no common kind,—the more valuable is its influence. The success attained in Lancashire by cooperative institutions gives a hopeful earnest of the benefit they may in time confer upon the whole body of our working-classes. (2.) The other class includes all efforts of employers to raise and sustain the character of those who work for them. This is the field in which the greater number of rich persons may labour with the best hope of reward. The servants in private households, labourers on agricultural property, the hands in great workshops and mills, are all morally dependent, in a very important degree, upon the behaviour towards them of their employers. Excellent examples are to be found of wholesome influence exerted by the employing class, in drawing out the affections, in stimulating the providence, and in sustaining the common morality of those placed under them. There could be nothing better for England than that such examples should be universally followed. Preaching on the duties of the rich towards the poor could propose to itself nothing more beneficial than to persuade employers to treat those who serve them, not as mercenary strangers, but as brethren and sisters in Christ.

The remembrance of what the preacher of the Gospel might thus do may well convince the zealous economist that he needs for his own ends the support of a true religion. If he asks, Shall we look to self-interest, or shall we look to the

fear and love of the Father in heaven, for the strengthening and perfecting of the social system in all well being?—history and experience may assure him that the religious motive is the stronger as well as the purer. We may expect that economists, as they see more clearly their own ends and the true means of securing them, will ask the more earnestly for the aid of that powerful voice which stirs the heart of man to its depths. On our side, preachers of the Gospel—who see what mistakes have been made in the name of religion, and who consider that the Almighty God has submitted the various provinces of His universal order to special sciences—will gladly accept and seek the instruction which political economy is able to supply. They will allow this science to guide the impulses which it is their function to stimulate. But experience will not teach them to undervalue the old warnings against the love of riches. Wealth is appointed to serve, and is a good servant; but its constant

attempts to *rule* must be resisted now as much as ever. It is not only private covetousness that must be denounced; the idea of collective prosperity may exercise too dominant and absorbing an influence on the general mind. The Kingdom of God and His righteousness are still to be sought first. The pursuit of these will make the nations, as well as individuals, prosperous. If we think of nothing but the increase of riches, we shall lose the Kingdom of God, and the riches will soon become corrupt and perish. The circumstances of the present age, therefore, as in other respects so in this of its material progress, press upon the servants of the Gospel with much urgency their own special duty. They must bear witness as much as ever to the vanity and perishableness of earthly things in themselves—to the glory and eternal worth of spiritual treasures. If the wisdom of the world misunderstands them, they must rest upon that heavenly wisdom, which now as of old is justified of her children.

MARITIME RIGHTS OF BELLIGERENTS AND NEUTRALS.

BY WILLIAM T. THORNTON.

THE breeches pocket is the softest place in the Manchester panoply, as no one knows better than Mr. Cobden, who accordingly—when, a few weeks since, haranguing the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on International Maritime Law—took care to direct his strongest arguments against those chinks in the armour of his audience, through which money enters and issues. But, even while thus adroitly suiting his language to his company, he can scarcely have been unconscious that the reasoning which he was for the nonce using so triumphantly, though not without cogency, was far from being sufficiently comprehensive; that it left untouched some very important points, and that, when most apposite, it was only of local application. To have set the subject

fairly and fully before his hearers, would have required an examination of general principles, of which they would probably have been intolerant, and from which he prudently abstained. It is to be regretted, however, that his own preliminary investigations should have been narrowed to the simple requirements of his discourse; for, otherwise, eyes so keen as his could not have failed to discover by how many and by what conclusive objections his foregone conclusions might be met.

In considering the points of Maritime Law which Mr. Cobden has brought into question, we must be careful to separate things which, though very different in themselves and resting on very different bases, are apt to be regarded as belonging to the same category. We must dis-

tinguish between the right of search and the right of blockade—between search for the purpose of ascertaining the nationality of a ship, and search for the purpose of ascertaining the ownership or nature of a cargo; between blockade of individual ports, and blockade of long lines of coast.

With respect to the search, on the high seas, of ships of undoubted neutrality, it may at once be pronounced to be utterly and invariably unjustifiable. The most perverse and most presumptuous of belligerents does not pretend to be entitled to search for enemy's property in a neutral territory. Not even by the *New York Herald* has it yet been asserted that Mr. Adams can issue letters-of-marque to Yankee rowdies, empowering them to enter warehouses in London or Liverpool, in quest of Virginian tobacco or Sea-Island cotton. But a neutral vessel on the high seas is, in effect, nothing else than a detached portion of neutral territory. One jurisdiction does not end until another begins, nor does it necessarily end even then, for the two jurisdictions may be concurrent. This happens on the open sea, where, as on a domain belonging in common to all nations, all Governments exercise, concurrently, exclusive sovereignty over their respective subjects. A neutral vessel sailing on that common domain, is, by that act, no more withdrawn from the exclusive jurisdiction of her own Government, than a cottager's cow ceases to be the exclusive property of her owner, by being sent to graze on a field, over which the latter, in common with his neighbours, has rights of pasture. Identity not being disputed, both ship and cow ought to be as safe from foreign interference on the common sea or the common field as if the one were in a home-port, and the other in her native byre. There may, however, be doubts as to identity; and, just as a bailiff, duly authorized, might lay hold of the cow in order to ascertain whether she might not be one of the chattels of the debtor against whom he had a writ, so a belligerent cruiser might detain a *soi-disant* neutral, to ascertain whether she were

really what she professed to be. But, if proved to be neutral, the ship, like the cow of a solvent owner, ought at once to be let go. The circumstance of her having enemy's goods on board would furnish no pretence for confiscating the goods, still less for confiscating the vessel. The goods would be inviolable on neutral ground; and they ought to be similarly inviolable under the protection of a neutral flag on the high seas, being still in fact on what is unequivocal, though detached, neutral territory. Whatever plea could be adduced to justify the seizure of Virginian tobacco on a British vessel on the Atlantic, would serve equally well to justify its seizure in a warehouse in Thames Street. Nay, the same argument would hold good even in the case of the discovery on board a neutral ship of munitions of war destined for the enemy's use. The subjects of all belligerent powers are perfectly at liberty to purchase military stores in a neutral country, and no one belligerent would dream of seizing the purchases of another as long as they remained on neutral soil. Either Federals or Confederates may freely supply themselves with cannon and rifles, powder and shot, at Birmingham or elsewhere, without danger of foreign molestation, as long as they keep their arms and ammunition within the limits of exclusive British jurisdiction. But a neutral ship navigating the high seas is, *de jure*, neutral territory. A British ship on the Atlantic is as exclusively within British jurisdiction, as if lying in the London Docks; and she and her cargo, even though the latter consist of warlike stores consigned to a belligerent, ought to be equally exempt from capture in both situations. Considered by itself, such exemption appears to be an incontestable right; nor will it be found to be greatly invalidated when we inquire, as we may have occasion to do farther on, how far such a right is compatible with the equally undoubted right—say, of the Federals on the one hand, or of the Confederates on the other, to prevent, if they can, the delivery of the cargo at Charleston or Baltimore.

Hitherto we have supposed the search to have taken place on board a neutral ship; but the ship might as probably have belonged to an enemy; and in that case, according to existing practice, she would infallibly be condemned as lawful prize, without the smallest misgiving on the part of any Court of Admiralty as to the equity of the proceeding. As, however, considerable doubt on the subject has lately been expressed in other quarters, it behoves us to inquire in what way the condemnation can be justified. And here we need not complicate the question by supposing that, though on board an enemy's ship, the cargo might be neutral; nor stop to ask whether, for example, British property—which, if deposited in a Confederate warehouse at New Orleans, would have been respected even by General Butler—can fairly become liable to seizure by being placed on board a Confederate merchantman fitted out from New Orleans. Let us assume that both ship and cargo were owned by hostile belligerents, and consider what principle should then be applied to them.

Since a neutral ship is, in effect, a detached portion of neutral territory, an enemy's ship may similarly be regarded as a detached portion of enemy's territory. Whatever aggressive rights, therefore, may be exercised on land by an invading force, the same should apparently be the rights of a cruiser on the ocean. This is so far true, that whatever is permissible to invaders on land is permissible also to cruisers at sea; and it will therefore be useful to determine, in the first place, what species and what amount of aggression are permissible in an enemy's country? How far, then, are rapine and havoc sanctified by war? What limitation does modern usage set to military licence?

When savages fight with each other, there is no limitation at all. All the men, women, and children encountered in a successful foray are pretty sure to be killed, outraged, or enslaved; and as, of course, not more respect is shown to property than to person, there is the same unbounded licence for pillage as

for slaughter. Whatever huts or wigwams are met with are gutted or burnt, or both; whatever cattle cannot be driven away are hamstringed; if any crops are found standing that cannot be conveniently cut, they are trampled down; and, if the fields are not sown with salt, it is probably because that condiment is not so abundant or cheap in most barbarous countries as it was in Ancient Canaan. These are the invariable characteristics of warfare in a rude age; and they are very far from having completely disappeared from the tactics of the most polished nations. It was a maxim of the First Napoleon—recently adopted, it appears, by most of the young Napoleons on the other side of the Atlantic—that war should support itself; and he and his marshals were accordingly in the habit of taking in an enemy's country, whenever and wherever they found it, whatever they wanted for the use of their soldiers, and very often a good deal besides. This is an *Idée Napoléonienne* which is still much in vogue among continental commanders; the most scrupulous of whom, supposing him to have gained a great battle over our Volunteers at Wimbledon, would certainly not hesitate to make a clean sweep of Islington Cattle Market, to place an embargo on all the corn-ships in the river, and to lay Lombard Street and Cheapside under contribution. Such proceedings, however, would probably now be suspected, even by those chiefly concerned in them, to be stretches of power; and it is no unfounded boast to say, that nothing of the kind would be tolerated by the stricter code of military ethics which prevails among ourselves. For a very lengthened period, British generals, on hostile soil, have been accustomed to distinguish between property of the hostile State or Sovereign and that of individuals. The former is appropriated with as little discrimination as compunction—as would, no doubt, have been seen in the summer-palace of the Emperor of China, if Sir Hope Grant's division had had the good fortune to reach it as early as General Montauban's; but the latter receives a

graduated treatment, nicely adapted to its various descriptions. Arms, ammunition, and warlike stores in general are taken possession of by summary process, in compliance with the law of self-preservation, and to prevent their being turned against the invaders. Supplies of necessaries for the troops are also taken, but, if the state of the military chest will permit, are also paid for ; but nothing else is taken by force. Whatever other commodities are required, they are purchased in the open market. These are, and long have been, recognised maxims in English warfare ; and, how little soever they may be respected in practice by other civilized nations, there is no foreign jurist who would dispute them. The change of sentiment which has led to such changes of opinion and conduct will be noticed presently. For the moment it will suffice to note the fact, and to point out the important differences which exist in the usages of belligerents on land and at sea. If the same code of military morals were admitted to apply to both, the only goods found by a cruiser on board an enemy's ship which would be liable to seizure, would be those which either belonged to the enemy's Government, or which consisted of munitions of war. No other part of the cargo could be taken without full compensation, nor would the vessel itself be lawful prize, unless she were either the property, or were in the service, of the inimical Government. These immunities are accordingly claimed for enemy's ships by the School of Manchester ; and the claim could be fully sustained, if the principles of military and naval equity were precisely the same. But they are not ; and, when we examine, as we must now proceed to do, into the rightfulness of Blockade, we shall see that the position of an enemy's ships at sea is materially affected by complications arising out of that part of our subject ; we shall see that claims to inviolability, which might otherwise be admitted, must be disallowed, on account of their incompatibility with rights of aggression which cannot be disputed.

Until that blessed time arrives when

wars shall be no more, towns will continue to be besieged ; but, in order that towns, and particularly seaport towns, should be effectually besieged, it is generally necessary to blockade them. A belligerent has, therefore, a perfect right to blockade any town which he has a right to besiege : for there can be little hope of capturing it, unless the ingress into it, both of persons and things, be strictly prevented. This, which is the main justification of blockade in the case of a town under siege, will assist us in determining how far it is justifiable in other cases.

The legitimate object of war, supposing the war to be itself legitimate, is to reduce the enemy to submission. This may be done, both directly by defeating his fleets and armies, and indirectly by laying waste his territory, harassing his commerce, and, by those or other means, so weakening or distressing him, as to render the continuance of war insupportable. Both of these courses are pursued with unmitigated ferocity by savages, who, when at feud, endeavour to do each other as much harm as possible ; for, with them, political resentment is commonly inflamed by personal hatred, and, at any rate, such sympathies as they have seldom extend beyond their own clan. It is somewhat otherwise with civilized, at least with Christian nations, which are commonly sufficiently imbued with that comprehensive charity which is the characteristic of their creed, not to wish to injure others more than is necessary for the fulfilment of their own purposes. Military success may be as much an object with them as with savages, and they might not be much more scrupulous about any means that would insure it ; but, before adopting decidedly objectionable means, they pause to calculate their probable efficacy. Christian belligerents, by tacit consent, abstain from poisoning wells ; for that could be done with equally fatal effect by both parties, and would be more likely to end in the extinction of both than in the triumph of either. They abstain, likewise, from the use of poisoned weapons—partly, no

doubt, from an honest prejudice against the employment of a means which is the peculiar resource of treachery and cowardice, but also, and more rationally, because it would aggravate the horrors of war without contributing in any corresponding degree to the accomplishment of its ends. This last is the true reason why it is no longer a matter of course that every opportunity should be eagerly seized of ravaging an enemy's country with fire and sword, as the Lacedæmonians were accustomed to do in their periodical incursions into Attica, and as was done in the Palatinate, first by Tilly, and afterwards by the generals of Louis the Fourteenth. If public property alone is now held to be indisputably lawful plunder on dry land, it is not merely, nor chiefly, because war is now felt to be an affair of Governments rather than of individuals; for, besides that a constitutional government represents, or at least should represent, the feelings of its constituents, war can never last long without producing enmity quite as cordial between the individual members of the nations concerned, as that which exists between their rulers. The reason, rather, is that the enlarged sympathies of this nineteenth century shrink from the infliction of suffering from which no proportionate advantage can accrue to those who inflict it. If indiscriminate massacre and pillage in war are now universally reprobated throughout European Christendom, it is because it is seen that, while causing indescribable misery to individuals, they cannot, in any commensurate degree, affect the progress of the war, or diminish the enemy's power of resistance, so as sensibly to hasten his submission. To a certain extent, no doubt, a Government must always be enfeebled when the subjects by whom its treasury is replenished, and from whom its armies are recruited, are decimated or despoiled; but immense misery may thus be created amongst a people without appreciably decreasing the power of the State. If all Virginia presented the same picture of melancholy desolation which, according to, recent

accounts, is now exhibited by the once beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, or if General McNeill, instead of murdering only ten helpless prisoners at Palmyra in cold blood, had butchered the whole helpless population of some southern city, the Southern Confederacy would not be thereby rendered one whit less formidable than before: increased exasperation would fully make up for any decrease of material resources. It is perceived not to be worth while to drive forth multitudes of homeless wretches to perish of cold and hunger, for the sake of what little effect their impoverishment or their extermination may have in disabling their Government. It is not worth while to do so much harm to others for the sake of so little good to oneself. Consequently, in the military operations of all nations with any just pretensions to be called civilized, a distinction is made between an adverse Government and its unarmed subjects. Armies and fortresses are attacked, arsenals and magazines are sequestered, and imperial and royal palaces, if not always sacked, are seldom spared; but private persons and property, if not punctiliously protected, are not, except when towns are stormed, wantonly molested. Peaceable citizens may sometimes be laid under contribution, but the bulk of their property is left in their own possession, and at their own disposal.

How happens it that the considerations, which have caused these restrictions to be placed on military licence, are, apparently, altogether lost sight of at sea? Provided the blockade of an enemy's coast has been formally declared and recognised, any merchantman, of whatever nation, found within enemy's waters—that is to say, within a certain distance of the enemy's coasts—is, together with its cargo, held to be, *ipso facto*, lawful prize. Now, in case or in so far as the cargo might consist of munitions of war, the propriety of the forfeiture would be incontestable. Munitions of war may equitably be seized on enemy's waters, for the same reasons for which it would be equitable to seize them if

found on enemy's soil—namely, to prevent their being employed against the party seizing. Again, whatever excuse there may be for appropriating, on shore, provisions or other necessities required for an invading force, the excuse will hold good not less within blockaded waters than on shore. On the other hand, it would, at first sight, seem that, if the supplies be not so required, their seizure or destruction would be equally indefensible in both situations. If it be wrong to plunder or burn public granaries, or to trample down growing corn in an enemy's country, it might seem to be wrong likewise to intercept ships bringing corn for the replenishment of the granaries—still more to capture or scuttle them. Grain-ships are justly captured for attempting to force the blockade of a besieged town; for the attempt is an act of hostility, which, if successful, would tend to prevent the place from being reduced by famine. But, although an isolated town may easily be starved into submission, it can only be in very peculiar circumstances indeed, that an extensive country can be starved out. Almost every nation derives the greater part of its supply of necessities from its own soil, so that, even if foreign importation were completely stopped, the consequent scarcity would hardly reach famine-point from that cause alone; and, even if it did, it could hardly disable the Government, how much soever it might distress the general population. The stock of home-grown food could hardly be reduced so low as not to leave a sufficiency for the armies of the State, who would have the first lien upon it. If, then, the blockade of an enemy's seaboard be justifiable, its justification must rest on somewhat different grounds from that of the blockade of towns under siege. It is, however, perfectly justifiable, and there will be little difficulty in showing how.

In order to bring war to a conclusion by making it insupportable to the enemy, the surest and readiest plan often is, to harass his external trade; for nations which are much engaged in

foreign commerce are always so far dependent upon it, as to be grievously distressed by any serious interference with it, and almost prostrated by its complete suspension. Suppose, for instance, that a hostile confederacy of naval powers, having obtained the command of the Channel and of the Irish and North Seas, should place a cordon round our island, so as completely to prevent the export of manufactures and the import of materials for manufacture. Every English county would then be in the same disastrous condition as that of Lancashire at present, or rather in a worse, for no one county could help another. All production, except that of husbandry, would be nearly at a standstill. Everywhere the great body of operatives and artisans would be out of work, and, if kept from starving, could be so only by being permitted to share in the earnings of the agriculturists. The stoutest and proudest national spirit would sink under such an ordeal. Even Englishmen, in such straits, would be fain to accept the most ignominious terms of peace. Or suppose that, in the late Russian War, it had suited the purpose of the Allies, instead of sending vast armies to the Crimea, to station one fleet in the Bosphorus and another off the Gulf of Finland, thereby closing the two outlets for their adversary's cumbrous staples, is it not possible that their aims might have been attained—a little more slowly perhaps, but quite as effectually, and much more cheaply, than by all the expenditure of blood and treasure that actually took place? The internal sufferings of Russia would not, indeed, have been anything like those of England in similar circumstances. Her industry would have been comparatively little disturbed, and the evils she would have endured, because her corn and tallow were kept at home instead of being sent abroad, would have been the reverse of those of scarcity. Rent and taxes, however, could only have been paid in kind; and the inconvenience thence arising, even if there had been no other, together with the pressure which in such circumstances a landed aristocracy

cracy would have exerted against the Government, would, in all likelihood, have compelled the latter to extricate itself from its embarrassments by again postponing its cherished dream of ambition. Or observe the situation of the Confederate States of America, which, though they have not simply repelled their invaders, but have met invasion by invasion, yet have not succeeded in establishing their independence, because Federal squadrons, patrolling their coasts, prevent them from sending their cotton and tobacco to market. Blockade of an enemy's seaboard, then, though it can only affect the hostile Government indirectly, and must do far more harm to private than to public persons and property, yet does harm enough to the latter also, to deserve to be recognised as a legitimate instrument of warfare. Its efficiency is sufficiently great to compensate for its destructiveness. It may promote the legitimate objects of war quite as much as the slaughter of thousands on the battlefield could do, and it may, consequently, be as legitimately resorted to, by whichever belligerent may be in a position to employ it.

This admission with respect to Maritime Blockades requires that those qualifications should here be made, which, as has already been hinted, are needed by some of the preceding remarks on the right of belligerents on the high seas. To confiscate private property on enemy's soil is now acknowledged to be, in most cases, an abuse of power; but, if it be allowable to capture an enemy's traders within blockaded waters, it must be similarly allowable to capture them on the open sea. The same excuse, of a design to disable the enemy by destroying his commerce, is equally applicable in both cases. At any rate, it applies perfectly to vessels which either have broken, or design to break, the blockade; and it might look like over-refining to set up a plea on behalf of vessels trading between two neutral countries, and not intending to return to their own shores during the continuance of the war. There is, how-

ever, nothing in what has been said that can invalidate the claim of neutral ships to the most complete inviolability on the high seas. The fact of their having goods on board consigned to a blockaded port would indeed constitute an act of hostility, inasmuch as it would be an act calculated to maintain the commerce which a belligerent was seeking to destroy. But it would be equally an act of hostility for a neutral vessel to take on board, in a neutral port, goods for a blockaded port. Yet she would, nevertheless, be exempt from seizure as long as she remained within a neutral port, and consequently within neutral jurisdiction; and she ought to be equally inviolable while on the high seas, inasmuch as she would, as has been seen, be still within the neutral jurisdiction of her own Government.

Up to this point we have been engaged in weighing Maritime Rights in the balance, and certainly without any desire to turn the scales in their favour, or to blink any deficiencies that might appear in them. In two very important particulars, they have been found seriously wanting. The search of neutrals on the high seas, except for the purpose of determining their neutrality, has been seen to be utterly indefensible, and the seizure of neutral goods in an enemy's ship has also appeared to be without excuse. Such acts, if not belligerent rights, must needs be neutral wrongs, which will be submitted to only so long as they can be enforced by superior power; and, it is, therefore, satisfactory to know that there is now (as was shown in the negotiations which preceded the last Treaty of Paris) a very general disposition to abandon them. On the other hand, the capture of enemy's trading vessels, wherever found, and the blockade, not merely of individual seaports, but of an enemy's entire seaboard, have appeared to be genuine rights, which may be exercised, without reproach, wherever opportunity offers or circumstances permit. But the rights, though genuine, may be valueless. It is possible that a belligerent could not exercise them without doing more harm to itself than to

its adversary, or without doing to itself more harm than good. This was the main question raised by Mr. Cobden at Manchester, and treated by him there with his usual persuasive eloquence (styled "homely," surely, only from its habit of going home to the breasts of its hearers)—which, however, would scarcely in this instance have sufficed to recommend his conclusions, except to an audience prepared beforehand to accept them.

The matter at issue, whether regarded in its relation to all nations in general or to our own nation in particular, will not be found to present much variation of aspect. Abstractedly, there can be no difficulty in conceiving abundance of cases in which nations, availing themselves of their admitted maritime rights, could greatly injure their antagonists with comparatively little injury to themselves. France, at war with Russia, if decidedly superior at sea, might almost annihilate the commerce of her adversary, with little more detriment to herself than would result from the capture of a few of her merchantmen by privateers sailing under Russian letters-of-marque, and the temporary loss of the Russian market for her wines and silks. An overwhelming naval confederacy would, as we have seen, have England completely at its mercy. In America, at the present moment, the North distresses the South infinitely more by shutting up the cotton of Georgia and Alabama, than it is itself distressed by want of cotton for its New England mills. In cases like these, the exercise of maritime rights would be found an instrument of offence quite as efficacious, quite as well calculated to bring war to a close, and far less costly to its employers, than the maintenance of armies in the field. Mr. Cobden, however, from his personal knowledge of foreign courts, and his personal acquaintance with foreign statesmen, thinks himself warranted in asserting that all nations except our own are willing to renounce those rights. It is England alone, he says, that withholds her consent. And, surely, it is not

strange that England should stand aloof! What is really strange is that a large section of shrewd, sober Englishmen, with Mr. Cobden at their head, should express so much virtuous indignation at the refusal of England to throw away her sword, at a time when her neighbours are discovering anything but a disposition to turn theirs into pruning-hooks. Without her maritime rights, she would be reduced to political insignificance. She cannot pretend to send forth armies capable of coping, on their own soil, with the multitudinous forces of the Continent. What then, in war, would there be left for her to do? She might, perhaps, destroy her enemy's fleets or shut them up in port; but what would it avail her to have an enemy's trade at her mercy, if by self-denying fatuity she had pledged herself not to molest it? Her tactics would of necessity become purely defensive. The only use she could make of her naval power would be to protect her own coasts from invasion; and, if invasion were out of the question, then she and her adversary could only stand glaring at each other like chained mastiffs, growling and gnashing their teeth in impotent rage, but unable to get near enough to bite. The Peace Society might perhaps exult in such a spectacle, as affording a foretaste of the expected millennium; but the Peace Society alone could be so blind as not to see that, by being debarred from resenting insult or injury, we should not be exempted from insult and injury, but should simply become liable to be insulted and injured with impunity. The most contemptible State might then safely venture to defy us. True, there might be less chance of a second Don Pacifico affair; but neither, even though a second Miramon should break into the British Legation to get at the dollars of British bondholders, would it be possible to obtain redress, unless we were prepared to follow the example of the French and to send thirty thousand soldiers across the Atlantic, to make their way from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

The maintenance, then, in their integrity of existing maritime rights, as far as enemy's ships and enemy's coasts are concerned, is indispensable to Great Britain, if she is unwilling that every other right to which she lays claim beyond the limits of her own dominions should be continually set at naught. Mr. Cobden, however, contends that in our case there are peculiar circumstances, which must always either prevent our exercising the maritime rights on which we lay so much stress, or prevent our deriving any benefit from them. France, Russia, and America are, according to him, the only Powers with which there is any likelihood of our going to war. But blockade of French ports could have little other effect than that of compelling our neighbours to despatch and receive their exports and imports by way of Antwerp and Genoa, instead of Havre, Bourdeaux, and Marseilles—a disturbance of the ordinary course of trade which, in this age of railroads, would be attended with no very material enhancement of prices. An English blockade of Russian ports would be out of the question, for it would deprive us of the Russian corn, without which we should be always in danger of scarcity; and a blockade of American ports, whether Federal or Confederate, would be equally suicidal on our part, since it too would shut out either corn, or that other hardly less essential element of our national wellbeing—cotton.

That, although greatly exaggerated, there is truth in this statement, need not be denied; but it must not be permitted to be put forward as the whole truth. Whatever trade were carried on between England and a country at war with her, would be carried on entirely in neutral vessels. As long as England retained her naval superiority, the vessels of her opponents could not venture to show themselves at sea, and the consequent total ruin of its "shipping interest" would be a blow to which no nation could be insensible. A weapon capable of dealing such blows would be no despicable instrument of offence, even if it could do no more; and the

maritime strength, of which, when a war has lasted some little time, we generally succeed in obtaining a virtual monopoly, does a great deal more. If France, Russia, and America are the only Powers with which we are at all likely to quarrel, and if we seldom or never have serious disputes with any of the smaller States, it is because the latter are either deterred from offering us any wrong, or are induced to offer us prompt reparation, by the fear of having their coast blockaded and their merchantmen captured. It is the power to do these things which constitutes our chief means of retaliation, and of enforcing respect abroad; and how formidable that power is considered by those most competent to judge, is shown by the anxiety of our rivals to persuade us to relinquish it. But it must be a charming simplicity that can mistake the drift of their insidious overtures, or can see merely an enlarged philanthropy in their proposal for the mutual abandonment of that in which our chief advantage over them consists. What if our late Chinese opponents, having no artillery but jinjals and bows and arrows, had offered to abjure the use of Armstrong guns and Enfield rifles, on condition of our doing the same!

If further vindication were required for the conclusions at which we have arrived, it might be obtained from the statesmanlike views expressed by Lord Stanley at the opening of the present session of the Juridical Society, and by Mr. Spence at a late meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. But our space has been too nearly filled, to allow of more than the briefest possible allusion to the protracted character which war would be likely to assume, if, by mutual renunciation of their maritime rights, strong nations and weak were brought more nearly to a level, and if neutrals had no longer any motive of self-interest for interposing their good offices to bring about a peace. Even if our limits permitted, however, it might be superfluous to add much to what has already been said. The recent vote of the Liverpool Chamber of Com-

merce gives assurance that, in the discussion of a question so deeply involving our national interests, the common-sense of the nation will carry the day. The fear is that the outcry raised against Maritime Rights, though hushed for a while, may be from time to time re-

vived; and the few pages that have been devoted to the subject will not have been misapplied, if they help in some degree to show how unreasonable is the recent clamour against the best safeguard of England's greatness.

ALL' ITALIA.

FILICATA.

ITALIA, Italia! o tu, cui diè la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
 Funesta dote d' infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte;
 Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
 Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
 T' amasse men chi del tuo bello a' rai
 Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte.
 Ch' or giù dall' Alpi io non vedrei torrenti
 Scender d'armati, e del tuo sangue tinta
 Bever l' onda del Po gallici armenti;
 Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
 Pagnar col braccio di straniero genti,
 Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta.

TRANSLATION.

BY SIR JOHN KINGSTON JAMES.

ITALIA! O Italia! unto whom
 Fate most unfortunate beauty gave, whence thou
 Infinite ills inheritest—thy doom
 Thou bearest, branded on thy sorrowing brow:
 Ah! hadst thou been more strong, or e'en less fair,
 Then would those fear thee more or love thee less
 Who by thy beauty seem consumed, yet dare
 To death invite the idol they caress.
 Then from the Alps I had not seen a flood
 Of soldiers sweep, or Gallic steeds dash down
 And drink the Po, encarnadined with blood:
 Nor seen thee, girt with weapons *not* thine own,
 Try to appear, through arm of others, brave;
 Victor or vanquished, still for ever slave.

THE BISHOP AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

"*Der Engländer ist eigentlich ohne Intelligenz*," said Goethe; by which he meant, not that the Englishman was stupid, but that he occupied himself little with the *rationale* of things. He meant that an Englishman held and uttered any given opinion as something isolated, without perceiving its relation to other ideas, or its due place in the general world of thought; without, therefore, having any notion of its absolute value. He meant, in short, that he was uncritical.

Heedless of what may be said about him, the Englishman is generally content to pursue his own way, producing, indeed, little in the sphere of criticism, but producing from time to time in the sphere of pure creation masterpieces which attest his intellectual power and extort admiration from his detractors. Occasionally, however, he quits this safe course. Occasionally, the uncritical spirit of our race determines to perform a great public act of self-humiliation. Such an act it has recently accomplished. It has just sent forth as its scapegoat into the wilderness, amidst a titter from educated Europe, the Bishop of Natal.

The Bishop's book on the Pentateuch has been judged from a theological point of view by members of his own profession; and critics too, who were not members of that profession, have judged it from the same point of view. From the theological point of view I do not presume to judge it. But a work of this kind has to justify itself before another tribunal besides an ecclesiastical one; it is liable to be called up for judgment, not only before a Court of Arches, but before the Republic of Letters. It is as a humble citizen of that republic that I wish to say a few words about the Bishop of Natal's book. But what, it may be asked, has literary criticism to do with books on religious

matters? That is what I will in the first instance try to show.

Literary criticism's most important function is to try books as to the influence which they are calculated to have upon the general culture of single nations or of the world at large. Of this culture literary criticism is the appointed guardian, and on this culture all literary works may be conceived as in some way or other operating. All these works have a special professional criticism to undergo: theological works that of theologians, historical works that of historians, philosophical works that of philosophers, and in this case each kind of work is tried by a separate standard. But they have also a general literary criticism to undergo, and this tries them all, as I have said, by one standard—their effect upon general culture. Every one is not a theologian, a historian, or a philosopher, but every one is interested in the advance of the general culture of his nation or of mankind. A criticism therefore which, abandoning a thousand special questions which may be raised about any book, tries it solely in respect of its influence upon this culture, brings it thereby within the sphere of every one's interest. This is why literary criticism has exercised so much power. The chief sources of intellectual influence in Europe, during the last century and a half, have been its three chief critics—Voltaire, Lessing, Goethe. The chief sources of intellectual influence in England, during the same period, have been its chief organs of criticism—Addison, Johnson, the first Edinburgh Reviewers.

Religious books come within the jurisdiction of literary criticism so far as they affect general culture. Undoubtedly they do affect this in the highest degree: they affect it whether they appeal to the reason, or to the heart and feelings

only ; whether they enlighten directly, or, by softening and purifying, prepare the way for enlightenment. So far as by any book on religious matters the raw are humanised or the cultivated are advanced to a yet higher culture, so far that book is a subject for literary criticism. But, undoubtedly, the direct promotion of culture by intellectual power is the main interest of literary criticism, not the indirect promotion of this culture by edification. As soon, therefore, as a religious work has satisfied it that it pursues no other end than edification, *and that it really does pursue this*, literary criticism dismisses it without further question. Religious books, such as are sold daily all round us by thousands and tens of thousands, of no literary merit whatever, which do not pretend to enlighten intellectually, which only profess to edify, and do in some way fulfil their profession, literary criticism thus dismisses with respect, without a syllable of disparaging remark. Even a work like that of M. Hengstenberg on the Pentateuch, which makes higher claims without fulfilling them, literary criticism may dismiss without censure, because it is honestly written for purposes of edification. Over works, therefore, which treat of religious matters, literary criticism will only in certain cases linger long. One case is, when, through such works, though their object be solely or mainly general edification, there shines an ethereal light, the presence of a gifted nature ; for this entitles the "Imitation," the "Spiritual Works" of Fénelon, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Christian Year," to rank with the works which inform, not with those which edify simply ; and it is with works which inform that the main business of literary criticism lies. And even over works which cannot take this high rank, but which are yet freshened, as they pursue their aim of edification, with airs from the true poetical sky—such as the "Mother's Last Words" of Mrs. Sewell—literary criticism will be tempted to linger ; it will, at least, salute them in passing, and say : "There, too, is a breath of Arcadia !"

This is one case ; another is, when a work on religious matters entirely foregoes the task of edifying the uninstructed, and pursues solely that of informing the instructed, of raising the intellectual life of these to a yet higher stage. Such an attempt to advance the highest culture of Europe, of course powerfully interests a criticism whose especial concern is with that culture. There is a third and last case. It is, when a work on religious matters is neither edifying nor informing ; when it is neither good for the many nor yet for the few. A Hebrew moralist, in the "Ethics of the Fathers," says : "Every dispute that is instituted for God's sake will in the end be established ; but that which is not for God's sake will not be established." What may be considered as a dispute for God's sake ? Literary criticism regards a religious book, which tends to edify the multitude, as a dispute for God's sake ; it regards a religious book which tends to inform the instructed, as a dispute for God's sake ; but a religious book which tends neither to edify the multitude nor to inform the instructed, it refuses to regard as a dispute for God's sake ; it classes it, in the language of the moralist just cited, not with the speaking of Hillel and Shamai, but with the gainsaying of Korah. It is bound, if the book has notoriety enough to give it importance, to pass censure on it.

According to these principles, literary criticism has to try the book of the Bishop of Natal, which all England is now reading. It has to try it in respect of the influence which it is naturally calculated to exercise on the culture of England or Europe ; and it asks : "Does this book tend to advance that culture, either by edifying the little-instructed, or by further informing the much-instructed ?"

Does it tend to edify the little-instructed—the great majority ? Perhaps it will be said that this book professes not to edify the little-instructed, but to enlighten them ; and that a religious book which attempts to enlighten the little-instructed by sweeping away their

prejudices, attempts a good work and is justifiable before criticism, exactly as much as a book which attempts to enlighten on these matters the much-instructed. No doubt, to say this is to say what seems quite in accordance with modern notions; the *Times* tells us day after day how the general public is the organ of all truth, and individual genius the organ of all error; nay, we have got so far, it says, that the superior men of former days, if they could live again now, would abandon the futile business of running counter to the opinions of the many, of persisting in opinions of their own: they would sit at the feet of the general public, and learn from its lips what they ought to say. And, no doubt, this doctrine holds out, both for the superior man and the general public, a prospect in a high degree tempting; the former is to get more pudding than formerly, and the latter more praise. But it is a doctrine which no criticism that has not a direct interest in promulgating it can ever seriously entertain. The highly-instructed few, and not the scantily-instructed many, will ever be the organ to the human race of knowledge and truth. Knowledge and truth, in the full sense of the words, are not attainable by the great mass of the human race at all. The great mass of the human race have to be softened and humanised through their heart and imagination, before any soil can be found in them where knowledge may strike living roots. Until the softening and humanising process is very far advanced, intellectual demonstrations are uninforming for them; and, if they impede the working of influences which advance this softening and humanising process, they are even noxious; they retard their development, they impair the culture of the world. All the great teachers, divine and human, who have ever appeared, have united in proclaiming this. "Remember the covenant of the Highest, and wink at ignorance," says the Son of Sirach. "Unto you," said Christ to a few disciples, "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them (the

"multitude) it is not given." "My words," said Pindar, "have a sound only for the wise." Plato interdicted the entry of his school of philosophy to all who had not first undergone the discipline of a severe science. "The vast majority," said Spinoza, "have neither capacity nor leisure to follow speculations." "The few (those who can have a saving knowledge) can never mean the many," says, in one of his noblest sermons, Dr. Newman. Old moral ideas leaven and humanise the multitude: new intellectual ideas filter slowly down to them from the thinking few; and only when they reach them in this manner do they adjust themselves to their practice without convulsing it. It was not by the intellectual truth of its propositions concerning purgatory, or prayer for the dead, or the human nature of the Virgin Mary, that the Reformation touched and advanced the multitude: it was by the moral truth of its protest against the sale of indulgences, and the scandalous lives of many of the clergy.

Human culture is not, therefore, advanced by a religious book conveying intellectual demonstrations to the many, unless they be conveyed in such a way as to edify them. Now, that the intellectual demonstrations of the Bishop of Natal's book are not in themselves of a nature to edify the general reader, that is, to serve his religious feeling, the Bishop himself seems well aware. He expresses alarm and misgivings at what he is about, for this very reason, that he is conscious how, by shaking the belief of the many in the Inspiration of Scripture, he may be shaking their religious life—working, that is, not to their edification. He talks of "the sharp pang of that decisive stroke which is to sever their connexion with the ordinary view of the Mosaic story for ever." Again: "I tremble," he says, "at the results of my own inquiry—the momentous results" (he elsewhere calls them) "to which it leads." And again: "I cannot but feel, that having thus been impelled to take an active part in

"showing the groundlessness of that
 "notion of Scripture Inspiration which
 "so many have long regarded as the
 "very foundation of their faith and
 "hope, a demand may be made upon
 "me for something to supply the loss,
 "for something to *fill up the aching void*
 "which will undoubtedly be felt at
 "first." Even if he had not been himself
 conscious of the probable operation of
 his book, there were plenty of voices to
 tell him beforehand what it would be.
 He himself quotes these words of Mr.
 Cook: "One thing with the English-
 "man is fixed and certain;—a narrative
 "purporting to be one of positive facts,
 "which is wholly, or in any consider-
 "able portion, untrue, can have no
 "connexion with the Divine, and can-
 "not have any beneficial influence on
 "mankind" (*der Engländer est eigentlich*
ohne Intelligenz). He quotes Mr. Bur-
 gon as expressing the common belief of
 English Christians when he says: "Every
 "verse of the Bible, every word of it,
 "every syllable of it, every letter of it,
 "is the direct utterance of the Most
 "High." And so, too, since the publica-
 tion of the Bishop of Natal's book, a
 preacher in the Oxford University pulpit
 has declared, that if the historical credit
 of a single verse of the Bible be shaken,
 all belief in the Bible is gone.

But indeed, without looking at all
 to these momentous results of his de-
 monstrations, the Bishop would probably
 have no difficulty in admitting that
 these demonstrations can have in them-
 selves nothing edifying. He is an ex-
 cellent arithmetician, and has published
 an admirable Manual of Arithmetic; and
 his book is really nothing but a series
 of problems in this his favourite science,
 the solution to each of which is to be
 the *reductio ad absurdum* of that Book
 of the Pentateuch which supplied its
 terms. The Bishop talks of the "multi-
 tude of operatives" whose spiritual con-
 dition we must care for: he allows that
 to the pious operative his proceedings
 must give a terrible shock; but will the
 impious operative be softened or con-
 verted by them? He cannot seriously
 think so; for softening and converting

are positive processes, and his arith-
 metical process is a purely negative one.
 It is even ruthlessly negative; for it
 delights in nothing so much as in tri-
 umphing over attempts which may be
 made to explain or attenuate the diffi-
 culties of the Bible narrative. Such an
 attempt Dr. Stanley has made with
 respect to the history of the sojourn of
 the Israelites in the wilderness; the
 quotations on this matter from Dr. Stan-
 ley's "Sinai and Palestine" are the
 refreshing spots of the Bishop of Natal's
 volume, but he cites them only to refute
 them. In a similar spirit he deals with
 M. Hengstenberg. M. Hengstenberg is, in
 general, only too well contented to remain
 with his head under water, raking about
 in the sand and mud of the letter for
 the pearl which will never be found
 there; but occasionally a mortal com-
 mentator must come up to breathe. M.
 Hengstenberg has hardly time to gasp
 out a rational explanation of any passage,
 before the remorseless Bishop pushes
 him under water again.

So we must look for the edifying part
 of the Bishop of Natal's work elsewhere
 than in his arithmetical demonstrations.
 And I am bound to say, that such a part
 the Bishop does attempt to supply. He
 feels, as I have said, that the work he
 has been accomplishing is not in itself
 edifying to the common English reader,
 that it will leave such a reader with an
 "aching void" in his bosom; and this
 void he undoubtedly attempts to fill.
 And how does he fill it? "I would
 "venture to refer him," he says, "to
 "my lately published Commentary on
 "the Epistle to the Romans . . . which
 "I would humbly hope by God's mercy
 "may minister in some measure to the
 "comfort and support of troubled minds
 "under present circumstances." He
 candidly adds, however, that this Com-
 mentary was written "when I had no
 "idea whatever of holding my present
 "views." So as a further support he
 offers "the third and sixth chapters of
 Exodus" (that Exodus on which he has
 just been inflicting such severe blows),
 "the noble words of Cicero preserved
 by Lactantius" in the eighth section of

the sixth book of his "Divine Institutions," "the great truths revealed to the Sikh Goooroos," as these truths are set forth in Cunningham's "History of the Sikhs," pp. 355, 356, and lastly a Hindoo prayer, to be found in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, vol. vi. pp. 487, 750, 756, beginning "Whatever Rám willeth." And this is positively all. He finds the simple everyday Englishman going into church, he buries him and the sacred fabric under an avalanche of rule-of-three sums; and when the poor man crawls from under the ruins, bruised, bleeding, and bewildered, and begs for a little spiritual consolation, the Bishop "refers him" to his own Commentary on the Romans, two chapters of Exodus, a fragment of Cicero, a revelation to the Sikh Goooroos, and an invocation of Rám. This good Samaritan sets his battered brother on his own beast (the Commentary), and for oil and wine pours into his wounds the Hindoo prayer, the passage of Cicero, and the rest of it.

Literary criticism cannot accept this edification as sufficient. The Bishop of Natal must be considered to have failed to edify the little-instructed, to advance the lower culture of his nation. It is demanded of him, therefore, that he shall have informed the much-instructed, that he shall have advanced the higher culture of his nation or of Europe.

Literary criticism does not require him to edify this; it is enough if he informs it. We may dismiss the Commentary on the Romans and the truths revealed to the Sikh Goooroos from our consideration, for the Bishop himself has told us that it is the weak vessel, the little-instructed, whom he refers to these. There remain his arithmetical demonstrations. And, indeed, he himself seems to rely for his justification upon the informing influence which these are calculated to exercise upon the higher culture of his nation; for he speaks of the "more highly educated classes of society," and of the "intelligent operative" (that favourite character of modern disquisition)—those, that is, who have either read much or thought

much—as the special objects of his solicitude. Now, on the higher culture of his nation, what informing influence can the Bishop of Natal's arithmetical demonstrations exercise? I have already said what these are: they are a series of problems, the solution of each of which is meant to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of that Book of the Penta-teuch which supplied its terms. This being so, it must be said that the Bishop of Natal gives us a great deal too many of them. For his purpose a smaller number of problems and a more stringent method of stating them would have sufficed. It would then have been possible within the compass of a single page to put all the information which the Bishop's book aspires to convey to the mind of Europe. For example: if we take the Book of Genesis, and the account of the family of Judah there related—"Allowing 20 as the marriage-able age, how many years are required for the production of 3 generations?" The answer to that sum disposes (on the Bishop's plan) of the Book of Genesis. Again, as to the account in the Book of Exodus of the Israelites dwelling in tents—"Allowing 10 persons for each tent (and a Zulu hut in Natal contains on an average only $3\frac{1}{2}$), how many tents would 2,000,000 persons require?" The parenthesis in that problem is hardly worthy of such a master of arithmetical statement as Dr. Colenso; but, with or without the parenthesis, the problem, when answered, disposes of the Book of Exodus. Again, as to the account in Leviticus of the provision made for the priests: "If three priests have to eat 264 pigeons a day, how many must each priest eat?" That disposes of Leviticus. Take Numbers, and the total of first-borns there given, as compared with the number of male adults: "If, of 900,000 males, 22,273 are first-borns, how many boys must there be in each family?" That disposes of Numbers. For Deuteronomy, take the number of lambs slain at the Sanctuary, as compared with the space for slaying them: "In an area of 1,692 square yards, how many lambs per minute can 150,000 persons kill in

"two hours?" Certainly not 1,250, the number required; and the Book of Deuteronomy, therefore, shares the fate of its predecessors. *Omnes eodem cogimur*.

Even a giant need not waste his strength. The Bishop of Natal has, indeed, other resources in his conflict with the Pentateuch, if these are insufficient; he has the overcrowding of the Tabernacle doorway, and the little difficulty about the Danites; but he need not have troubled himself to produce them. All he designed to do for the higher culture of his nation has been done without them. It is useless to slay the slain.

Such are the Bishop of Natal's exploits in the field of biblical criticism. The theological critic will regard them from his own point of view; the literary critic asks only in what way can they be informing to the higher culture of England or Europe? This higher culture knew very well already that contradictions were pointed out in the Pentateuch narrative; it had heard already all that the Bishop of Natal tells us as to the "impossibility of regarding the Mosaic story as a true narrative of actual historical matters of fact;" of this impossibility, of which the Bishop of Natal "had not the most distant idea" two years ago, it had long since read expositions, if not so elaborate as his, at least as convincing. That which the higher culture of Europe wanted to know is,—*What then?* What follows from all this? What change is it, if true, to produce in the relations of mankind to the Christian religion? If the old theory of Scripture Inspiration is to be abandoned, what place is the Bible henceforth to hold among books? What is the new Christianity to be like? How are Governments to deal with national Churches founded to maintain a very different conception of Christianity? It is these questions which the higher culture of Europe now addresses to those who profess to enlighten it in the field of free religious speculation, and it is intellectually informed only so far as these questions are answered. It is these questions which freethinkers who really speak to

the higher culture of their nation or of Europe—men such as Hegel was in Germany, such as M. Rénan now is in France—attempt to answer; and therefore, unorthodox though such writers may be, literary criticism listens to them with respectful interest. And it is these questions which the Bishop of Natal never touches with one of his fingers.

I will make what I mean yet clearer by a contrast. At this very moment is announced¹ the first English translation of a foreign work which treats of the same matter as the Bishop of Natal's work—the interpretation of Scripture—and, like the Bishop of Natal's work, treats of it in an unorthodox way. I mean a work signed by a great name—to most English readers the name of a great heretic, and nothing more—the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* of Spinoza. It is not so easy to give a summary of this book as of the book of the Bishop of Natal. Still, with the aim of showing how free religious speculation may be conducted so as to be informing to the much-instructed, even though it be not edifying to the little-instructed, I will attempt the task.

The little-instructed Spinoza's work could not unsettle, for it was inaccessible to them. It was written in Latin, the language of the instructed few—the language in which Coleridge desired that all novel speculations about religion should be written. Spinoza even expressly declares that he writes for the instructed few only, and that his book is not designed for the many—*reliquis hunc tractatum commendare non studeo*. Not only the multitude, but all of a higher culture than the multitude who yet share the passions of the multitude, he intreats not to read his book: they will only, he says, do harm to others, and no good to themselves. So sincere was this author's desire to be simply useful, his indifference to mere notoriety, that when it was proposed to publish a Dutch translation of his work, and thus bring it within the reach of a wider public, he requested that the project might be abandoned. Such a publication could effect no bene-

¹ The book has since been published.

fit, he said, and it might injure the cause which he had at heart.

He was moved to write, not by admiration at the magnitude of his own sudden discoveries, not by desire for notoriety, not by a transport of excitement, not because he "had launched "his bark on the flood and was carried "along by the waters;" but because, grave as was the task to be attempted, and slight as was the hope of succeeding, the end seemed to him worth all the labour and all the risk. "I fear "that I have taken this work in hand "too late in the day; for matters are "nearly come to that pass that men are "incapable, on these subjects, of having "their errors cleared away, so saturated "with prejudices are their minds. Still, "I will persevere, and continue to make "what effort I can; for the case, after "all, is not quite hopeless." For the instructed few he was convinced that his work might prove truly informing—*his hoc opus perquam utile fore confido*.

Addressing these, he tells them how, struck with the contrast between the precepts of Christianity and the common practice of Christians, he had sought the cause of this contrast and found it in their erroneous conception of their own religion. The comments of men had been foisted into the Christian religion; the pure teaching of God had been lost sight of. He had determined to go again to the Bible, to read it over and over with a perfectly unprejudiced mind, and to accept nothing as its teaching which it did not clearly teach. He began by constructing a method, or set of conditions indispensable for the adequate interpretation of Scripture. These conditions are such, he points out, that a perfectly adequate interpretation of Scripture is now impossible: for example, to understand any Prophet thoroughly, we ought to know the life, character, and pursuits of that Prophet, under what circumstances his book was composed, and in what state and through what hands it has come down to us; and, in general, most of this we cannot now know. Still, the main sense of the Books of Scripture may be clearly

seized by us. Himself a Jew with all the learning of his nation, and a man of the highest natural powers, he had in the difficult task of seizing this sense every aid which special knowledge or preeminent faculties could supply.

In what then, he asks, does Scripture, interpreted by its own aid, and not by the aid of Rabbinical traditions or Greek philosophy, allege its own divinity to consist? In a revelation given by God to the Prophets. Now all knowledge is a Divine revelation; but prophecy, as represented in Scripture, is one of which the laws of human nature, considered in themselves alone, cannot be the cause. Therefore nothing must be asserted about it, except what is clearly declared by the Prophets themselves; for they are our only source of knowledge on a matter which does not fall within the scope of our ordinary knowing faculties. But ignorant people, not knowing the Hebrew genius and phraseology, and not attending to the circumstances of the speaker, often imagine the Prophets to assert things which they do not.

The Prophets clearly declare themselves to have received the revelation of God through the means of words and images—not, as Christ, through immediate communication of the mind with the mind of God. Therefore the Prophets excelled other men by the power and vividness of their representing and imagining faculty, not by the perfection of their mind. This is why they perceived almost everything through figures, and express themselves so variously, and so improperly, concerning the nature of God. Moses imagined that God could be seen, and attributed to Him the passions of anger and jealousy; Micaiah imagined Him sitting on a throne, with the host of heaven on his right and left hand; Daniel as an old man, with a white garment and white hair; Ezekiel as a fire; the disciples of Christ thought they saw the Spirit of God in the form of a dove; the Apostles, in the form of fiery tongues.

Whence, then, could the Prophets be certain of the truth of a revelation which they received through the imagination,

and not by a mental process?—for only an idea can carry the sense of its own certainty along with it, not an imagination. To make them certain of the truth of what was revealed to them, a reasoning process came in; they had to rely on the testimony of a sign, and (above all) on the testimony of their own conscience, that they were good men, and spoke for God's sake. Either testimony was incomplete without the other. Even the good prophet needed for his message the confirmation of a sign; but the bad prophet, the utterer of an immoral doctrine, had no certainty for his doctrine, no truth in it, even though he confirmed it by a sign. This, the testimony of a good conscience, was, therefore, the prophet's grand source of certitude. Even this, however, was only a moral certitude, not a mathematical; for no man can be perfectly sure of his own goodness.

The power of imagining, the power of feeling what goodness is, and the habit of practising goodness, were therefore the sole essential qualifications of a true prophet. But for the purpose of the message, the revelation, which God designed him to convey, these qualifications were enough. The sum and substance of this revelation was simply: *Believe in God, and lead a good life.* To be the organ of this revelation, did not make a man more learned; it left his scientific knowledge as it found it. This explains the contradictory and speculatively false opinions about God, and the laws of Nature, which the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles entertained. Abraham and the Patriarchs knew God only as *El Sadai*, the Power which gives to every man that which suffices him; Moses knew Him as *Jehovah*, a self-existent being, but imagined Him with the passions of a man. Samuel imagined that God could not repent of His sentences; Jeremiah, that He could. Joshua, on a day of great victory, the ground being white with hail, seeing the daylight last longer than usual, and imaginatively seizing this as a special sign of the help divinely promised to him, declared that the sun

was standing still. To be obeyers of God themselves, and inspired leaders of others to obedience and good life, did not make Abraham and Moses metaphysicians, or Joshua a natural philosopher. His revelation no more changed the speculative opinions of each prophet, than it changed his temperament or style. The wrathful Elisha required the natural sedative of music, before he could be the messenger of good fortune to Jehoram. The high-bred Isaiah and Nahum have the style proper to their condition, and the rustic Ezekiel and Amos the style proper to theirs. We are not therefore bound to pay heed to the speculative opinions of this or that prophet, for in uttering these he spoke as a mere man: only in exhorting his hearers to obey God and lead a good life was he the organ of a Divine revelation.

To know and love God is the highest blessedness of man, and of all men alike; to this all mankind are called, and not any one nation in particular. The Divine Law, properly so named, is the method of life for attaining this height of human blessedness: this law is universal, written in the heart, and one for all mankind. Human law is the method of life for attaining and preserving temporal security and prosperity; this law is dictated by a lawgiver, and every nation has its own. In the case of the Jews, this law was dictated, by revelation, through the Prophets; its fundamental precept was to obey God and to keep His commandments, and it is therefore, in a secondary sense, called Divine; but it was, nevertheless, framed in respect of temporal things only. Even the truly moral and divine precept of this law, to practise for God's sake justice and mercy towards one's neighbour, meant for the Hebrew of the Old Testament his Hebrew neighbour only, and had respect to the concord and stability of the Hebrew Commonwealth. The Jews were to obey God and to keep His commandments, that they might continue long in the land given to them, and that it might be well with them there. Their election was a temporal one, and

lasted only so long as their State. It is now over; and the only election the Jews now have is that of the *pious*, the *remnant*, which takes place, and has always taken place, in every other nation also. Scripture itself teaches that there is a universal divine law, that this is common to all nations alike, and is the law which truly confers eternal blessedness. Solomon, the wisest of the Jews, knew this law, as the few wisest men in all nations have ever known it; but for the mass of the Jews, as for the mass of mankind everywhere, this law was hidden, and they had no notion of its moral action—its *vera vita* which conducts to eternal blessedness—except so far as this action was enjoined upon them by the prescriptions of their temporal law. When the ruin of their State brought with it the ruin of their temporal law, they would have lost altogether their only clue to eternal blessedness. Christ came when that fabric of the Jewish State, for the sake of which the Jewish Law existed, was about to fall; and He proclaimed the universal Divine Law. A certain moral action is prescribed by this law, as a certain moral action was prescribed by the Jewish Law; but he who truly conceives the universal Divine Law conceives God's decrees adequately as eternal truths, and for him moral action has liberty and self-knowledge; while the Prophets of the Jewish Law inadequately conceived God's decrees as mere rules and commands, and for them moral action had no liberty and no self-knowledge. Christ, who beheld the decrees of God as God himself beholds them—as eternal truths—proclaimed the love of God and the love of our neighbour as *commands* only because of the ignorance of the multitude: to those to whom it was “given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God,” He announced them, as He himself perceived them, as eternal truths. And the Apostles, like Christ, spoke to many of their hearers “as unto carnal not spiritual;” presented to them, that is, the love of God and their neighbour as a Divine command authenticated by the life and death of Christ, not as an eternal idea of reason carrying its

own warrant along with it. The presentation of it as this latter their hearers “were not able to bear.” The Apostles, moreover, though they preached and confirmed their doctrine by signs as prophets, wrote their Epistles, not as prophets, but as doctors and reasoners. The essentials of their doctrine, indeed, they took not from reason, but, like the Prophets, from fact and revelation; they preached belief in God and goodness of life as a catholic religion, existing by virtue of the Passion of Christ, as the Prophets had preached belief in God and goodness of life as a national religion existing by virtue of the Mosaic Covenant; but while the Prophets announced their message in a form purely dogmatical, the Apostles developed theirs with the forms of reasoning and argumentation according to each apostle's ability and way of thinking, and as they might best commend their message to their hearers; and for their reasonings they themselves claim no Divine authority, submitting them to the judgment of their hearers. Thus each apostle built essential religion on a non-essential foundation of his own, and, as St. Paul says, avoided building on the foundations of another apostle, which might be quite different from his own. Hence the discrepancies between the doctrine of one apostle and another—between that of St. Paul, for example, and that of St. James; but these discrepancies are in the non-essentials not given to them by revelation, and not in essentials. Human Churches, seizing these discrepant non-essentials as essentials, one maintaining one of them, another another, have filled the world with unprofitable disputes, have “turned the Church into an academy, and religion “into a science, or rather a wrangling,” and have fallen into endless schism.

What, then, are the essentials of Religion according both to the Old and to the New Testament? Very few and very simple. The precept to love God and our neighbour. The precepts of the first chapter of Isaiah: “Wash you, “make you clean; put away the evil “of your doings from before mine eyes;

"cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow." The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, which add to the foregoing the injunction that we should cease to do evil and learn to do well, not to our brethren and fellow-citizens only, but to all mankind. It is by following these precepts that belief in God is to be shown; if we believe in Him we shall keep His commandment; and this is His commandment, that we love one another. It is because it contains these precepts that the Bible is properly called the Word of God, in spite of its containing much that is mere history, and, like all history, is sometimes true, sometimes false; in spite of its containing much that is mere reasoning, and, like all reasoning, is sometimes sound, sometimes hollow. These precepts are also the precepts of the universal Divine Law written in our hearts; and it is only by this that the Divinity of Scripture is established;—by its containing, namely, precepts identical with those of this inly-written and self-proving law. This law was in the world, as St. John says, before the doctrine of Moses or the doctrine of Christ. And what need was there, then, for these doctrines? Because the world at large "knew not" this original Divine Law, in which precepts are ideas, and the belief in God the knowledge and contemplation of Him. Reason gives us this law, Reason tells us that it leads to eternal blessedness, and that those who follow it have no need of any other. But Reason could not have told us that the moral action of the universal Divine Law—followed not from a sense of its intrinsic goodness, truth, and necessity, but simply in proof of obedience (for both the Old and New Testament are but one long discipline of obedience), simply because it is so commanded by Moses in virtue of the Covenant, simply because it is so commanded by Christ in virtue of His life and passion—can lead to eternal blessedness, which means, for Reason, eternal knowledge. Reason could not have told us this, and this is

what the Bible tells us. This is that "thing which had been kept secret since the foundation of the world." It is thus that by means of the foolishness of the world God confounds the wise, and with things that are not brings to nought things that are. Of the truth of the promise thus made to obedience without knowledge, we can have no mathematical certainty; for we can have a mathematical certainty only of things deduced by Reason from elements which she in herself possesses. But we can have a moral certainty of it; a certainty such as the Prophets had themselves, arising out of the goodness and pureness of those to whom this revelation has been made, and rendered possible for us by its contradicting no principles of Reason. It is a great comfort to believe it; because "as it is only the very small minority who can pursue a virtuous life by the sole guidance of reason, we should, unless we had this testimony of Scripture, be in doubt respecting the salvation of nearly the whole human race."

It follows from this that Philosophy has her own independent sphere, and Theology hers, and that neither has the right to invade and try to subdue the other. Theology demands perfect obedience, Philosophy perfect knowledge: the obedience demanded by Theology and the knowledge demanded by Philosophy are alike saving. As speculative opinions about God, Theology requires only such as are indispensable to the reality of this obedience; the belief that God is, that He is a rewarder of them that seek Him, and that the proof of seeking Him is a good life. These are the fundamentals of Faith, and they are so clear and simple that none of the inaccuracies provable in the Bible narrative the least affect them, and they have indubitably come to us uncorrupted. He who holds them may make, as the Patriarchs and Prophets did, other speculations about God most erroneous, and yet their faith is complete and saving. Nay, beyond these fundamentals, speculative opinions are pious or impious, not as they are true or false, but

as they confirm or shake the believer in the practice of obedience. The truest speculative opinion about the nature of God is impious if it makes its holder rebellious; the falsest speculative opinion is pious if it makes him obedient. Governments should never render themselves the tools of ecclesiastical ambition by promulgating as fundamentals of the national Church's faith more than these, and should concede the fullest liberty of speculation.

But the multitude, which respects only what astonishes, terrifies, and overwhelms it, by no means takes this simple view of its own religion. To the multitude Religion seems venerable only when it is subversive of Reason, confirmed by miracles, conveyed in documents materially sacred and infallible, and dooming to damnation all without its pale. But this religion of the multitude is not the religion which a true interpretation of Scripture finds in Scripture. Reason tells us that a miracle—understanding by a miracle a breach of the laws of Nature—is impossible, and that to think it possible is to dishonour God; for the laws of Nature are the laws of God, and to say that God violates the laws of Nature is to say that He violates His own nature. Reason sees, too, that miracles can never attain their professed object,—that of bringing us to a higher knowledge of God; since our knowledge of God is raised only by perfecting and clearing our conceptions, and the alleged design of miracles is to baffle them. But neither does Scripture anywhere assert, as a general truth, that miracles are possible. Indeed, it asserts the contrary; for Jeremiah declares that Nature follows an invariable order. Scripture, however, like Nature herself, does not lay down speculative propositions (*Scriptura definitiones non tradit, ut nec etiam Natura*). It relates matters in such an order and with such phraseology as a speaker (often not perfectly instructed himself) who wanted to impress his hearers with a lively sense of God's greatness and goodness would naturally employ; as Moses, for instance, relates

to the Israelites the passage of the Red Sea without any mention of the East Wind which attended it, and which is brought accidentally to our knowledge in another place. So that to know exactly what Scripture means in the relation of each seeming miracle, we ought to know (besides the tropes and phrases of the Hebrew language) the circumstances, and also—since every one is swayed in his manner of presenting facts by his own preconceived opinions, and we have seen what those of the prophets were—the preconceived opinions of each speaker. But this mode of interpreting Scripture is fatal to the vulgar notion of its verbal inspiration, of a sanctity and absolute truth in all the words and sentences of which it is composed. This vulgar notion is, indeed, a palpable error. It is demonstrable from the internal testimony of the Scriptures themselves, that the Books from the first of the Pentateuch to the last of Kings were put together, after the first Destruction of Jerusalem, by a compiler (probably Ezra) who designed to relate the history of the Jewish people from its origin to that destruction: it is demonstrable, moreover, that the compiler did not put his last hand to the work, but left it, with its extracts from various and conflicting sources sometimes unreconciled—left it with errors of text and unsettled readings. The prophetic books are mere fragments of the Prophets, collected by the Rabbins where they could find them, and inserted in the Canon according to their discretion. They, at first, proposed to admit neither the Book of Proverbs nor the Book of Ecclesiastes into the Canon, and only admitted them because there were found in them passages which commended the Law of Moses. Ezekiel also they had determined to exclude; but one of their number remodelled him, so as to procure his admission. The Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Daniel are the work of a single author, and were not written till after Judas Maccabeus had restored the worship of the Temple. The Book of Psalms was collected

and arranged at the same time. Before this time, there was no Canon of the Sacred Writings, and the great synagogue, by which the Canon was fixed, was first convened after the Macedonian conquest of Asia. Of that synagogue none of the prophets were members; the learned men who composed it were guided by their own fallible judgment. In like manner the uninspired judgment of human councils determined the Canon of the New Testament.

Such, reduced to the briefest and plainest terms possible, stripped of the developments and proofs with which he delivers it, and divested of the metaphysical language in which much of it is clothed by him, is the doctrine of Spinoza's treatise on the interpretation of Scripture. Certainly it is not the doctrine of any of the old Churches of Christendom; of the Church of Rome, or the Church of Constantinople, or the Church of England. But Spinoza was not a member, still less a minister, of any one of these Churches. When he made a profession of faith widely different from that of any of them, he had not vowed to minister the doctrine of one of them "as that Church had received the same." When he claimed for Churchmen the widest latitude of speculation in religious matters, he was inviting Governments to construct a new Church; he was not holding office in an old Church under articles expressly promulgated to check "disputations, altercations, or questions." The Bishop of Natal cries out, that orders in the Church of England without full liberty of speculation are an intolerable yoke. But he is thus crying out for a new Church of England, which is not that in which he has voluntarily taken office. He forgets that the clergy of a Church with formularies like those of the Church of England, exist in virtue of their relinquishing in religious matters full liberty of speculation. Liberal potentates of the English Church, who so loudly sound the praises of freedom of inquiry, forget it also. It may be time for the State to institute, as its

national clergy, a corporation enjoying the most absolute freedom of inquiry; but that corporation will not be the present clergy of the Church of England. Coleridge maintained that the whole body of men of letters or science formed the true clergy of a modern nation, and ought to participate in the endowments of the National Church. That is a beautiful theory; but it has not hitherto been cordially welcomed by the clergy of the Church of England. It has not hitherto been put in practice by the State. Is it to be put in practice for the future? To any eminent layman of letters, who presents himself on the other side the river with the exterminating Five Problems, the passage of Cicero, and the prayer to Rám as his credentials, will the gates of Lambeth fly open?

Literary criticism, however, must not blame the Bishop of Natal because his personal position is false, nor praise Spinoza because his personal position is sound. But, as it must deny to the Bishop's book the right of existing, when it can justify its existence neither by edifying the many nor informing the few, it must concede that right to Spinoza's for the sake of its unquestionably philosophic scope. Many and many are the propositions in Spinoza's work, which, brought by him to us out of the sphere of his unaccepted philosophy, and presented with all the calm inflexibility of his manner, are startling, repellent, questionable. Criticism may take many and many objections to the facts and arguments of his Treatise. But, by the whole scope and drift of its argument, by the spirit in which the subject is throughout treated, his work undeniably becomes interesting and stimulating to the general culture of Europe. There are alleged contradictions in Scripture; and the question which the general culture of Europe, informed of this, asks with real interest is, as I have said,—*What then?* To this question Spinoza returns an answer, and the Bishop of Natal returns none. The Bishop of Natal keeps going round for ever within the barren sphere

of these contradictions themselves ; he treats them as if they were supremely interesting in themselves, as if we had never heard of them before, and could never hear enough of them now. Spinoza touches these verbal matters with all possible brevity, and presses on to the more important. It is enough for him to give us what is indispensably necessary of them. He points out that Moses could never have written, "And the Canaanite was then in the land," because the Canaanite was in the land still at the death of Moses. He points out that Moses could never have written, "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses." He points out how such a passage as "These are the kings that reigned in Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel," clearly indicates an author writing not before the times of the Kings. He points out how the account of Og's iron bedstead—"Only Og the king of Bashan remained of the remnant of giants ; behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron ; is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon?"—probably indicates an author writing after David had taken Rabbath, and found there "abundance of spoil," amongst it this iron bedstead, the gigantic relic of another age. He points out how the language of this passage, and of such a passage as that in the Book of Samuel—"Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake : Come and let us go to the seer ; for he that is now called Prophet was aforetime called seer"—is certainly the language of a writer describing the events of a long-past age, and not the language of a contemporary. But he devotes to all this no more space than is absolutely necessary. He, too, like the Bishop of Natal, touches on the family of Judah ; but he devotes one page to this topic, and the Bishop of Natal devotes thirteen. To the sums in Ezra—with which the Bishop of Natal, "should God, in His providence, call him to continue the work," will assuredly fill folios—Spinoza devotes barely a page. He is anxious to escape from

the region of these verbal matters, which to the Bishop of Natal are a sort of intellectual land of Beulah, into a higher region ; he apologises for lingering over them so long : *non est cur circa hæc diu detinear : nolo tediousâ lectione lectorem detinere*. For him the interesting question is, not whether the fanatical devotee of the letter is to continue, for a longer or for a shorter time, to believe that Moses sate in the land of Moab writing the description of his own death, but what he is to believe when he does not believe this. Is he to take for the guidance of his life a great gloss put upon the Bible by theologians, who "not content with going mad themselves with Plato and Aristotle, want to make Christ and the Prophets go mad with them too,"—or the Bible itself? Is he to be presented by his National Church with metaphysical formularies for his creed, or with the real fundamentals of Christianity? If with the former, religion will never produce its due fruits. A few elect will still be saved ; but the vast majority of mankind will remain without grace and without good works, hateful and hating one another. Therefore he calls urgently upon Governments to make the National Church what it should be. This is the conclusion of the whole matter for him ; a fervent appeal to the State, to save us from the untoward generation of metaphysical Article-makers. And therefore, anticipating Mr. Gladstone, he called his book "The Church in its Relations with the State."

Thus Spinoza attempts to answer the crucial question, "*What then ?*" and by the attempt, successful or unsuccessful, he interests the higher culture of Europe. The Bishop of Natal does not interest this, neither yet does he edify the unlearned. His book, therefore, satisfies neither of the two conditions, one of which literary criticism has a right to impose on all religious books : *Edify the uninstructed*, it has a right to say to them, *or inform the instructed*. Fulfilling neither of these conditions, the Bishop of Natal's book cannot justify itself for existing. When, in 1861, he heard for

the first time that the old theory of the verbal inspiration of Scripture was untenable, he should, instead of proclaiming this news (if this was all he could proclaim) in an octavo volume, have remembered that excellent saying of the Wise Man: "If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee; and behold, it will not burst thee."

These two conditions, which the Bishop of Natal's book entirely fails to fulfil, another well-known religious book also—that book which made so much noise two years ago, the volume of *Essays and Reviews*—fails, it seems to me, to fulfil satisfactorily. Treating religious subjects and written by clergymen, the compositions in that volume have in general, to the eye of literary criticism, this great fault—that they tend neither to edify the many, nor to inform the few. There is but one of them—that by Mr. Pattison on the *Tendencies of Religious Thought in England*—which offers to the higher culture of Europe matter new and instructive. There are some of them which make one, as one reads, instinctively recur to a saying which was a great favourite—so that Hebrew moralist whom I have already quoted tells us—with Judah Ben-Tamar: "The impudent are for Gehinnam, and the modest for Paradise." But even Dr. Temple's Essay on the *Education of the World*, perfectly free from all faults of tone or taste, has this fault—that while it offers nothing edifying to the uninstructed, it offers to the instructed nothing which they could not have found in a far more perfect shape in the works of Lessing. Mr. Jowett's Essay, again, contains nothing which is not given, with greater convincingness of statement and far greater fulness of consequence in Spinoza's seventh chapter, which treats of the Interpretation of Scripture. The doctrines of his Essay, as mere doctrine, are neither milk for babes nor strong meat for men; the weak among his readers will be troubled by them; the strong would be more informed by seeing them handled as acquired elements for further speculation by freer exponents of the speculative thought of Europe,

than by seeing them hesitatingly exhibited as novelties. In spite of this, however, Mr. Jowett's Essay has one quality which, at the tribunal of literary criticism, is sufficient to justify it—a quality which communicates to all works where it is present an indefinable charm, and which is always, for the higher sort of minds, edifying;—it has *unction*. From a clergyman's essay on a religious subject theological criticism may have a right to demand more than this; literary criticism has not. For a court of literature it is enough that the somewhat pale stream of Mr. Jowett's speculation is gilded by the heavenly alchemy of this glow.

Unction Spinoza's work has not; that name does not precisely fit any quality which it exhibits. But he is instructive and suggestive even to the most instructed thinker; and to give him full right of citizenship in the Republic of Letters this is enough. And yet, so all-important in the sphere of religious thought is the power of edification, that in this sphere a great fame like Spinoza's can never be founded without it. A court of literature can never be very severe to Voltaire: with that inimitable wit and clear sense of his, he can never write a page in which the fullest head may not find something suggestive: still because, with all his wit and clear sense, he handles religious ideas wholly without the power of edification, his fame as a great man is equivocal. Strauss treated the question of Scripture Miracles with an acuteness and fulness which even to the most informed minds is instructive; but because he treated it wholly without the power of edification, his fame as a serious thinker is equivocal. But in Spinoza there is not a trace either of Voltaire's passion for mere mockery or of Strauss's passion for mere demolition. His whole soul was filled with desire of the love and knowledge of God, and of that only. Philosophy always proclaims herself on the way to the *summum bonum*; but too often on the road she seems to forget her destination, and suffers her hearers to forget it also. Spinoza never forgets

his destination : "The love of God is
 "man's highest happiness and blessed-
 "ness, and the final end and aim of all
 "human actions ;—The supreme reward
 "for keeping God's Word is that Word
 "itself—namely, to know Him and with
 "free will and pure and constant heart
 "love Him : " these sentences are the
 keynote to all he produced, and were
 the inspiration of all his labours. This
 is why he turns so sternly upon the
 worshippers of the letter,—the editors
 of the *Masora*, the editor of the *Record*—
 because their doctrine imperils our love
 and knowledge of God. "What!" he
 cries, "our knowledge of God to depend
 "upon these perishable things, which
 "Moses can dash to the ground and
 "break to pieces like the first tables of
 "stone, or of which the originals can
 "be lost like the original book of the
 "Covenant, like the original book of the
 "Law of God, like the book of the
 "Wars of God!...which can come to us
 "confused, imperfect, miswritten by
 "copyists, tampered with by doctors!
 "And you accuse others of impiety! It
 "is you who are impious, to believe that
 "God would commit the treasure of the
 "true record of Himself to any substance
 "less enduring than the heart!" And his
 life was not unworthy of this elevated
 strain. A philosopher who professed
 that knowledge was its own reward—
 a devotee who professed that the love
 of God was its own reward, this philo-
 sopher and this devotee believed in what
 he said! Spinoza led a life the most
 spotless, perhaps, to be found among
 the lives of philosophers; he lived
 simple, studious, even-tempered, kind;
 declining honours, declining riches, de-
 clining notoriety. He was poor, and
 his admirer, Simon de Vries, sent him
 two thousand florins—he refused them:
 the same friend left him his fortune
 —he returned it to the heir. He was
 asked to dedicate one of his works
 to the magnificent patron of letters
 in his century, Louis the Fourteenth;
 he declined. His great work, his
Ethics, published after his death, he
 gave injunctions to his friends to publish
 anonymously, for fear he should give his

name to a school. Truth, he thought,
 should bear no man's name. And,
 finally,—“Unless,” he said, “I had
 “known that my writings would in the
 “end advance the cause of true religion,
 “I would have suppressed them—*ta-
 “cuisssem.*” It was in this spirit that
 he lived; and this spirit gives to all
 he writes not exactly unction—I have
 already said so,—but a kind of sacred
 solemnity. Not of the same order as
 the Saints, he yet follows the same ser-
 vice : *Doubtless Thou art our Father,
 though Abraham be ignorant of us, and
 Israel acknowledge us not.*

Therefore he has been, in a certain
 sphere, edifying, and has inspired in
 many powerful minds an interest and
 an admiration such as no other philo-
 sopher has inspired since Plato. The
 lonely precursor of German philosophy,
 he still shines when the light of his
 successors is fading away: they had
 celebrity, Spinoza has fame. Not be-
 cause his peculiar system of philosophy
 has had more adherents than theirs; on
 the contrary, it has had fewer. But
 schools of philosophy arise and fall;
 their bands of adherents inevitably
 dwindle; no master can long persuade
 a large body of disciples that they give
 to themselves just the same account of
 the world as he does; it is only the
 very young and the very enthusiastic
 who can think themselves sure that
 they possess the whole mind of Plato, or
 Spinoza, or Hegel at all. The very ma-
 ture and the very sober can even hardly
 believe that these philosophers possessed
 it themselves enough to put it all into
 their works, and to let us know entirely
 how the world seemed to them. What
 a remarkable philosopher really does for
 human thought, is to throw into circula-
 tion a certain number of new and strik-
 ing ideas and expressions, and to stimu-
 late with them the thought and imagi-
 nation of his century or of after-times.
 So Spinoza has made his distinction
 between adequate and inadequate ideas
 a current notion for educated Europe.
 So Hegel seized a single pregnant sen-
 tence of Heraclitus, and cast it, with a
 thousand striking applications, into the

world of modern thought. But to do this is only enough to make a philosopher noteworthy; it is not enough to make him great. To be great, he must have something in him which can influence character, which is edifying; he must, in short, have a noble and lofty character himself, a character—to recur to that much-criticised expression of mine—in the *grand style*. This is what Spinoza had; and because he had it, he stands out from the multitude of philosophers, and has been able to inspire in powerful minds a feeling which the most remarkable philosophers, without this grandiose character, could not inspire. “There is no possible view of life but Spinoza’s,” said Lessing. Goethe has told us how he was calmed and edified by him in his youth, and how he again went to him for support in his maturity. Heine, the man (in spite of his faults) of truest genius that Germany has produced since Goethe—a man with faults, as I have said, immense faults, the greatest of them being that he could reverence so little—reverenced Spinoza. Hegel’s influence ran off him like water: “I have ‘seen Hegel,’ he cries, ‘seated with ‘his doleful air of a hatching hen upon ‘his unhappy eggs, and I have heard ‘his dismal clucking.—How easily one ‘can cheat oneself into thinking that ‘one understands everything, when one ‘has learnt only how to construct dialectical formulas!’” But of Spinoza, Heine said: “His life was a copy of ‘the life of his Divine kinsman, Jesus ‘Christ.”

Still, the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* was deemed by Spinoza himself a work not suitable to the general public, and here is Mr. Trübner offering it to the general public in a translation! But a little reflection will show that Mr. Trübner is not therefore to be too hastily blamed.

Times are changed since Spinoza wrote; the reserve which he recommended and practised is being repudiated by all the world. Speculation is to be made popular, all reticence is to be abandoned, every difficulty is to be canvassed publicly, every doubt is to be proclaimed; information which, to have any value at all, must have it as part of a series not yet complete, is to be flung broadcast, in the crudest shape, amidst the undisciplined, ignorant, passionate, captious multitude.

“Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas:”

and in that adventurous march the English branch of the race of Japhet is, it seems, to be headed by its clergy in full canonicals. If so it is to be, so be it. But, if this is to be so, the Editor of the *Record* himself, instead of deprecating the diffusion of Spinoza’s writings, ought rather to welcome it. He would prefer, of course, that we should all be even as he himself is; that we should all think the same thing as that which he himself thinks. This desire, although all might not consent to join in it, is legitimate and natural. But its realisation is impossible; heresy is here, it is pouring in on all sides of him. If we must have heresy, he himself will admit that we may as well have the informing along with the barren. The author of the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* is not more unorthodox than the author of the *Pentateuch Critically Examined*, and he is far more edifying. If the English clergy must err, let them learn from this outcast of Israel to err nobly! Along with the weak trifling of the Bishop of Natal, let it be lawful to cast into the huge caldron, out of which the new world is to be born, the strong thought of Spinoza!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

A VISIT TO LÜTZEN IN OCTOBER, 1862.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE.

PART I.

THE BATTLE TO THE DEATH OF GUSTAVUS.

THE Battle of Lützen, 1632, still constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in military history, notwithstanding all the gigantic additions which the annals of the last and present century have made to it. Though not precisely one of the "decisive" battles of history, for it occurred just half-way in the period of the Thirty Years' War, yet it was, in truth, the turning-point of that contest: up to that day, the event in debate was the annihilation of one party by the other; after it, the terms of separation only. To the soldier it is memorable as the last field in which the old system of tactics—that inherited from the ancients by the men of the "Renaissance"—was fairly pitted against the modern; for the modern military art may be truly described as a development only of that introduced by Gustavus Adolphus. But it is more famous as the occasion of victory and death to one of the few leading spirits of the world's history—one of the few in whom nobleness of heart and purpose, and pre-eminence of genius, were so fused together as to constitute the true character of the hero.

It was well, no doubt, for a curious posterity, that an action of this importance occurred in a civilized period, and

in the heart of much-enduring and much-writing Germany, the home of "*la nation écrivassière*." But the result is nevertheless somewhat perplexing. The literature of Lützen would alone furnish out a small catalogue. The presses throughout Germany, France, and Italy, seem to have gone to work simultaneously and immediately on the receipt of the news. "Flying sheets," containing professed descriptions of it, swarm in every library. Preachers, Protestant and Catholic, improved the occasion from a thousand pulpits, and every one of them, that could afford it, resolved that the world should not lose the benefit of his pious eloquence. Then the caricaturist and the ballad-monger got hold of it, whose fugitive but sometimes authentic hints must be studied in the bulky republications of modern antiquaries. Nor did the interest cease when the graver class of authors came on the stage. Political historians, religious historians, dynastic historians and genealogists, topographers, biographers, all had something to say on so renowned a catastrophe, and everyone was in duty bound to add something new, of fact or speculation, to what had been ascertained by his predecessors. Next, in the last century, followed the herd of German professors and other literates, whose quaint little Latin dissertations in quarto darken so many a question, and deepen so many a paradox. These attached themselves, by predilection, to

minute and curious questions of fact or credulous tradition: the mode of the King's death, "*de dubia cæde Gustavi Adolphi Regis*," furnished materials for many—and I have the titles of two at least under my eyes, about the king's magic sword: "*de gladio magico, quocum Gustavus Adolphus in prælio apud Lützen pugnaverit*." Lastly, the Wallenstein mania, for which Schiller has to answer, produced in our own times such a number of biographies of that personage, and of controversial essays on the questionable points of his history, garnished with original correspondence and extracts from archives, that these alone furnish a mass formidable to contemplate.

The writer of these pages must not pretend to anything like an extensive acquaintance with the vast *corpus historicum* of which he has just sketched (and skimmed) the circumference; but he has read enough to find himself bewildered by the utterly irreconcilable accounts of every main feature of the day. It was a stand-up fight, with little of previous manoeuvring, fought between midday and sunset, by two armies drawn out in a perfectly open field. "Daylight and champion," one would have thought, could "discover no farther." And yet this swarm of ingenious penmen have succeeded in obscuring the story with a multitude of contradictions. Almost everything is disputed: the number of the combatants (to the extent of 100 per cent.); the number and arrangement of regiments, and names of their commanders; the hour, place, and circumstances of the King's death; the hour of Pappenheim's arrival on the field (the critical point of the contest); nay, even the important questions, whether Wallenstein was in a litter or on horseback, with his stirrup wrapped up in silk to alleviate the pressure on his gouty limb—a device of Charles the Fifth, according to his autobiography; and whether Gustavus's charger was white, "brown-black," or "apple-grey." Having referred to these contradictions, the writer intends to waive further discussion of them, and

to compile the best account he can by comparison of authorities. And he can only recommend to any one who may be as curious as himself, two measures: the first to procure, if he can, F. E. F. Philippi's "*Death of Gustavus Adolphus*," printed at Leipzig in 1832—it consists only of a hundred pages, and the author was "*Steuer-rath*" at Lützen, and had a pair of eyes; the next, to carry Philippi in his pocket, and visit the battle-field, which is easily reached and may be soon explored.

The little town of Lützen lies between several intersecting lines of railroad, and at some distance from each. The ordinary tourists' approach to it is consequently by carriage or omnibus from Leipzig, ten or twelve English miles away. But, for my own part, I walked to it from the station at Corbetha, on the line between Halle and Weimar—a pleasant two hours' stroll, along foot-paths and cross-roads, through a land of teeming fertility, alive with the whole population of the neighbourhood busy at their potato harvest. The pedestrian crosses the Saale by a rope-ferry—here a sullen deep stream, cutting its way through strata of diluvial gravel, about the size of the Severn at Worcester; traverses the pretty bowery village of Vesta, with its aged lindens; and thence across the open plain which extends to the neighbourhood of Leipzig, and in the middle of which Lützen is placed. A rich and joyous-looking expanse of land, studded with villages and tall ungainly church steeples; here and there, bedded in the soil, one of those problematical boulders of dark-red granite which the glaciers transported hither, according to modern belief, from distant Scandinavia, and which now chiefly serve as landmarks: far in the south, the first blue outlines of the Erzgebirge faintly show themselves. Such is the aspect of the vast battle-field of Northern Germany, the scene of the greatest military events of modern history; of which it may be said, with even greater truth than of the plains round Fleurus and Waterloo, that "not an ear of corn is pure from the blood

of men." For from that elevated station at Corbetha, or, still better, from the old castle tower at Merseburg, the eye embraces at once the site of that ancient victory obtained by Henry the Fowler over the Huns in A.D. 934; of the two battles of Leipzig (or Breitenfeld), in the Thirty Years' War; of Lützen, of Rossbach,¹ of Gross-Gorschen, vulgarly called the second battle of Lützen, in 1813; and may identify the church towers of some of those villages which blazed, one by one, that same year, in the three October days of the "Battle of the Nations," when, for the first and last time in authentic history, half a million of men were ranged against each other in a pitched field.

Approaching Lützen on this (western) side, the traveller is able to estimate the optical error which, as we shall presently see, misled the Swedes, and partly disconcerted their plans. The lofty old towers of the church and castle, and the high-pitched roofs, rising in an open field, and on the farther side of a slight depression in the ground, seem much nearer than they really are.

Lützen itself is a thoroughly old-fashioned forgotten-looking little Saxon town, with walls and fosse partially preserved, and the open country on all sides extending close up to them. It has now about 500 houses, and is traditionally believed to have been more considerable in old times; as indeed must have been the case, or else the municipality indulged in a fine spirit of local exaggeration when, in a report dated in 1651, they mention that Wallenstein's troops, before the great battle, set fire to the "suburbs of their city;" represented now by two or three beer-houses only, and one or two farm-granges. Passing the town, and following the road to Leipzig, for about three-quarters of an English mile, the traveller sees on his left something like an obelisk, which his imagination will fix on at once as a monument of the battle, but which is, in truth, only

the chimney of an abandoned shaft for digging peat, here found in large deposits beneath the gravel. But, presently afterwards, he discovers, close on the right hand of the road, the central object of his search—the "Swedes' Stone." It stands, as we shall see, not exactly on the spot where the King is supposed to have fallen, but within a few yards of it. The stone is a rough porphyritic boulder, of the kind already described; and bears on its northern face, fronting the road, the inscription, "G. A. 1632." It is surmounted, after the kindly German fashion, with a little shrubbery and gravel walk, and surmounted by a Gothic arch of cast-iron, placed there some twenty years ago by subscription; executed in very fair taste, but injuring the simplicity of the stern old monument. It was a bold æsthetic thought of his Majesty's equerry and fellow-soldier, Jacob Erichson—though carried out with something of the roughness of execution belonging to the age—when he harnessed thirteen boors of the neighbouring village of Meuchen to this stone, which lay at some distance, and made them drag it "with sweat and tears" to its present site, from whence it looks eternally over the northern plain of Germany towards the hero's own distant Scandinavia. "Yet this is not the exact spot where the king fell," adds the narrative (Vulpius, *Megalurgia Martisburgica*, i.e. the *Marvels of Merseburg*), "but their strength was exhausted."

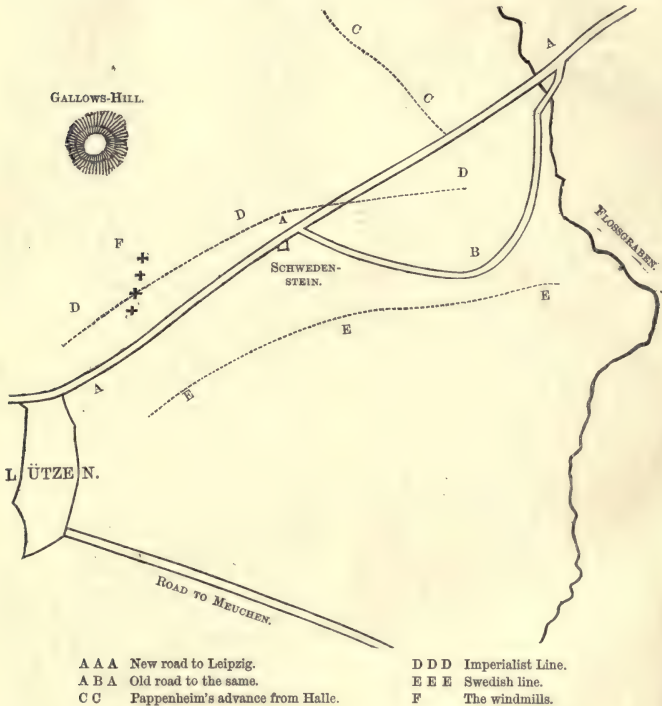
Arrived at the Schwedenstein, the visitor may make himself master of the details of the action, with but little difficulty, thanks to the level character of the ground and absence of hedges. No doubt there are ciceroni to be had; but, for my own part, I found that a two groschen-piece and a shake of the hand, administered to a beautiful nymph of seven, who was out potato-gathering with her family, sufficed to bring about me enough of her friends and admirers to impart all the information I wanted, and more than I could understand—although the pure Saxon dialect is a civilized one, and comprehensible, with some attention, by one who possesses

¹ Those of Jena and Auerstadt, though not actually in sight, may be added from their proximity.

only the ordinary allowance of book-German.

In order to make the battle intelligible, it is not necessary to weary the reader with much preliminary dissertation. It is enough to remember that in September, 1632, Gustavus and Wallenstein, having exhausted the country about Nuremberg, and lost great part of

their armies in vainly confronting one another, parted as it were by mutual consent. The Swede moved into Bavaria; the Austrian into Saxony, where his hope was to negotiate with and win over the wavering Elector of that country. Alarmed lest this scheme should succeed, Gustavus retraced his steps with singular rapidity to Nuremberg, and



A A A New road to Leipzig.
A B A Old road to the same.
C C Pappenheim's advance from Halle.

D D D Imperialist Line.
E E E Swedish line.
F The windmills.

thence through Thuringia to Erfurt, which he occupied, at the end of October, just as Wallenstein was restoring Leipzig and its neighbourhood. On the 1st of November the King arrived at Naumburg, a town on the Saale, offering a commanding position, of which he prepared to avail himself by intrench-

ment. Wallenstein was then at Weisenfels, a few miles below, on the river. Satisfied by this proceeding of the King and by the lateness of the season, that he had no cause to dread immediate attack, he detached Pappenheim with a considerable portion of his army to Halle, in order to open a communication

with the country beyond, and himself fell back from Weissenfels to Lützen. Pappenheim was detached on the 4th, and on the same day the King was made aware of it through an intercepted letter.

On the evening of the 4th of November, therefore, matters stood thus:—Wallenstein was at Lützen, covering the approach from the west to Leipzig, with a force variously estimated, but probably not less than 25,000 men;¹ Gustavus at Naumburg, sixteen English miles south-west of Lützen as the crow flies, with perhaps an equal number; Pappenheim at Halle, sixteen miles north-west of Lützen, with 15,000 or 20,000; the Saxons at Torgau, forty miles north-east of Lützen, with a force variously estimated at from 8,000 to 16,000. Under these circumstances, there were not wanting timorous councillors to advise the King to outmanœuvre the slow Wallenstein, turn him by the south, and join the Saxons. The King at once rejected the counsel. Had he attempted it, Pappenheim and Wallenstein reuniting might have caught him in a trap; had he escaped this danger, the fidelity of the Elector was doubtful. It was obviously his business to fight Wallenstein at once, before Pappenheim could be recalled from Halle. With Gustavus, to decide and to act were almost simultaneous. He might yet surprise Wallenstein before his force was concentrated after its march from Weissenfels. At midnight of the 4th the King began to move. At ten in the morning the towers of Lützen were in sight. But this plan was defeated, in the first place, by the unexpected resistance of Solani's Croats and some artillery on the brook at Rippach; next, as Harte avers, by the optical mistake I have already mentioned, which made the Swedes believe themselves nearer

Lützen than they really were. Consequently, he could not arrive at his chosen ground, east of Lützen, until too late for action. Had it been otherwise, the 5th of November, old style, would have added one more to its Protestant commemorations, and Wallenstein might have descended to British posterity as a supplementary Guy.

Wallenstein would rather have avoided fighting; but this day's delay gave him time to prepare for the contest, by sending a messenger or messengers to hurry Pappenheim's return, and by intrenching his position as well as he might. His army was drawn up on a line of about a mile and a half: its right, to the south-west, resting on the town of Lützen, which was an impediment to his being turned on that flank; his left, north-east, on the western bank of the "Flossgraben," a deep drainage ditch and mill-stream (not a canal to float timber, as Mitchell supposes); his front covered by the high-road from Lützen to Leipzig, of which he had deepened both the side ditches, and filled them with musketeers. But it is important to observe (what neither Harte nor Mitchell was aware of, but Philippi distinctly shows) that this high-road did not coincide exactly with the present. It diverged from the straight line of the present highway, close to the Schwedenstein, curved to the south, and swept back again into the present road near the point where this crosses the Flossgraben. The country-people still point out the old road, rising in a slight ridge on the corn-fields. The consequence would appear to be, that the two armies, being separated by this winding road, were not drawn up in straight lines, but the Imperialist front slightly concave, the Swedish convex; giving the latter something of that advantage which Marlborough turned to such decisive account at Ramillies. The most salient part of the Swedish line would, on this supposition, have been close to the Schwedenstein.

Wallenstein's position was, however, not a bad one, for an army of equal force

¹ Protestant writers say 40,000; Catholics, 20,000. The latter number seems very improbably low. The detachment of Pappenheim to Halle was a gross blunder at best; but we may safely assume that Wallenstein would not have ventured on it in the face of the redoubtable Swede, if his army had been thereby reduced below the number of the latter.

acting on the defensive ; but his order of battle was inconceivably perverse, even according to contemporary critics. He seems to have been actuated by a resolution to proceed in direct opposition to the lessons which the Swedish victories had taught his profession. He took a step back, towards the tactics of the old Netherland wars. He is said to have conceived that Tilly lost the battle of Leipzig through adopting too loose an order: though Tilly's solid squares of infantry, or "tercias," were 2,000 strong. His own foot were drawn up in five such solid squares, of huge dimensions: four in the centre, one on his right, near the windmills. The reader may be spared the involved mathematical calculations on which these were constructed ; suffice it to say that, if complete, every such square would consist of 5,000 men, pikemen and musketeers in equal numbers, and would have at the angles small projecting bastion-like formations of musketeers, so as to be shaped exactly like an ordinary quadrangular redoubt. "The manner in which the armies went to work," says Colonel Mitchell, "in the hour of battle, with their mixed masses of spearmen and musketeers, is a difficulty which historians have left undecided, and which, at this distance of time, we are not well able to explain. What were the spearmen doing, exposed, without any power of reaction, to the shots where the musketeers were engaged ; and what became of the musketeers when the battle came to push of pike ?" Perhaps the difficulty does not so strongly present itself to the imagination of the civilian as of the military writer ; at all events, this intermixture was regularly practised in drawing up the infantry of European armies, from the invention of the musket down to that of the bayonet. Marshal Saxe, as we know, preferred the pike, thus supported, to the bayonet itself ; concerning which "rickety zigzag," our own eccentric Colonel exclaims, "What will be deemed of the military intelligence of an age which could tolerate the tactical puerilities founded

"on the presumed use of a toy that has been brandished with bombastic fierceness for upwards of a century, and has never yet, in fair and manly fight, inflicted a mortal wound on a single man ?"

In thus uniting spearmen with musketeers, Wallenstein only followed the fashion ; but his enormous squares, constructed, no doubt, with a view to resist the dreaded impetuosity of the Swedes, seem to have been condemned in his own age as pedantic and unwieldy. They formed, in fact, the last appearance, on any modern stage, of the classical and mediæval phalanx ; capable, no doubt, of resisting cavalry attacks, but unable to move themselves in attack or pursuit, and exposed to utter destruction when artillery could be brought to bear on them. His own artillery consisted of about eighty heavy pieces, 24- to 48-pounders, as some inform us : it was disposed in front of his troops along the whole line of the road. His cavalry were on the flanks, consisting (as then usual in the Austrian service) of four classes : cuirassiers, as they were termed, but who wore, in addition to the cuirass, the vizored helmet, gorget, brassards, and cuisses ; carbineers, with cuirass and carbine ; dragoons, few in number ; and light horse, then termed Croats, as in later times Hussars, on the extremities of the line—troops whose special genius lay in the line of plundering, which they executed with a vigour, perhaps unequalled in military history. His right wing was strongest, as he expected on the left the almost immediate reinforcement of the Pappenheimers. His front was covered by musketeers in the deepened ditches, on both sides of the way.

Notwithstanding all the successes of the Swedes, the spirit of his army ran high. Wallenstein was still to them the unconquerable one, who had baffled, if not defeated, the Swede himself. Gorged with plunder, and made frantic by the promise of more, inflamed with that peculiar pride of mercenaries, who feel themselves for the hour elevated into the masters of princes and governments,

they swore (so, at least, said their enemies) that "if they did not win the battle, they would drive God out of heaven with their cudgels."

It might be asked why Gustavus, with his skill as a tactician and his well-trained army, did not outmanœuvre and take in flank Wallenstein's helpless masses, instead of attacking them in front? But the answer is plain. Time was wanting for the purpose. It was necessary for him to gain his victory before Pappenheim came up. Pappenheim was to him what Blücher was to Napoleon at Waterloo; and he had not even a Grouchy to oppose to him. To have turned Wallenstein's right, with Pappenheim coming up on Wallenstein's left, would have been to march head foremost into a snare. There remained only the front attack, and for this, bloody as it must prove, he prepared himself at once.

The King passed the night of the 5th—6th, in his carriage in the open field, west of Lützen. At daybreak he crossed the country behind, or south of, Lützen, and drew up his army in a double line, facing that of Wallenstein, and south of the high-road so often mentioned. In order to effect this, part of his force had to cross the deep "Flossgraben," which forms a curve from a point south-east of Lützen to the bridge where it is (and was) crossed by the high-road so often named. Here it would seem as if Wallenstein might have checked his adversary by a bold advance; but his defensive tactics rendered this impracticable. The Swedes passed the mill-stream, and the army was drawn up, in "battalia," while the morning fog yet concealed the enemy.*

The Swedish army was the very opposite of the Austrian. Everything was done to promote rapidity of movement and promptness of execution. The infantry (in the centre) was not, however, formed in line, according to modern ideas: that invention was reserved for the "old Dessauer," as the Germans call him, a century later. The system of Gustavus consisted rather in macadamizing the great blocks of the ancient

army into small and compact, but still solid masses, drawn up in general six deep. The front rank was formed by the famous Swedish black, yellow, green, and blue brigades, concerning which the accounts are contradictory, whether they were so denominated from the colour of their casques, or of their jackets. Colonel Mitchell says, "The blue brigade were composed of British;" but, it is to be feared, without authority. The British, especially the Scots, formed a very important portion of the so-called Swedish army, but they are not particularly mentioned in the accounts of Lützen. The second line, or reserve, was chiefly composed of German infantry. The cavalry were placed on the flanks: Swedes on the right, towards the Flossgraben; Germans on the left, nearest to Lützen. The Swedes seem to have had only two classes of cavalry: cuirassiers, armed with the light cuirass, carbine, and broadsword; dragoons, with musket and sabre. The German horse are described as carrying, in addition to other weapons, a hammer hooked at one end, to drag the enemy off his horse. Platoons of musketry, 100 to 150 strong, were posted between the squadrons; and this is the only rational sense in which we can understand the plan of "mingling cavalry with infantry," attributed by some military writers to Gustavus—a plan which, if carried out in any literal sense, could only have had the effect of crippling the movements of the cavalry altogether. The artillery was stationed along the front, and consisted of only twenty heavy pieces, and about eighty of the common Swedish "flying artillery," 4-pounders only, we are told.¹ In like manner, the pikes of the Swedes were five feet shorter than those of their antagonists, and the carbines and muskets lighter. The whole army is variously estimated at from 11,000 to 16,000 infantry, 9,000 to 12,000 cavalry.

¹ The king's famous "leathern cannon," which have puzzled modern tacticians almost as much as they astonished his enemies, do not seem to have been used at Lützen. Probably the invention never got beyond the character of an experiment.

Bernard of Saxe Weimar, and Marshal Knyphausen, commanded the Germans. The Swedes were led on by the King in person. A more gallant army never entered into action; and yet its experienced generals remarked with regret, that these were not the same invincible Swedes who had crossed the Baltic and conquered at Leipzig. Battles and marches, detachments and garrisons, and, above all, the camp-fevers of Nuremberg, had thinned the ranks of those veterans, and they were replaced by recruits who had learnt little as yet from their comrades, except their martial ardour.

The heavy fog lasted until eleven in the morning: it may easily be conceived with what impatience the King watched for its disappearance, expecting Pappenheim on his right flank every hour. Meanwhile, morning prayer was held, and the King rode along the line to encourage his men. With the Thucydidean speeches which sundry historians put in the mouths of both generals, it is unnecessary to trouble the reader. It is more to the purpose to note that the Swedes sang Luther's Hymn, and that other, well known in Lutheran Germany, which begins—

"Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein,"
 "Fear not, thou little chosen band,"

of which the words are traditionally said to be Gustavus's own.

At eleven in the morning the heavy fog dissipated, and each army beheld the faces of the other. The artillery began to play, but seemingly with no great effect. Wallenstein's cannon, we are told, were pointed too high, and harmed the Swedes but little. The Swedish were doubtless better served, but it is singular that so little is said of the havoc which they might be expected to have made in Wallenstein's helpless quadrangles. At length the Swedish infantry charged, in the centre. They forced their way across the ditches and the road, broke by the suddenness of their attack two of Wallenstein's squares, and endangered a third, when the cuirassiers of Wallenstein's right wing

charged in support of their infantry; the Swedes wavered, were driven back across the road, and a battery of seven cannon, immediately east of the Schwedenstein, taken by the Imperialists. Gustavus now placed himself at the head of Stenbock's Smaland regiment of cuirassiers—its commander had just fallen—which was stationed in the right wing, nearest to the infantry. He called out to his favourite, Colonel Stahlhantseh, a soldier of fortune, who had risen from the condition of a serving-man, "Charge those black fellows (Piccolomini's cuirassiers), else they will do us a mischief;" crossed the road, galloped on before his men, and threw himself on the flank of another cuirassier regiment. The spirit of the religious champion, the Gideon of Protestantism, had, in this his last hour, sole possession of his fiery nature: he exclaimed, "Now, in God's name, let us at them! Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, let us fight for the honour of Thy holy name!" and dashed at the enemy. At this moment, four comrades are noticed as having been at his side, besides one or two grooms: these were, Hof-Marschal Kreilsheim, Chamberlain Truchsess, a young Nuremberger named Löbelfing, of whom we shall hear more presently, and Duke Francis Albert, of Saxe-Lauenburg. This last, of sinister name, was a cadet of one of the oldest and poorest sovereign houses of North Germany, connected rather nearly with the royal blood of Sweden. He had taken arms, a mere adventurer, under Tilly; but, on the arrival of his royal kinsman in Germany, changed sides, went over to the Swedes, and obtained a pension from Gustavus, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy. They were at once enveloped in the hostile ranks. The Swedish cuirassiers, staggered for a moment by the fire from the ditches, followed in hot haste; but too late: a pistol-shot broke the King's arm. He continued, for a moment, to encourage his comrades; but, his strength failing him, he turned his horse's head, and muttered to the Duke, "Mon cousin, tirez moi d'ici, car je suis fort blessé." As he turned, an Austrian

trooper marked the action, cried out, "Art thou here? I have long sought for thee!" and discharged his carbine into the King's shoulder. The King fell from his horse, with the last words, "My God!" The doer of the deed was instantly "beaten down with a storm of arquebusades" by the Swedes; but it was reported that he was a Lieutenant von Falkenberg, who had become acquainted with the King's person while a prisoner. A desperate struggle now took place around the body. Those next to the King were killed or mortally wounded, except Lauenburg alone, who contrived to ride unhurt out of the *mêlée*. The actual spot of the death is fixed by Philippi, conjecturally, just within the angle formed by the divergence of the new and old roads to Leipzig. The body, stripped and mangled, was found at last by his victorious countrymen. It was brought in the night into the village church of Meuehen; the troopers who escorted it did not dismount, but rode by torchlight round the altar, before which it was deposited. Thence it was finally carried to rest with the remains of his ancestors in his own land.

Such, or nearly such, seem to be the circumstances of the royal soldier's death. But the belief that he perished by treachery became in after years so general, that it is impossible to avoid referring to them, even in the most cursory narrative. More is unnecessary; since Schiller, in his well-known history, has said nearly all that need be said respecting this once favourite historical puzzle. There is no affirmative evidence whatever in favour of the supposition that the deed was perpetrated by Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenburg, or any other traitor. The negative evidence against it consists mainly in the fact that no eyewitness of the battle, and no immediately contemporary writer, refers to it. The suspicion arises afterwards, and makes way to the light from various and distant quarters—first as a vague report, afterwards as a definite charge—until at last it becomes universally received, if not absolutely believed, among the Swedes, and has great currency even among the Germans.

"He who ate my bread," so ran the mystic verse in the mouth of the people, "hath lift up his heel against me: thus did it befall Gustavus from the *fourth man*, who entered the enemy's lines along with him."¹ No doubt the ill fame of Francis Albert himself, and his repeated desertions of both causes, make him a not unnatural object of such suspicion; but one circumstance, which Götörer has acutely pointed out, must be taken into account on the other side: he was arrested by the Imperial Government as an accomplice in Wallenstein's treason, long imprisoned, and ultimately discharged—a course of conduct which they would have hardly adopted towards a hired assassin of their own, such as the story makes him. The verdict, in short, on such evidence as we have before us, must be, not simply not proven, but not guilty; and all that remains is that impalpable cloud of doubt of which, when once raised, it is so difficult to disembarass the mind.

It was not until 1790, after Schiller's history had appeared, that a document was published by Murr, in his "Contributions to the History of the Thirty Years' War," which has at least a negative bearing of some importance on this problem. It is a narrative of the King's death, obtained by Colonel von Löbeling, father of the youth who has been mentioned as one of Gustavus's comrades in his last charge, from the lips of his son; but at second hand only. This gallant lad was not a page of the King's, as he is commonly represented, but a volunteer, who followed his person in a hearty boyish passion of admiration for the hero. The father tells his story touchingly enough, in the language of a soldier-saint of those times. The youth, he says, saw the King surrounded by enemies; saw him fall from his horse; dismounted, and offered his own. "Then the King raised both his hands towards him; but my son was not able alone to lift him on horseback, and his Ma-

¹ "Wer mein Brod isst, der mit Füssen mich tritt;
So geschah es Gustavo von dem Vierten,
Der mit ihm ins Lager eintritt."

"jesty could not help himself. There-upon¹ came up some of the enemy's cuirassiers, and wanted to know who it was; but neither the King nor my son would say: one of them, on this, fired a pistol through the King's head, who then said, 'I am myself the King of Sweden,' and so fell asleep. . . . They gave my son two shots and three stabs, stripped him to his shirt, and left him for dead." The poor fellow was brought to Naumburg, where he died some days after. "And thus," adds the father, "did this young cavalier, whose whole age was only eighteen years, seven months, and twenty-three days, truly wait upon his late Majesty in that bloody fight, although he was not in his royal service; stayed by him until his blessed end, and was the last of all at his side. . . . In his sickness he never complained of pain, was very patient, and often said it was for his King's sake he had received those wounds, and would willingly suffer all over again on his account; and, if he might live for a hundred years longer, he would not wish to do so." And he prayed his attendants "to write to his heart's loved father and his relations, and beg us not to sorrow for him, for that he had lost his life in his calling on a Christian and honourable occasion, and had fought gallantly by the side of his Majesty of Sweden for God's word and glory." This account, whatever its value as to minute particulars, is at all events important on the question of the murder. It purports to have been given by the young man to his attendants at Naumburg, who conveyed it to his father, who wrote it down a few weeks after the battle. Had the story of murder been then current, it must have figured somehow in the recital.

Such a suspicion was hardly needed to embitter the universal feeling of inconsolable grief. "The sorrow," says Philippi, "which the death of the King occasioned throughout Protestant Ger-

"many and in Sweden is depicted by contemporaries in the liveliest colours. Country and town, citizen, peasant, and soldier, all united to mourn the irreparable loss. They wandered about like a flock without a shepherd, loudly bewailing the death of their prince, their liberator; for such was Gustavus Adolphus to them all. Never was a sovereign more revered, more loved, or more wept for. Every one would have his portrait, and there was not a cottage in Germany where it was not to be found." And that popular impression was as deep and enduring as it was general. As late as 1796, when Christian Fischer travelled that way, the Saxon postilion would take off his hat as he passed the Schwedenstein. And if traditional reverence has since grown fainter, that which arises from wider education and an increased love of religious and political freedom has taken its place, and the memory of Gustavus Adolphus abides as life-like as ever.

And most deservedly. History has grown cold and critical: the Clio of our times seems to have an old-maidish pleasure in decrying the subjects of our early enthusiasm, in lowering by a few pegs the special heroes of our imaginations. She has not ventured even to attempt this operation on Gustavus Adolphus. A halo of something like superhuman dignity surrounds him. So it was even with his contemporaries. Those who saw him every day seem still to have regarded him rather as an agent of Providence—the embodiment of a great purpose—than an ordinary man. He was thus marked by destiny from the beginning: when his father, Charles the Ninth, exhorted in council to designs to which he felt unequal, would lay his hand on the fair hair of his boy, and say, "*Ille faciet*;" when he relinquished the love of his youth and all the temptations of a throne, married for reasons of state, and set himself doggedly to the task of taming, one by one, his hard-mouthed neighbours of the North, as a preparation for the mightier destinies which he alone foresaw. Such

¹ The devil's advocate might have a word to put in here. If the cuirassiers only came up "thereupon," it was not a cuirassier who fired the fatal shot.

he appeared to the Germans among whom he came as a deliverer; on whom his noble features, his bright blue eyes, his floating golden hair—*il ré d'oro*, the Italians called him—produced the effect of an angelic messenger. Not that he was affectedly superior to other men, or had anything of the prophet in his demeanour; on the contrary, every account represents him as simple, affable, freespoken among his associates, even to a fault. The Jesuits of Munich recounted with pride how he had disputed with them for an hour or so “concerning transubstantiation and communion *sub utraque*,” ending, as they were pleased to assert, with high compliments to their order. The peasants of Bavaria would long tell the tale, how, as he forced them to drag his artillery, he would come among them with kind words and instructions how to place the lever, accompanied with occasional florins. But, in truth, he was an example, such as most of us may have witnessed in common life, of that class of men whose exceptional superiority of character is such that no familiarity seems to diminish the distance between them and others. Much of this was, no doubt, owing to that deep religious conviction which, when openly avowed and consistently acted on, always awes minds conscious of their own falling short. Cromwell could not have been more convinced of his own divine vocation, or more fearless in his expression of reliance on it; but there is something of the earth, earthy, in the zeal of Cromwell even when taken at its best, which contrasts unfavourably with the earnest, manly, single-minded piety of Gustavus. And the consequence is, that, while Cromwell’s enemies made him out a hypocrite, and have left great part of the world persuaded that he was one, no detractor has ever endeavoured to fasten the like imputation on the Swede. With him, as with Cromwell, the constant sense of religion led to a familiarity of utterance respecting it which, to the ears of our reserved generation, seems almost startling. “Pray constantly: praying hard is fighting hard,”

was his favourite appeal to his soldiers. “You may win salvation under my command, but hardly riches,” was his encouragement to his officers. He “preached,” in short, so much—though without the shadow of affectation—that a Michelet might perhaps say of him, as of our Henry the Fifth at Agincourt, “le plus dur pour les prisonniers, c’était d’entendre les sermons de ce roi des prêtres, d’endurer ses moralités, ses humilités.”

But he was not content with preaching: his conduct was throughout a noble exemplification of the religion which he professed. To take one trait only: his strict maintenance of discipline. The Thirty Years’ War was a hideous time, in which the military were not only permitted to indulge in every excess, but encouraged in it as a matter of policy;—it being the received principle of noted leaders to employ their armies as a scourge, not only to intimidate the enemy, but to keep in order doubtful allies or personal foes, through the system of “free quarters.” Of the unhappy agent of this system—the soldier—it might be said, in the language of the Norfolk Island convict, that when he entered the service “the heart of a man was taken from him, and there “was given to him the heart of a beast.” From the beginning of his wars Gustavus set himself determinedly to the task of extirpating an evil which had become unendurable, while every campaign seemed to root it more firmly in the land. And he succeeded to an extent which seems almost miraculous. No army under his command was ever disgraced by unpunished enormity; and it was not until long after his death, when his example had ceased to act, that the Swedish forces became equally a terror to the country with the Imperialist.

Had so noble a character the alloy of earthly ambition? Was it his purpose to extend the Swedish dominion, or to become the first Protestant Emperor of Germany, or to achieve supremacy in Western Europe? It may be so. He was a conqueror by profession—an ab-

solute monarch by divine right. "The devil," (he told his chaplain, who found him one day reading the Bible,) "is 'very near at hand to those who are 'accountable to none but God for their 'actions.' But of this much we may be certain: with some men, a great purpose serves as the cover of personal ambition; by others, personal aggrandisement is sought merely as auxiliary to a great purpose—and so it was with Gustavus. If he ever had dreams of empire, it was for the greater glory of what he deemed the truth.

If, in fact, religious zeal had a rival in his temperament, it was not ambition, but warlike ardour. He was passionately devoted, if such a phrase may be used, to military science. In his short life (he died at eight-and-thirty) he had leisure almost to reconstruct the art of war. And the art of war, as understood and practised by him, comprehended everything, from the conception of a campaign to the construction of artillery-harness or camp-kettles. That minute attention to detail which seems to us pedantic was then almost unavoidable; for he lived in an age when the art of carrying on war on a grand scale had been long forgotten; when, consequently, the division of labour in the soldier's profession was comparatively unknown; and no one would have passed in the eye of world as a great commander who was not also an accomplished corporal. And hence some of his critics have thought that his chief superiority lay in the lower part of his vocation; that he was "a greater tactician than strategist." But the highest authority is against them. Napoleon placed Gustavus among the eight great captains of the world; that list of colossal celebrities which begins with Alexander and ends with himself.

Nevertheless, one thing we have against him; and that was a fatal imperfection, venial as we may deem it. His ungovernable impetuosity of temper manifested itself in various ways; he could not command himself, when he had righteous cause of anger, or when he had danger to encounter. He con-

fessed himself guilty of the first charge. All commanders, he said, had their weaknesses; such a one his drunkenness; such a one his avarice; his own was choler: and he prayed men to forgive him. He was sometimes terrible to behold in one of these fits; the old fury of the sea-kings seemed to come over him: eye-witnesses so described him in a scene at Nuremberg, when, in wrath against plunderers, he dragged forth a delinquent corporal by the hair of his head, exclaiming, "It is better that I 'should punish thee, than that God 'should punish thee and me and all 'of us on thy account;" and ordered him off to instant execution. But his intemperance of courage, in exposing his person in action, was a greater sin than his intemperance in anger. No prayers, no representations, could wean him from his constant habit of taking the foremost place in time of danger. And he was singularly unlucky into the bargain. While Wallenstein, the favourite of fortune, who, however inferior in other respects to Gustavus, did not lack personal courage, seems never to have received a wound, the King, like the Napiers, scarcely ever went into serious action without being hit. His fate at Lützen was but in accordance with this habitual disregard of sterner duty. He perished in a blaze of glory, which by its very excess of light dazzles the historical inquirer, and converts into a martyrdom that which was in truth both an error and a crime. There have been generals as prudent as brave, who have nevertheless risked their lives by daring exposure, deliberately, because the rallying of a broken army, or the necessity of personal presence at a menaced spot, seemed to require it. Gustavus had no such excuse. His Smalanders needed no such prodigality of life to encourage them in the charge. His place was not at their head, but at that of his whole army. He ran on almost certain death, in the mere animal spirit of valiant intoxication, like the Berserker of old, or the savage Malay. "Died Abner as a fool dieth?" The traveller who stands by the Swedes' Stone may not without

reason put this question, and feel his enthusiasm damped by the reflection that Gustavus, a victor at Lützen, might probably have brought the war at once to a successful termination. The sixteen years of misery which followed, ending, indeed, in the rescue of Protestantism and liberty at last, but as by fire only, and under trials the most unfavourable to their healthy development; the de-

cline of Sweden from her high estate; the deterioration of the political and social spirit of Germany—consequences which Europe feels to this day, and our children are likely to experience for generations yet unborn—all these followed from that momentary yielding to the furious impulse of a noble but uncontrolled nature.

To be continued.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS AND THE SLAVE POWER.

BY A PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

It has long been a prevalent notion, that Political Economy is a series of deductions from the principle of selfishness or private interest alone. The common desire of men to grow rich by the shortest and easiest methods—to obtain every gratification with the smallest sacrifice on their own part, has been supposed to be all that the political economist desires to have granted in theory, or to see regulating in practice the transactions of the world, to insure its material prosperity. A late eminent writer has described as follows the doctrine of Adam Smith, in the "Wealth of Nations:" "He everywhere assumes that the great moving power of all men, all interests, and all classes, in all ages and in all countries, is selfishness. He represents men as pursuing wealth for sordid objects, and for the narrowest personal pleasures. The fundamental assumption of his work is that each man follows his own interest, or what he deems to be his interest. And one of the peculiar features of his book is to show that, considering society as a whole, it nearly always happens that men, in promoting their own, will unintentionally promote the interest of others."¹

But, in truth, the acquisitive and selfish propensities of mankind, their anxiety to get as much as possible of everything they like, and to give as

little as possible in return, are in their very nature principles of aggression and injury instead of mutual benefit: the mode of acquisition to which they immediately prompt, is that of plunder or theft, and the competition which they tend to induce is that of conflict and war. Their first suggestion is not, "I will labour for you," but, "You shall labour for me;" not, "Give me this, and I will give you what will suit you better in exchange," but, "Give it to me, or else I will take it by force." The conqueror rather than the capitalist, the pirate rather than the merchant, the brigand rather than the labourer, the wolf rather than the watch-dog, obey the impulses of nature. The history of the pursuit of gain is far from being the simple history of industry, with growing national prosperity; it is the history also of depredation, tyranny, and rapine. One passage in it is thus given, in the early annals of our own country: "Every rich man built his castle, and they filled the land with castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at their castles, and when they were finished they filled them with evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, seizing both men and women by night and day; and they put them in prisons for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable... The earth bare no corn; you might as well

¹ Buckle's "History of Civilization," vol. ii.

have tilled the sea; for the land was all ruined by such deeds."¹ Such deeds ruin at this day some of the fairest lands in this world of good and evil.

But, if misery and desolation are the natural fruits of the natural instincts of mankind, how has the prosperity of Europe steadily advanced in spite of the enemy to it which nature seems to have planted in every man's heart? How has the predatory spirit been transformed into the industrial and commercial spirit? Under what conditions are individual efforts exerted, for the most part, for the general good? These are the chief problems solved in Adam Smith's "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations." He has been careful to point out that "the interests of individuals and particular orders of men, far from being always coincident with, are frequently opposed to, the interests of the public;" and he observes that "all for themselves and nothing for other people, seems to have been, in every age, the vile maxim of the masters of mankind." The effort of every man to improve his own condition is, it is true, in Adam Smith's philosophy, a principle of preservation in the body politic; but his aim was to demonstrate that this natural effort is operative for the good of society at large only in proportion to the just liberty secured to every member of it to employ his natural powers as he thinks proper, whether for his own advantage, or for that of others. Every infraction of, and every interference with, individual liberty, he denounced as being as economically impolitic as morally unjust. His systematic purpose was to expose the losses which a nation suffers, not only from permission of the grosser forms of violence and oppression, but from every sort of restriction whatever upon voluntary labour and enterprise. Of laws regulating agriculture and manufactures for the supposed advantage of the public, he said, "both were evident violations of natural liberty, and therefore unjust, and they were as impolitic as they

were unjust." That security, he added, which the laws in Great Britain give to every man, that he shall enjoy the fruits of his own labour, is alone sufficient to make any country flourish. The history of Europe, in so far as it is the history of the progress of opulence, is not, in his pages, the history of selfishness, but of improving justice; of emancipated industry, and of protection for the poor and weak. It is, accordingly, the history of strengthening restraints upon the selfish disposition of mankind to sacrifice the happiness and good of others to their advantage or immediate pleasure. The fundamental principles on which the increase of the wealth of nations rests are thus summed up, at the end of Adam Smith's Fourth Book: "All systems, either of preference or restraint, being thus completely taken away, the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord. Every man, so long as he does not violate the laws of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest his own way, and to bring both his industry and his capital into competition with those of any man or order of men."

The treatise on the Wealth of Nations is, therefore, not to be regarded, as it was by Mr. Buckle, as a demonstration of the public benefit of private selfishness. Adam Smith denies neither the existence nor the value of higher motives to exertion. The springs of industry are various. Domestic affection, public spirit, the sense of duty, inherent energy and intellectual tastes, make busy workmen, as well as personal interest. And personal interest is itself a phrase for many different motives and pursuits, deserving the name of selfishness or not according to their nature and degree; just as wealth under a single term includes many things of very different moral quality, according to their character and use. The aims of men in life may be high or low; they may seek for riches of very different kinds and for very different purposes.² But what

¹ "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." — Bohn's Edition.

² This paper was written before the publication of M. de Lavergne's *Essay, De l'Accord de l'Economie Politique et de la Religion*, in the

Adam Smith contended for was, that no class of men, be their motives good or bad, should be suffered, under any pretext, to encroach upon the industrial liberty of other men. The true moving power of the economic world, according to his system, is not individual selfishness, but individual energy and self-control. His fundamental principle is perfect liberty. The "Wealth of Nations" is, in short, an exhaustive argument for free labour and free trade, and a demonstration of the economical policy of justice and equal laws. Arguing against the law of apprenticeship, the philosopher said: "The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing his strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper for his own advantage is a plain violation of that most sacred property. It is a manifest encroachment upon the

just liberty both of the workman and of those who might be disposed to employ him. As it hinders the one from working at what he thinks proper, so it hinders the others from employing whom they think proper."

The system, therefore, which is most subversive of the doctrines of political economy, as taught by Adam Smith, is that most selfish of all possible systems—slavery. The political economist must condemn it as loudly as the moralist. It attacks the life of industry, and prevents the existence of exchange. It robs the labourer of his patrimony; it robs those who would hire him in the market of their lawful profits; and it is a fraudulent abstraction from the general wealth of nations, the quantity and quality of which depend upon the degree of industrial liberty secured to every individual throughout the world for the exercise of his highest powers. Of the property of the slaveholder in the industry of his slaves, the paradox, *la propriété c'est le vol*, is a literal truth according to political economy as well as common morality, and as regards not only the slaves, but the whole commercial world.¹ A political economist lately remarked, that "the foundation of economic science is the right of private property and exchange, which is opposed to socialism, which seeks to abolish private pro-

Revue des Deux Mondes of the 15th of November last. It may not be out of place, however, to notice here a misconception, as the present writer thinks, which runs through that essay. Political economy and religion are, according to M. de Lavergne, though essentially distinct, related to each other as the soul and body are. Wealth, he says, means food, clothes, and houses; and religion, though it treats of higher things, does not teach that men should be left to perish of hunger and cold. Political economy has for its special end the satisfaction of the bodily wants, and religion that of the spiritual wants of man. M. de Lavergne seems to have been led astray by the economic use of general terms, such as material wealth, material interests, and material progress. For wealth is not really or properly limited in political economy to such things as satisfy the bodily or material wants of humanity. It comprehends many things, the use of which is to minister to man's intellectual and moral life, but which have, notwithstanding, a price or value. Books, for example, as well as bread and meat, are wealth. Spiritual and other instructors are paid for as well as butchers and doctors. Wealth means, in fact, many different things, more or less material or immaterial, in different ages and countries. The highest kinds of wealth will be found where there is most general freedom for the development of the highest powers of humanity, and where no class have a licence for the gratification of their selfish passions at the expense of any other class.

¹ An American apologist for slavery invokes Political Economy on the side of the "domestic institution," in the following terms:—"Would it not be better that each—Great Britain and the Slave States of America—should go on in the career which they are now following, and (acting upon that fundamental principle of Political Economy which commands nations to develop their own resources at home, to sell where they can realize the greatest profit, and to buy where they can buy the cheapest) content themselves with their present prosperity, instead of seeking a doubtful prosperity from the destruction of the prosperity of others" (*The South Vindicated*, p. 127). Great Britain does, undoubtedly, owe her present prosperity to her obedience to that fundamental principle of Political Economy which commands nations to develop their resources at home by freeing domestic industry from every fetter. It would have been happy for the Southern States of America had they been content with a similar prosperity, instead of "seeking a doubtful advantage by the destruction of the prosperity of others."

perty and exchange."¹ The fundamental principles of the science are still more opposed to slavery, which abolishes the labourer's right of property in the fruits of his own exertion, not with his own consent, but by the violence of others. Yet slavery is a system within the legitimate range of economic inquiry, which is by no means limited, as the writer just referred to has contended, to the phenomena of an imaginary world of free exchanges, but extends to all the economic phenomena of the real world, in which wealth is produced and distributed according to very different systems.² Injustice and oppression have their natural train of economic consequences as well as liberty and equal laws, and the economist is concerned with both, as the physician studies the laws of disease as well as health. "Writers on political economy," says the chief among them in our time, "propose to investigate the nature of wealth, and the laws of its production and distribution, including, directly or remotely, the operation of all the causes by which the condition of human beings is made prosperous or the reverse."³

¹ Paper read before the British Association at Cambridge, by Mr. H. D. Macleod.

² "The definition of Political Economy is the science of exchanges or of values . . . The general conception of wealth is exchangeability. Hence, if Political Economy is the science of wealth, it must be the science of the exchangeable relation of quantities. . . . Exchanges form the domain of economic science. . . . The whole body of exchanges which take place within a country, and with foreign countries, constitute what the majority of economists now hold to be pure economic science."—*Abstract from Mr. Macleod's Paper in the Parthenon, November 1, 1862.*

³ "Principles of Political Economy." By J. S. Mill. Fifth Edition, 1862, vol. i. p. 1. And, in p. 526, Mr. Mill says:—"One eminent writer (Archbishop Whately) has proposed, as a name for Political Economy, *Catallactics*, or the Science of Exchanges; by others, it has been called the Science of Values. . . . It is, nevertheless, evident that, of the two great departments of Political Economy, the production of Wealth and its distribution, the consideration of Value has to do with the latter alone, and with that only so far as competition, and not usage or custom, is the distributing agency. Even in the present system of industrial life, in which employments are minutely subdivided, and all concerned in

There is not a country in Europe at this day, not excepting our own, the economic phenomena of which the principle of exchange would be sufficient to interpret. But, even if pure commercial competition now regulated, throughout the whole of Europe, the production and distribution of every article of wealth, the whole domain of history, and the breadths of Asia, Africa, and America would remain for the economist to explore, and to account on other principles for the direction and results of human industry, the use of natural resources, and the division of the produce. The economy of the Slave States of America, for example, afforded an opportunity for this inquiry, of which Mr. Cairnes availed himself, in his admirable Essay on the Slave Power. In an earlier Essay, he described political economy as belonging to "the class of studies which includes historical, political, and social investigations," and defined it as "the science which traces the phenomena of the production and distribution of wealth up to their causes in the principles of human nature, and the laws and events of the external world."⁴ In the later Essay, instead of deducing unreal consequences from the hypothesis of industrial liberty, he has traced the origin and consequences of the opposite order of things. Instead of the theory of wages, profit, and rent, applicable to a free society, he lays bare the structure of a society which excludes wages, for the labourer is fed and flogged like a beast of burden; in which there is no profit, according to the economist's definition, for labour is not hired, but stolen; in which there is little or no rent, for only the best soils can be cultivated, and they are constantly becoming worthless instead of growing in value; in which fear is substituted for the hope

production depend for their remuneration on the price of a particular commodity, Exchange is not the fundamental law of the distribution of the produce—no more than roads and carriages are the essential laws of motion. . . . To confound these ideas seems to me not only a logical, but a practical blunder."

⁴ "Logical Method of Political Economy." By J. G. Cairnes, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin.

of bettering his condition, and torment for reward, as the stimulus to the labourer's exertion; and in which wealth exists only in its rudest forms, because the natural division of employments has no place, and only the rudest instruments of production can be used. Adam Smith had previously examined the milder conditions of feudal servitude, demonstrating that the backwardness of mediæval Europe was attributable to these and similar discouragements to industry, and showing how it was forced into unnatural channels by such obstructions. For, through every part of his philosophy, "Dr. Smith sought," as Dugald Stewart relates, "to trace, from the principles of human nature and the circumstances of society, the origin of the positive institutions and conditions of mankind." In the "*Wealth of Nations*,"¹ accordingly, he traced the operation both of the causes which rescued Europe from barbarism and occasioned its progress in opulence, and of those which impeded the action of the natural principles of preservation and improvement. In short, his treatise included an inquiry into the causes of the poverty as well as of the wealth of nations, and an investigation of the actual constitution and career of industrial society. He showed how rural industry and progress were thwarted in the middle ages by such impediments; that, but for the happier circumstances of its towns, Europe could never have emerged from the calamities which befel it after the

¹ The "*Wealth of Nations*" contains the substance of the last division of a complete course of lectures upon moral science, in which Adam Smith expounded, in succession, Natural Theology, Ethics, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy. His lectures on Jurisprudence have not survived; but his pupil Dr. Millar states, that "he followed in them the plan suggested by Montesquieu, endeavouring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effect of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property, in producing corresponding improvements or alterations in law and government." From this it is clear that his conception of the true scope and method of jurisprudence agreed with his conception of the true scope and method of economic inquiry.

dissolution of the Roman Empire. The servile and insecure position of the cultivators of the soil prevented industry from achieving its first triumphs in the country according to the course of nature, which makes agriculture the primary, because the most necessary, business of mankind. "Order and good government, on the other hand, and along with them the liberty and security of individuals, were established in cities at a time when the occupiers of land in the country were exposed to every sort of violence. But men in this defenceless condition naturally content themselves with a bare subsistence, because to acquire more might only tempt the injustice of their oppressors. On the contrary, when they are secure of enjoying the fruits of their industry, they naturally exert it to better their condition, and to acquire, not only the necessities, but the comforts and elegancies of life. That industry, therefore, which aims at something more than necessary subsistence, was established in cities long before it was commonly practised by the occupiers of land in the country." In this manner, Adam Smith has traced the causes of the actual and, as he calls it, the "unnatural" course of industry in the slow and chequered progress of modern Europe. He investigated the phenomena of what was, happily for us, on the whole, a progressive society. Mr. Cairnes, on the contrary, has investigated those of a retrograde one. For, to begin with the labourer, the ambition of the slave is, as Bentham says, the reverse of the freeman; he seeks to descend in the scale of industry rather than to ascend. "By displaying superior capacity, he would only raise the measure of his ordinary duties." Yet we are sometimes assured that the negro slave, with this cogent reason for indolence—the more cogent the more reasonable he is—and kept, moreover, in compulsory ignorance by his master, is by nature a stupid and indolent workman. Tocqueville remarks, in his "*Tour in Sicily*," that agriculture which had fled from the neighbourhood of the owners of the Sicilian soil, flourished around the

smouldering fires of Etna, because the chance of occasional ravages by the volcano did not fill the mind of the cultivator with unceasing despair. "Soon," he says, "we left the lava, and found ourselves in the midst of a kind of enchanted country, which anywhere would be striking, but in Sicily it is ravishing. Orchard succeeds orchard, surrounding cottages and pretty villages; no spot is lost; everywhere there is an appearance of prosperity and plenty. As I went on, I asked myself what was the cause of this great prosperity. It cannot be attributed wholly to the richness of the soil, for the whole of Sicily is so fertile as to require less cultivation than most countries. . . . The reason which finally seemed to me to be most conclusive was this: The land round Etna being liable to frightful ravages, the nobles and the monks grew disgusted with it, and the people became the proprietors." But in no age or country of Europe have the owners of the soil ever crushed the energies and intelligence of the cultivators beneath such a cruel yoke as that which the planters of the Slave States of America have laid upon their unhappy negroes;—of whose kinsmen, breathing the air of liberty, the Governor of Tobago was able to assert, "that a more industrious class does not exist in the world."¹ In Brazil, the children of emancipated negroes are found in every walk of civil life, often distancing their white competitors; and in the youngest colonies of Great Britain, the negro often proves as good a tradesman as the Anglo-American, and more often still a better citizen.²

¹ "It is a mistake," says another high authority, "to suppose that the African is by nature idle and indolent, less inclined to work than the European. He who has witnessed, as I have, their indefatigable and provident industry, will be disposed to overrate rather than underrate the activity of the negro and his love of labour."—*The West Indies as they Were and as they Are. Edinburgh Review, April, 1859.*

² The following statement, affording evidence as to the character, capacity, and enterprise of the negroes, is contained in a letter to the writer of this paper from one of the principal English residents in Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island. It formed part of a general description of the Colony, furnished without any reference

to the question of slavery:—"Before the gold excitement, but during the same year (1858), the Legislature of California passed a law forbidding the immigration of negroes. This caused the latter to appoint a deputation, which visited the British Possession of Vancouver's Island; and so favourable was their report, that it not only caused many coloured people to leave California, but also aroused general attention, particularly that of British subjects; for by all who had occasionally heard of the island before, it was considered a sort of petty Siberia. While people were reading accounts of the climate, soil, and low price of town lots in Victoria, there came rumours of rich gold sands on the banks of the Frazer River in British Columbia. Two or three small coasting vessels had previously sailed with coloured passengers; but the demand for passages by white people became so great, that large steamships departed every few days with from 300 to 1,000. Among them were some coloured people, and they have increased in number until, I think, we may safely estimate them at 500. The occupations of these coloured people in Victoria are, to the best of my recollection, porters, sawyers, draymen, day-labourers, barbers, and bathkeepers; eating-house keepers; one hosiery, as black as a coal, with the best stock in the town; and two or three grocers. Some of them went to the mines, and were moderately successful. Their favourite investment is in a plot of ground, on which they build a neat little cottage and cultivate vegetables, raise poultry, &c. Nearly all had been prosperous, and a few had so judiciously invested that they were in receipt of from 10% to 40% a month from rents. They are industrious, economical, and intend to make the colony their permanent home; the outskirts of the town are well sprinkled with their humble but neat dwellings, and their land is yearly increasing in value. By this showing they are a quiet, industrious, and law-abiding people; but there is a drawback, taking them altogether as citizens, which arises from their earnest desire to be on a perfect social equality with the whites at church, the theatre, concerts, and other public places of assembly. When you consider the strong disinclination for their company, not only of our large American population, but also of Englishmen, who very quickly imbibe the American prejudice, you can readily conceive that a number of disagreeable scenes occur."

universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. In the squalid and comfortless homes even of the higher ranks of the people in the American Slave States, we see the consequence of oppressed and degraded industry. "It may be," says Adam Smith again, "that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages." The American slave-owner is, as it were, a petty African king, and in real penury, as well as in power, resembles such a ruler. It is said, indeed, that we owed to slavery the produce which supplied the principal manufacture of Great Britain. But the whole of this production was in truth to be credited to free industry, while all the waste and ruin which accompanied it must be ascribed to slavery. The possibility of the profitable growth of so much cotton was caused by the commerce and invention of liberty, while the barbarism of the poor whites, the brutifying of the negro population, and the exhaustion of the American soil, are the net results of slavery. In truth, to Watt, Hargreaves, Crompton, and Whitney—free citizens of England and the Northern States—the southern planters owed the whole value of their cotton. What slavery may really claim as its own work is that, by exhausting the soil it occupies by a barbarous agriculture, which sets the laws of chemistry as well as of political economy at defiance, it hastens its own extinction from the day that its area is once definitely and narrowly circumscribed. This its own advocates admit, but with a singular inference: "Slavery has, by giving to the laws of nature free scope, moved over a thousand miles of territory, leaving not a slave behind. Why should good men attempt to check it in its progress? If the laws of nature pass slavery farther and farther south, why not let it go, even though, in process of time it should, by the operation of

natural laws, pass away altogether from the territory where it now exists?"¹ Why, we may ask, should devastation be suffered to spread? Should fires in a city be suffered to burn themselves out by advancing from street to street until not a house remains to check the conflagration? The slaveholder, as he moves southward or westward, not only carries moral and material destruction with him, but leaves it behind for those who come after him. The rich slave-breeder follows him with his abominable trade, and the poor white sinks back into barbarism in the wilderness the slaveholder has made.² The order of European progress has been reversed. In Europe, justice, liberty, industry, and opulence grew together as Adam Smith described. In the Slave States of America, as Mr. Cairnes has shown, the Slave Power constitutes "the most formidable antagonist to civilized progress which has appeared for many centuries, representing a system of society at once retrograde and aggressive—a system which, containing within it no germ from which improvement can spring, gravitates inevitably towards barbarism, while it is impelled by exigencies inherent in its position and circumstances to a constant extension of its territorial domain."

*ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαὶ
καὶ δίκαια καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.*

Once it was the prayer of every planter that slavery might soon cease to degrade his habitation. Now the

¹ *The South Vindicated.*

² Mr. Hopkins, in his introduction to "The South Vindicated," puts the total free population of the Southern States at 6,300,000. The number of free "families" he puts at 1,114,687, of which 345,239 own slaves. He then asks what becomes of the 5,000,000 whites referred to by Mr. Cairnes as "too poor to own slaves"? Mr. Hopkins, however, has taken his figures from the census of 1850, the census of 1860, he says, not being completed or published. By a reference, however, to the statistics given in Mr. Ellison's excellent work on Slavery and Secession, 2nd Ed. p. 363, it will be seen that the total free population of the States enumerated as Slave States by Mr. Hopkins was, in 1860, considerably above eight millions. Taking the same proportion of non-slaveowning to slaveowning families, it would follow that more than five millions of the population belong to the former.

Governor of a Southern State boldly declares, in a message to its Legislature, without perception of the real force of his own argument, that "irrespective of interest, the Act of Congress declaring the slave-trade piracy, is a brand upon us, which I think it important to remove. If the trade be piracy, the slave must be plunder, and no ingenuity can remove the logical necessity of such a conclusion."¹ And a southern journal avows: "We have got to hating everything with the prefix 'free,' from free negroes down and up through the whole catalogue. Free farms, free labour, free society, free will, and free schools all belong to the same brood of damnable 'isms.' But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of free schools." For the perpetuation and extension of the system to which is owing this retrogressive movement of the English race in a region endowed with every natural help to progress, the slaveholders are in arms. They have not been slow to point, indeed, at General Butler's misrule in a southern city, and to ask if the cause of their adversaries is the cause of liberty? But such men as General Butler are living arguments against a Slave Power. General Butler was absolute master at New Orleans; and, even in the words of an ardent apologist for slavery, "that cruelties may be inflicted by the master upon the slave, that instances of inhumanity have occurred and will occur, are necessary incidents of the relation which subsists between master and slave, power and weakness."² There was never a more striking example of the ease with which men are cheated by words, than the generous sympathy given in England to the cause of the slaveholders, as the cause of independence, and therefore of liberty! It is the cause of independence, such as absolute power enjoys, of every restraint of justice upon pride and selfish passions. The power of England is in a great measure a moral power, founded on the respect of the civilized world for the courageous opposition of her people

for centuries to such independence both at home and abroad. And, if the public opinion of England and the leaning of her policy be found ultimately upon the side of the maintenance and extension of the Slave Power in America, she will sustain in the end as great a loss of actual power, as well as of moral dignity, as if she entered into a league with the despots of Europe, and closed her cities of refuge against their victims. The Slave Power fights against all the principles of civil and religious liberty on which England rests her glory, and all the principles of political economy to which she ascribes her wealth. In policy, as well as in justice, England must refuse her countenance to that Power, as the enemy of the liberty as well as of the wealth of nations. But we are told that the Union was dangerous; that Re-union is impossible; and that Separation is both inevitable and desirable. Mr. Cairnes disputes none of these propositions. But he shows that the Union was dangerous because it was governed by Southern politicians, who hated England as they feared Emancipation, and who looked to foreign war to avert domestic reformation. Re-union, on the other hand, Mr. Cairnes does not contemplate, and he counsels separation. But upon what terms is this separation to take place? Is it upon such terms as a faction of Slaveholders must desire? Is it upon such terms as will secure them an unlimited territory to waste, and make them strong enough to people it with African slaves, with the sanction of the *Times* perhaps, but in defiance of English humanity? It is strange that those who fear a powerful commercial Republic in the North should have no fear of a powerful military Republic in the South. But no reasonable Englishman who has read Mr. Cairnes's Essay can doubt that the latter is the Power to be really dreaded by England, or can wish otherwise, for the sake of his country and for the sake of humanity, than that the Southern States should only separate as defeated, straitened, and impotent for future conquests over human happiness and prosperity.

¹ *Slavery and Secession*, by T. Ellison, 2nd Ed., pp. xvi. xviii.

² *The South Vindicated*, p. 82.

NATIONAL SYSTEMS OF BODILY EXERCISE

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

It has been said that we moderns have lost as much by the discontinuance of the system of bodily exercise of the ancients as we have gained by our knowledge of physiological science. This is one of the aphorisms which men are never weary of repeating, but which will not stand criticism.

No price can be set upon our knowledge of physiological science; no estimate can be formed of its value; scarcely any of its extent. The extent, the importance, and the value of the system of bodily exercise practised by the Greeks and Romans we can appraise exactly—we can gauge with almost mathematical accuracy, because we know entirely of what it consisted, and for what purpose it was organized and maintained. We can therefore tell, by a comparison of the want experienced with the thing produced to meet the want, if the object desired were accomplished.

But how can we do this? By what agency is this power placed in our hands? Chiefly, if not wholly, by physiological science, which has revealed to us what exercise is, and what its suitable administration can accomplish in the human frame.

It is generally admitted that this system of bodily training—unguided, undirected as it was by a ray of science deserving of the name—accomplished the object desired. How did they who framed it, thus groping in the dark, grapple with and hold fast by the truth? *By the observation of results.* Let no one undervalue this source of information: it gives the seal to all experimental knowledge; it confirms or refutes all theories.

This was the lamp which guided the ancients in the selection of the exercises which formed their system of bodily training. They observed that the strength

of the body, or of any part of the body, was in relation to its muscular development, and that this development followed upon, and was in relation to, its activity or employment. They did not know that man's material frame was composed of innumerable atoms, and that each separate and individual atom had its birth, life, and death, and that the strength of the body as a whole, and of each part individually, was in relation to the youth or newness of its atoms. And they did not know that this strength was consequently attained by, and was retained in relation to, the frequency with which these atoms were changed, by shortening their life, and hastening their removal and their replacement by others, and that, whenever this was done by natural activity, by suitable employment, [there was ever an advance in size and power until the ultimate attainable point of development was reached. They simply observed that the increased bulk, strength, and energy of the organ or limb were in relation to the amount of its employment, and they gave it employment accordingly.

They must have observed, however, that this did not apply in equal degree to all kinds of muscular employment, and that it applied most directly to those where the action was rapid and sustained. They did not know that this rapidity of muscular contraction and expansion was the chief agent in quickening the circulation of the blood, from which the whole body derived its nourishment—the tide on which was brought up all fresh material for incorporation into its tissues, and on which was borne away all that was effete and waste—brought up and borne away most rapidly in those parts which were being most rapidly employed; for they did not know that the blood was a moving

current at all. They only observed that exercises consisting of rapid muscular movement were most conducive to strength and activity; and so, without exception, the exercises composing their system were of this description.

But they must have observed, also, that there was a form of physical employment which did not give physical development, or yield its natural fruits of health and strength; and that was the slight, effortless occupations of many arts, callings, and crafts. They did not know that without *resistance* to be overcome there could be no full demand for muscular contraction, no full call therefore for material disintegration and renewal, with proportionate increase in bulk and power. They simply observed that development was in relation to the quality as well as to the quantity of exercise—that, where energy was exacted in the practice, energy was the fruit of the practice; so, for their system, they selected exercises where energy was voluntarily called forth in the highest possible degree.

Other essential constituents of exercise owed their recognition to the same source—the observation of results. They observed that during certain kinds of physical exertion the act of breathing became greatly affected, that each inspiration was larger in volume, and that each followed each in quicker succession than when the body was inactive. This they must have observed, although they may have viewed it but as a drawback to physical ability, a hindrance to be overcome, or in the same light in which our schoolboys now view it—as a condition of “bad wind” or “internal fat”: for they could not know that, in every breath they breathed, a load of the wasted material of the body was given up by the blood, and its place supplied by the life-giving oxygen from the surrounding atmosphere; and that just in proportion to the rapidity and energy of the muscular movement was the rapidity and volume of the current of blood rushing through the lungs, and that therefore, for this current of blood to be aerated, proportionately large and

proportionately rapid must be the current of the air respired. They, probably, simply observed that the power to sustain this accelerated process of respiration was obtained in proportion as the exercises which excited it were practised; so exercises which required the sustaining of accelerated breathing received an important position in their system.

They must have observed, further, that energetic physical exertion and quickened respiration caused the skin to be suffused with moisture, and that this gave instant relief from a discomforting sense of heat. They did not know that this augmented heat was in a great measure caused by the accelerated breathing—the fanning of the fire which is ever burning in the living frame; and they did not know that this moisture was water drawn from the blood and poured out over the skin's surface, in order that the discomforting heat might be with it eliminated. They did not know that the skin itself was a covering of marvellously woven network, presenting millions of interstices and apertures, and that each of these apertures was the open *débouche* or outlet of a duct or tube that, striking deep its convoluted roots among the underlying strata of bloodvessels, separated from their accelerated currents what might prove injurious to the health of the body, and poured it forth through these myriad mouths. But they observed that these skin-exudations proved a powerful aid in the acquisition of permanent health and strength, and notably so to the health, elasticity, purity, and beauty of the skin itself. So, without exception, every exercise in their system is of that kind which readily contributes to this result.

Finally, they must have observed, that just in proportion to the amount of clothing worn during exercise were the processes of respiration and the evaporation of this moisture from the skin retarded. They did not know the structure or functions of either lungs or skin; still they saw that they both acted together, were stimulated to ac-

tivity by the same means, and by the same means were sustained in functional ability ; and that during physical exertion hindrance to both was in proportion to the amount and weight of the garments worn : so they simply, while performing their exercises, discarded clothing altogether—and thence called their system of bodily training “Gymnastics.”

Thus, then, by the observation of results alone were the ancients guided with sufficient accuracy in the comprehension of the chief features, and in the estimation of the relative value, of certain modes of bodily exercise ; and thus were they enabled to choose, on assured grounds, those exercises which were most suitable for the system which they desired to organize. They desired a system specially applicable to individual culture, individual exertion, individual excellence, individual distinction—a system which should cultivate personal courage, presence of mind, and decision—a system possessing the utmost limit for individual effort, presenting the fullest opportunities for personal display and personal distinction. Therefore was the hand laid upon all exercises of high competitive effort—wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus, racing on foot, on horseback, and in chariot. The system is as simple, as practical, and as serviceable as the Roman sword.

But in those days, as in our own, there must have been men of unsound constitution and imperfect growth, from original weakness of organization, or from illness, ignorance, neglect, accident, and other causes. What system of bodily training was framed for their behoof? None. Here the observation of results was unequal to the requirement. They could reach no higher, they aimed no higher, than the production of a series of athletic games, suitable to the young, the brave, the active, the strong, the swift, and the nobly-born.

Our knowledge of physiological science is something more valuable than this. A system of bodily exercise which should give added strength to the strong, in-

creased dexterity to the active, speed to the already swift of foot, is not what is alone wanted now. It is not to give the benefit of our thoughts and observations, and the fruit of our accumulating information, to the already highly favoured, and to them only, that we aim. On the contrary, it is the crowning evidence of the divine origin of all true knowledge, that, in benefiting all within its influence, it benefits most bountifully those whose wants are the greatest. It must have been the strong conviction of the value of this attribute of knowledge—so strong that it seared and scorched where it should have radiated genial light and warmth—that warped the judgment and overheated the imagination of Ling, the enthusiast Swede, when he gave the freewill offering of a laborious life to the preparation of a system of bodily exercise in its main characteristics suitable to the invalid only.

With the perseverance peculiar to the possessor of a new idea or of an unique and all-absorbing object of study—a quality which often outstrips Genius in the race of usefulness—he laboured, unwearied and unrelaxing, elaborating and exemplifying the principles of his system of Free Exercises. Accepting that exercise is the direct source of bodily strength, and that exercise consists of muscular movement, he therefore conceived that movement—mere motions—if they could be so systematized that they could be made to embrace the whole muscular system, would be sufficient for the full development of the bodily powers. Carrying out this principle still farther, and extending its operation to those who, from physical weakness, are incapable of executing these movements of themselves, he argued that *passive* exercise might be obtained—that is, exercise by the assistance of a second person or operator, skilfully manipulating, or moving in the natural manner of its voluntary muscular action, the limb or part of the body to which it is desired the exercise should be administered.

That this last application of his theory

is sound, and most valuable for the cure or amelioration of many species of ailment and infirmity, I have had the most abundant evidence supplied by my own experience. That the first is altogether erroneous has been no less abundantly made plain to me. The error is deep-seated and all-pervading. It lies not only in a misconception of what exercise is, but also in forgetting the necessity of administering it with a reference to the condition of the individual, on the plain principle which governs the administration of every other agent of health. To argue that a given mode of exercise is fit for the healthy and strong, because it is found to be beneficial to the ailing and the delicate, is to argue against all rule and precedent. Chicken-broth may yield ample nutriment to the invalid, but the soldier would make but a poor day's march upon it; you must give *him* the chicken too. Such exercises are but a mockery—but a tantalization—to the great requirements of a healthy individual—soldier or civilian, child or man.

Nevertheless, this system, incomplete, inadequate as it was, possessed *one* of the essentials of exercise; and therefore, as soon as it was instituted, good sprang from it, and good report was heard of it; and, after much disheartening delay, and many rude official rebuffs, Ling saw it accepted by his country.¹ And this must be viewed as the first attempt to bring a knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body to bear upon its culture—the first attempt to lift such culture above the mere “do them good” of other men.

The echo of this good report was heard in Germany; and Prussia, eager to avail herself of every agent which could strengthen her army, adopted it, with some additions and limitations, to form a part of the training of her recruits. But, going even beyond Ling, the supporters of the Prussian system maintain that a *few* carefully selected movements

and positions alone are sufficient for the development of the human frame; and, “simplicity” being the object chiefly held in view, this system aims merely at giving a few exercises, these to be executed “with great precision.” There is no change in any art or branch of science, custom, or usage, common to ancient and modern times, so great as in these systems of bodily exercise. The ancient was all for the cultivation of individual energy, individual strength, individual courage; the modern aims at giving to a number of men, acting in concert, the lifeless, effortless precision of a well-directed machine.

And yet this precision of movement, tedious as it must be to the performers, has its charm to the spectator, and I have heard it loudly lauded: “It is so simple;—a few exercises, and those executed with the most clocklike regularity;—no *tours de force*.” Why, what are *tours de force*? Something hard, something difficult for a man to aim at, to work at, to struggle for, to take pride and pleasure in? Every exercise, however simple, is a *tour de force* to the learner until he can do it; and, if the system of exercises be properly graduated, the hardest exercise should be no harder to the learner, when he arrives at it, than was the first attempt in his first lesson.

But the Prussian soldier's period of service is so short (three years), that every agent to hasten his efficiency must be seized; and it has been found necessary to provide means, in the shape of large buildings resembling riding-schools, in which drill may be carried on throughout the year. And, as this Gymnastic system is viewed but as drill, aims but at being drill, it is in winter carried on in these buildings,—the few articles of apparatus employed, for the sake of the advantages which they specially offer to the soldier, being erected in a corner of them. And this continuity of practice increases manifold whatever good it can yield; and thus, although meagre and inadequate, its fruits are valuable. It is found that no other form of drill so rapidly converts the recruit into the trained soldier, and the greatest import-

¹ The Central Academy of Gymnastics at Stockholm was instituted in 1814.

ance is attached to its extension throughout the army.¹

There is a general impression that this system forms the basis of the French. It would be difficult to make a greater mistake; for not only have they, either in principle or practice, nothing in common, but in many respects they are the very antitheses of each other. So far from the boasted "simplicity" of the Prussian system, and the desire to limit it to "a few exercises to be executed with great precision," being adopted by the French, they have elaborated their system to such an extent, that it is difficult to say where it begins or where it ends; or to tell, not what it does, but what it does not embrace. For quite apart from, and in addition to, an extended range of exercises with and without apparatus, it embraces all defensive exercises with bayonet, sword, stick, foil, fist, and foot—swimming, dancing, and singing—reading, writing, and arithmetic, if not the use of the globes. The soldier is taught to throw bullets and bars of iron; he is taught to walk on stilts, and on pegs of wood driven into the ground; he is taught to push, to pull, and to wrestle; and, although the boxing which he is taught will never enable him to hit an adversary, he is taught manfully to hit himself, first on the right breast, then on the left, and then on both together with both hands at once; and, though last, not least, he is taught to kick himself behind—of which performance I have seen Monsieur as proud as if he were ignominiously expelling an invader from the "sol sacré" of La belle France. Now, I know no reason why a soldier should not be taught all these acquirements, and I know many important reasons why he should be taught some of them; but it would be difficult to assign any reason, either important or particular, why they should be called Gymnastics, or included in a system of bodily training.

The fundamental idea of the French system is sound, for it embodies that of preparation and application: it is pri-

marily divided into two parts—*Exercices Elementaires*, and *Exercices d'Application*. The first of these, designed to be a preparation and prelude to the instruction and practice on the fixed apparatus, begins with a long series of exercises of movement and position, *propres à l'assouplissement*. What is this all-important process of "assouplissement"—this idea, shared at home as well as abroad, of the necessity of suppling a man before strengthening him? What is it to supple a man? What parts of him are affected by the process, and what change do they undergo? It would be very desirable to have these questions answered, because the phrase is, I fear, sometimes made to cover a multitude of sins.

To ascertain the full meaning of a word or phrase, it is sometimes useful, first, to ascertain its opposite or antithesis; and the opposite of to be *supple* is, I think, to be *stiff*. If any one is in doubt as to what that means, let him take a day's ride on a hired hack along a country road, or, for the space of a working day, perch himself upon an office-stool, and the results will be identical and indubitable—stiffness in the column of the body and in the lower limbs. And why? Because each and every part so affected has been employed in a manner in opposition to its natural laws. The joints, which are made for motion—which retain their power of motion only by frequent motion—have been held motionless. The muscles, which move the joints by the contraction and relaxation of their fibres, have been subjected to an unvaried preservation of the one state or the other—the muscles of the trunk in unremitting contraction, those of the limbs in effortless relaxation. Now, one of the most important of the laws which govern muscular action is, that it shall be exerted but for a limited continuous space, and that, unless the relaxation of the muscles shortly follows upon their contraction, fatigue will arise as readily, and to as great an extent, from want of this necessary interruption to contraction as from extent of effort. And,

¹ The Central School of Gymnastics was first established in Berlin in 1847.

strictly speaking, this stiffness both in trunk and limbs, although arising from two opposite states of muscular employment, results from the same cause—*i.e.*, exhaustion: each has had one only of the two essential conditions of muscular action. The stiffness in the trunk of the body is caused by the ceaseless contraction of the muscles, and this state is not conducive to the rapid local circulation indispensable to the reproduction of the force expended. The opposite phase of stiffness, arising from continuous muscular relaxation, is the immediate result of causes which may be called negative—the non-requirement of nervous stimulus, the non-employment of muscular effort, entailing subdued local circulation.

The second cause of this stiffness in the trunk of the body and limbs is, that the joints have been held motionless. Viewing the joints in the familiar light of hinges, we know that when these are left unused and unoiled for any length of time, they grate, and creak, and move stiffly; and the hinges of the human body do just the same thing, and from the same cause; and they not only require frequent oiling to enable them to move easily, but they *are* oiled every time they are put in motion, and when they are put in motion only: the membrane which secretes this oil, and pours it forth over the opposing surfaces of the bones and the overlying ligaments, is stimulated to activity only by the motion of the joint. And, like the rest of the body, the membrane itself is preserved in functional vigour only by frequent functional activity.

But, it may be argued, stiffness may arise from extreme physical exertion which has embraced both conditions of muscular action, with frequent motion of the joints—stiffness such as a man may experience after a day of unwonted exercise. The stiffness in this case, also, is simply temporary local exhaustion of power from extreme effort: the demand suddenly made has been greater than the power to supply—the waste greater than the renewal.

Therefore, stiffness is, first, a want of

contractile power in the muscles which move the joints; and, secondly, a want of power in the joints to be moved. It may be temporary stiffness, arising from exhaustion of the parts by extreme or unnatural action, as in the illustrations just given; or it may be permanent stiffness, arising from weakness of the parts, caused by insufficient or unsuitable exercise; but the nature of both are identical. It is a lack of functional ability in the parts affected.

To supply a man therefore is, first, to increase the contractile power of his muscles; and, secondly, to increase the mobility of his joints. And as the latter are moved by the former—can only be moved by the former—all application for this purpose should be made through them.

Now, it has already been shewn that mere movements and positions are altogether inadequate materially to develop the muscular system—materially to add to its contractile power: and there is a still greater drawback than mere insufficiency in their effect upon the joints; and that is in the danger of straining and otherwise weakening the inelastic ligamentary bindings, and galling or bruising the opposing surfaces of the bones. For every effort of mere position has the simple and sole effect of stretching that which, from its organic structure, object, and place in the human body, is not stretchable—is not intended to yield. To recapitulate: All exercises of mere position act directly on the joints, instead of acting on them through the muscles. Such exercise is, therefore, addressed to the wrong part of the body: it is addressed to the joint, when it should be addressed to that which moves the joint. It is the old and exploded treatment of disease revived for the treatment of an abnormal physical condition—subduing the symptoms instead of waging war with the cause.

I should consider the extension-motions, as practised in our army, as the limit to which this mode of exertion should be carried;—I mean where the movements and positions are given as exercise in themselves, and not merely

as the positions and movements of *bonâ fide* exercises yet to be learned, and thus practised separately for the facility and safety of acquisition.

It is also said that these exercises of movement and position have the effect of "opening the chest." That they do promote its expansion is undoubtedly the case, but it is so to a very limited extent only—quite incommensurate with the time and labour of instruction and practice. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

The other exercises in this first division of the French system—even if they were valuable, even if they were capable of being classified under any distinct head, or arranged in any progressive order, or admitted of graduated instruction and practice—are entirely out of place here, because from their nature they court and incite to inordinate effort. It needs no argument to prove the inconsistency of directing that men, sitting or standing, hand to hand or foot to foot, singly or in batches, shall strain and strive against men, lift cannon-shot and hold them at arm's length "as long as possible,"¹ or sling them to their feet to cast them to a distance "as far as possible," before they are allowed to put hand or foot on an ordinary ladder inclined against a wall, or to walk along a plank raised a foot or two from the ground. It needs no argument to shew that this is reversing the order of exercise when measured by the amount of effort, local or general, required for its performance.

Of what use, then, is this preparatory course—this elaborate system of preparation, for the bodies and limbs of full-grown men, of soldiers—for exercises on apparatus which an English school-boy might be led to in his first lesson? It is simply of no use at all. I do not, of course, mean to say that all its exercises are valueless; but I do affirm, as plainly as I can get words to express my meaning, that an elaborate series of initiatory exercises like these, for men youthful in frame and sound in wind

and limb, is absolutely and entirely a mistake. Nay, more: this preparatory course, as a whole, is a flat and self-evident contradiction; for many of its exercises are in themselves immeasurably harder to execute—immeasurably more liable to excite to over-exertion in their performance, than many of the most advanced exercises on the fixed apparatus to which these are presumed to be preparatory. And certain of them, such as the lifting and throwing of weights, and pushing and pulling of man against man, as they admit of the most stimulating and exciting form of emulation, if retained at all, should be brought in at the very close of the practice.

The Exercises of Progression, although they belong to the second division, may be noticed here. The Leaping is excellent, in all its forms and in all its modes of practice and application, but the Walking and Running are strikingly absurd. Let the reader judge.

At the "double" or in running, the men are advised to breathe through the "nostrils only, keeping the mouth shut." That is, while the blood is driven with redoubled speed through the lungs, and the lungs are consequently excited to extraordinary activity—inhalation and expiring air in larger quantity and with greater rapidity in order to meet this sudden demand—they are directed to close as much as possible the aperture through which this air is to be admitted. Now, perhaps the first thing which strikes an Englishman in watching the natural action of Deerfoot while running, is his open mouth and hanging jaw: the very throat seems held open, giving a free passage from lip to lung. Again: "In 'the moderate and quick cadence the 'foot comes flat to the ground, the 'point of the foot touching it first; in 'the running cadence it is an alternate 'hopping on the points of the feet.'" It would be difficult for a clever man to invent anything more utterly opposed to the natural structure of the lower limbs, or of their natural action in these modes of progression, than the instructions here given; which are, indeed, only to be defended by the Irish "rule of

¹ Instruction pour l'enseignement de la gymnastique dans les corps de troupes et dans les établissements militaires. Paris, 1847.

contrary." No other rule will explain the injunctions to shut the mouth when a man most requires to breathe freely—to lift the heels as high as the hips when he desires to run swiftly, and to walk on the points of the toes when he desires to march with solidity and strength.

The second division of the system, consisting of applied or practical exercises (*Exercices d'Application*) embraces a very extended series, to be executed on a wide range of apparatus; and it may be fairly stated that all these exercises are valuable in either an elementary or a practical aspect—that is, either as they are calculated to cultivate the physical resources of the man, or as they may be applied to the professional duties of the soldier. I repeat, that the exercises of this division of the system are intrinsically valuable in one or other of these aspects; but it must ever be viewed as a grave error, that, so far from the special aspect of each being designated—so far from their being separated and grouped, each under its proper head—they are all retained under one head, under the single designation of Practical Gymnastics.

The evil which naturally and inevitably springs from this want of arrangement is the undue importance which it gives to all exercises of a merely practically useful character, above those whose object is the training and strengthening of the body. This is emphatically the case in the earlier stages of the practice, where the whole attention of the instructor should be devoted to the giving, and the whole effort of the learner should be devoted to the acquiring, of bodily power. Increase the physical resources first, and the useful application will follow as a matter of course. A pair of strong limbs will walk north as well as south—uphill as well as down dale: the point is to get the strong limbs.

Let not this principle of classification be undervalued. The question of "What's the good of it when I've done it?" is one not unheard in the Gymnasium, and one not always easy to

answer; for, even could you be at all times ready with a physiological explanation of motive, process, and result, your questioner is not always a man who could understand it, and the difficulty is increased manifold when the exercise questioned has place among others of the practical value of which there can be no question. But such classification gives at once the answer: "It is of no use at all as a thing acquired; but, if you should never do it, or see it done again in all your life to come, it has served its purpose; for *you* are altered, *you* are improved, *you* are strengthened by the act and effort of learning it." It is not every eye that can detect the crystal concealed in the pebble. Therefore, in every military system the principle should be carefully recognised from the outset, that there are two distinct kinds of exercises: the one of an elementary character, which have for nature and object to develop the physical powers—to do this without reference to any other object; and the other of a practical character, having for aim to teach the soldier to overcome material obstacles and difficulties, similar to those which he would be likely to encounter in the performance of his professional duties—each kind of exercise standing on its own merits.

It is to the want of this principle in the French system that we may, in all probability, look for the reason why a number not exceeding 25 per cent. of the learners attain to the performance of the more advanced exercises, whilst a considerable proportion fail even to reach those of medium difficulty. And it is undoubtedly one of the chief causes why this system has the effect of cultivating activity, dexterity, and what is called "nimbleness," without in any corresponding degree increasing the physical resources as regards strength, vigour, and constitutional endurance.

But this classification has another advantage. If the work of the Gymnasium is to be intelligently sustained, the main features at least of the system, with as many of the minor ones as may

be communicated, should be brought before the learners. Let the men be taught and encouraged to watch the effect of the exercises upon themselves—let them see that it is strong men as well as active soldiers that are desired to be produced—let each one see that a large portion of the system is thus bountifully provided to accomplish his own particular and individual health, strength, and happiness, without claim of professional serviceability; and he is no man at all in mind or body, and will never be a soldier in spirit or in power, who will hold back from such employment. I shall never forget the reply of a soldier to a question of mine, when inspecting the first squad of men who had passed through a brief course of training at the new gymnasium at Warley Barracks. I asked him if he felt any stronger for his practice. "I feel twice the man I did, sir," was his reply; and, on my further asking him what he meant by that—"I feel twice the man I did, for anything a man can be set to do." For it was just that. The man was stronger; therefore, he was not more able for this thing or that thing only, but for "anything which a man could be set to do."

But men so intelligent as those who are entrusted with the administration of the French system have perceived the propriety of a special application of the exercises practised at the close of the course of instruction. And, therefore, to the *bonâ fide* exercises of the system are added certain practices, in which the men are employed in "storming works, and in undergoing an examination of their general proficiency."

Such is the French System:—a system of bodily exercises, but not a system of bodily training; based on, in many respects, erroneous principles of physical culture; yet productive of great benefit, physically and morally, to the soldier: with much that is useless, much that is frivolous, much that is misplaced and misapplied, and much that has no claim whatever to be admitted into any system of bodily exercise, military or civil; yet,

upon the whole, national in tone and spirit, and, as has been proved by the avidity with which it is practised, not unsuited for the men for whom it has been organized.¹

In pointing out the errors, shortcomings, and inconsistencies of these systems, it will have been apparent that they all spring from one cause—the absence of any clear theory of exercise itself, of any clear comprehension of what it is, of what changes it effects in the human frame, or of its mode of accomplishing them. It is now many years since I was impressed with this conviction; for, before the formal adoption of either of the two last-mentioned systems by their respective Governments, the elements of which they are composed were known and irregularly practised. I was impressed with the conviction that, until this were done—until a theory of exercise based upon a knowledge of the structure and functions of the body, and in perfect accordance with the laws which govern its growth and development, were formed—no system of bodily culture deserving of the name could be established.

A military system of bodily training should be so comprehensive, that it should be adapted to all stages of the professional career of the soldier.

It should take up the undeveloped frame of the young recruit as he is brought to the *dépôt*, and be to him, in all respects, a system of culture—a system gradual, uniform, and progressive—a continual rise from the first exercise to the last, in which every exercise has its individual and special use, its individual and appropriate place, which none other could fill in the general system:—exercises which will give elasticity to his limbs, strength to his muscles, mobility to his joints, and above all, and with infinitely greater force than all, which will promote the expansion of those parts of the body, and stimulate to healthful activity those organs of the body, whose

¹ The French system of Gymnastic Exercises was organized in 1847; and the Central School, near Vincennes, was founded in 1852.

fair conformation, health, and strength will double the value of all his after-life; which will give him such vital stamina as will be to him a capital upon which he is to depend, and from which he is to draw at all times, at all seasons, and under all circumstances of trial or privation or toil. This should be the great object to be aimed at in the early stages of the system—the strengthening, the developing of his body, muscle and joint, organ and limb: make him a man, and, as a man, give him power over himself. Give him that, and you give him the Malakoff of the position: the activities, the dexterities of the art will fall into his hands.

But while, as experience has fully shown me, three months' training at this period of life is equal to six in any aftertime—by taking the body at a time when its susceptibilities for improvement are at the highest, and thereby giving an impetus, a momentum, to its development not obtainable at any other—yet, as the great bulk of our army is posted in in attractive camps or quartered in large cities, where incentives to idleness and temptations to dissipation are, to men in their position, both numerous and strong, therefore the system should be equally suitable in its higher grades to the trained soldier—should be a system which will ensure regular and unbroken practice at all times and in all seasons, and which, taking into consideration the amount and distribution of the time available for the purpose, should make that serviceable which is now wasted. And then, but not till then, should the practical application begin—an exposition earnest, ample, and varied, which will shew him how every article of commonest use may be utilized on emergencies to important purposes; how obstacles of every form and character may be surmounted, and how burdens of every size and shape and weight may be borne; which will

shew him also—and he will now see without much showing—how every exercise in the system has added something to this end, contributed something to this attainment, twofold in its character, single in its object—to strengthen the man in order to perfect the soldier.

For all these reasons the system should be national; that is, it should be real, it should be rational, it should be manly. Real—that is, they should be exercises indeed, and not in name only; rational—that is, befitting the soldier, befitting his age, his health, his strength, his position and purpose in life; manly—that is, such as a man may be proud of doing, with plenty of room for winning and losing distinction, and only fair play to decide. An Englishman could no more be brought to practise the aimless formalities of the Prussian system and call it exercise, than he could be expected to practise the elementary exercises of the French (which begin with spinning the head round and round, as a clown does in a pantomime, and end with the “Danse Pyrrhique”—*Anglicé* “Cobblers’ Dance,”) and retain his self-respect.

These are the principles which I have held in view while preparing the system of exercise now being introduced into our army as rapidly as is desirable, indeed possible, under the direction of a Commander-in-Chief whose care knows no limit for the wellbeing and efficiency of the soldier. I have thought it practicable to produce a system of bodily culture on strictly scientific principles, with a spirit of this manly character pervading it and giving tone to all its rules. For it is of the very essence of our organization that health and strength shall be owned, won and held in the highest degree, by him whose daily life is most directly regulated by those qualities which we call manly, which we call English. The system itself should shew the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

LIGHT LOVE.

"Oh! sad thy lot before I came,
 But sadder when I go;
 My presence but a flash of flame,
 A transitory glow
 Between two barren wastes like
 snow.

What wilt thou do when I am gone,
 Where wilt thou rest, my dear?
 For cold thy bed to rest upon,
 And cold the falling year,
 Whose withered leaves are lost
 and sere."

She hushed the baby at her breast,
 She rocked it on her knee:

"And I will rest my lonely rest
 Warmed with the thought of thee,
 Rest lulled to rest by memory."

She hushed the baby with her kiss,
 She hushed it with her breast:

"Is death so sadder much than this—
 Sure death that builds a nest
 For those who elsewhere cannot
 rest?"

"Oh! sad thy note, my mateless dove,
 With tender nestling cold;
 But hast thou ne'er another love,
 Left from the days of old,
 To build thy nest of silk and gold,
 To warm thy paleness to a blush
 When I am far away—
 To warm thy coldness to a flush,
 And turn thee back to May,
 And turn thy twilight back to day?"

She did not answer him again,
 But leaned her face aside,
 Wrung with the pang of shame and
 pain,
 And sore with wounded pride:
 He knew his very soul had lied.
 She strained his baby in her arms,
 His baby to her heart:

"Even let it go, the love that harms:
 We twain will never part!
 Mine own, his own, how dear thou
 art!"

"Now never tease me, tender-eyed,
 Sigh-voiced," he said in scorn:
 "For, nigh at hand, there blooms a
 bride,
 My bride before the morn;
 Ripe-blooming she, as thou forlorn.
 Ripe-blooming she, my rose, my
 peach;

She woos me day and night:
 I watch her tremble in my reach;
 She reddens, my delight;
 She ripens, reddens in my sight."

"And is she like a sunlit rose?
 Am I like withered leaves?
 Haste where thy spiced garden blows:
 But in bare Autumn eves
 Wilt thou have store of harvest
 sheaves?

Thou leavest love, true love behind,
 To seek a love as true;
 Go, seek in haste: but wilt thou find?
 Change new again for new;
 Pluck up, enjoy, yea trample too.

"Alas! for her, poor faded rose,
 Alas! for her, like me,
 Cast down and trampled in the snows!"
 "Like thee? nay, not like thee:
 She leans, but from a guarded tree.
 Farewell! and dream as long ago,
 Before we ever met:
 Farewell! my swift-paced horse seems
 slow."

She raised her eyes, not wet
 But hard to Heaven: "Does God
 forget?"

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BANISHED FROM EDEN.

AN obvious effect of the kindness which had been interchanged between Signor Onofrio and Vincenzo during their respective illnesses, was a fresh growth of friendship and intimacy, which made each more desirous of the company of the other—a desire, however, not so easily realized, considering the unintermitting occupations of both, which left them but little leisure for visits. Onofrio had more than once urged Vincenzo, since the latter's return to Turin, to come and live with him; a very tempting proposal to the student, which he had, however, bravely withstood, out of good will, or, we might say, compassion to Signor Francesco and Co., whose circumstances were just then at the lowest ebb.

But, when Signor Francesco's establishment went to the dogs—which it did in the beginning of that year 1853, owing, of course, to the unjust denial of the indemnity he was entitled to from the Jesuits—well, when the concern was finally given up, Vincenzo willingly accepted of his friend's hospitality, and went to live with him on the same pecuniary terms on which he had lived at the boarding-house. Signor Onofrio's apartment consisted of four clean and airy rooms on the fourth storey, having a fine prospect of the Po, and the smiling hills that look over the river from the south. The elderly gentleman allowed himself the luxury of an old female servant, who cooked and arranged the rooms, spending the rest of her time in sorting and combining numbers for the lottery.

Vincenzo had not been quite two months with Signor Onofrio, when he received a letter which set his head working

like a windmill. It was from the Signor Avvocato, and said briefly:—

"If not absolutely impossible, pray start on the receipt of this, and come to me. I have something particular to say; I require advice and help. I shall not detain thee longer than four-and-twenty hours. If you leave Turin immediately on getting my letter, you will arrive at Ibella by the five o'clock train, p.m. Giuseppe shall be waiting at the station with the chaise.

"Thy affectionate Godfather.

"P.S.—No one is ill."

Vincenzo left word for Signor Onofrio where he had gone, and put himself immediately *en route*. It was the first time he was thus summoned from his studies. The business which called for this innovation must be important and pressing indeed. What could it be? A proposal of marriage for Miss Rose from Del Palmetto? But if so, even admitting that his advice was wished for, which was going almost beyond the limits of probability, what help could he be expected to give, what help could he give in such a matter? No, it could not be that. Some difference with the Marquis perhaps? Most unlikely. Del Palmetto was far too solicitous to please father and daughter to admit of that conjecture. Some quarrel with Barnaby? ah, that must be it. With that absurd head of his, no telling what scrape the old man might not have floundered into himself, dragging his master after him—and to get out of this scrape something had to be done or undone, towards the doing or undoing of which Vincenzo's assistance was in some manner needed—probably by using his influence with the obstinate old fellow to do or undo. But no; neither could that be. Rose's ascendancy over Barnaby was far more potent than that of Vincenzo; and what was the use

of sending for him when she was on the spot?

The revolving of these and other hypotheses, no sooner accepted than rejected, served at least to beguile the way. Giuseppe was at the station with the chaise, and drove off at a smart pace. Vincenzo was too discreet to ask the driver any questions beyond the usual ones as to the health of the family, and Giuseppe was too prudent and little talkative by his nature to volunteer any information or guesses of his own, supposing he had any, on private matters. The day was on the wane when Vincenzo alighted at the gate of the palace. There was some one crouching on the terrace wall opposite. Taking it for granted that it was Barnaby, Vincenzo was going to call to him, though unable to identify him at that distance, when he heard his own name pronounced from above. "Is that you, Vincenzo?" The young man rushed up stairs like lightning, and met his godfather on the landing.

"How do you do?" said the Signor Avvocato, as Vincenzo kissed his hand, as he had been used to do from childhood; "very kind of you to set off directly; I knew you would; come in, my boy," and he led the way to his *sanctum sanctorum*, his musical retreat. "We shall be more private here; sit down—not there, take the easy chair; you must be tired—no? so much the better. wish I could say as much for myself; and yet I have scarcely set foot out of doors these two days; walking up stairs puts me so much out of breath. I am breaking, my boy, I am."

This assumption was not new in the Signor Avvocato's mouth, any more than Vincenzo's mode of meeting it with a sonorous laugh of incredulity.

"If all breaking constitutions were like yours, physicians and apothecaries would have to seek a new trade. Come, come, my dear sir, you feel a little nervous and weak; who does not occasionally? If I am not mistaken, you have had of late some cause of uneasiness."

"You may say so," cried the elderly gentleman, with an emphatic burst of self-commiseration, "and from the very

quarter upon which I had relied for support and consolation. But I am very selfish;—you must be hungry, I am sure."

Vincenzo protested he was not.

"Have a crust of bread and a glass of wine in the meantime till supper is ready."

Vincenzo again protested he was not hungry, and preferred waiting for supper. He was on thorns to know what had gone wrong at the palace.

"Well, then," resumed the Signor Avvocato, "I may as well tell you the doleful story at once. Here it is in two words;" and, dropping his bulky form at ease into the capacious arm-chair, he went on in a more business-like tone, "You know, as indeed everybody knows—*lippis et tonsoribus*—that for some time past, especially ever since his father's death, young Del Palmetto has been paying—how shall I say?—a good deal of attention to my daughter." (Vincenzo's heart started off at full gallop.) "Nor has it, I dare say, escaped your penetration, that for the last year I have rather encouraged than not, the young man's suit. Yes, the match met all my views and wishes. Federico has all the qualities for making a good son-in-law to me, and an excellent husband to Rose—he has an agreeable exterior, an unimpeachable character, an easy temper, and a most honourable position in the world. I am too much of a philosopher, besides being the son of a self-made man, to lay more stress than it deserves upon a title—still a title spoils nothing. Then he has known her from her cradle, so to say—he has been brought up with her, is familiar with her ways of thinking. He is not rich, to be sure, but that is not his fault—and then, what do I care for a fortune? Rose will have enough for two, thank God. Well, then, to come to the point. Federico, like the honourable man he is, proposed to Rose at the expiration of his mourning; and what did the silly minx do?—refused him flat."

Had not the zone of shadow projected by the screen round the lamp, extended

a friendly protection to Vincenzo's face, even Rose's pre-occupied father might have drawn some inferences from its sudden ashy paleness when Del Palmetto's proposal was mentioned, and the rush of blood that turned it scarlet on the hearing of Rose's refusal.

"Refused him flat!" repeated the old gentleman with increasing animation; "and for what? on grounds too nonsensical for any rational being to listen to with patience; first, because he is an officer in the army—as if the profession of arms was not, next to the bar, the most honourable—and secondly, that he had boxed her ears when she was a child. *Risum teneatis.*"

"Miss Rose's prejudice against the army," said Vincenzo, in order to say something, "is one of old standing. I remember, as far back as 1848, speaking to her of the career of a soldier as one suitable for me, and the positive horror with which she dissuaded me from any such project. This prejudice, as far as I can judge, is connected with, and has its root, I may say, in her religious views—a special reason for dealing with it carefully and gently."

"Then, I am not the man for that work," quoth Rose's father; "I have lost all patience with the girl. She is so opinionated—has a quiet impermeability to reason quite her own, which provokes me beyond measure. You will soon find it out, when you come to argue the point with her—yes, you must do so for my sake," the speaker hastened to add in answer to a possible objection conveyed by a wave of Vincenzo's hand. "It is a service I have a right to demand from your gratitude, but which I shall be glad to owe to your friendship. For this, and this alone, have I summoned you from Turin. You are my anchor of hope in this affair. Rose has for you the affection and deference of a younger sister. You possess both gentleness of manner and stringency of logic—your very disinterestedness in the matter will add strength to your arguments. In one word, I entrust Del Palmetto's cause and mine to you. Win Rose's consent

to this match, and you will have laid me under obligations for life."

Vincenzo's contention of thoughts and feelings during this earnest appeal challenges description. To undertake the mission, and perform it, whatever it might cost him, was a piece of heroic folly, quite unwarranted by the circumstances—to undertake it, and, while acting up to the letter, fall short of the spirit, was, for one so upright, a moral impossibility. To decline it, and give no special plea for so doing, was to lay himself open to the charge of ingratitude in the present, and to that of equivocation in the future. There remained for him, as the young man conceived, only one honest, though dangerous course, whereby to reconcile his duty to his godfather with the claims of truth—that was to explain his refusal by laying bare his heart. Accordingly, he met the sentence with which the Signor Avvocato had ended—"win Rose's consent to this match, and you will have laid me under obligations for life!"—with a passionate, "I cannot—I will not—it is impossible."

"What do you mean? why impossible?" asked the other sternly.

"Because," faltered Vincenzo—"I would a thousand times rather incur your anger than play false with you—because," he wound up firmly, "I love your daughter."

The Signor Avvocato was struck dumb by this announcement. All other feelings for the nonce were swallowed up by one of immense surprise. Had Vincenzo, instead of the handsome, rather abundantly whiskered young fellow of two-and-twenty that he was, had he been a girl, the notion of his loving beautiful Rose could not have taken her father more unawares.

"You love my daughter, sir!" at last gasped the amazed sire, dropping the familiar *thou* for the more formal *you*.

Vincenzo bowed his head humbly.

"You are an aspiring youth, by Jove; more aspiring than wise. And so, you have availed yourself of the intimacy I allowed you in my fatherly blindness,

to make love to my daughter for God knows how many years !”

“You wrong me without cause,” said Vincenzo steadily, yet respectfully. “I owned to you that I loved your daughter, not that I had made love to her—the word ‘Love’ has never passed my lips to her since I knew what love was. Ask her ; she will tell you.”

“Thank you—it only needs that I should set on foot a public inquiry as to what you have done or not done. I believe you. I will do you the justice to say you have always behaved honourably—played fair with me. I will be above board with you, and tell you in so many words that I have other views for my daughter. I am sorry that you love her, but you shall not have her. You have had your way with me so long, and in every thing, that no aim, it seems, is too high for your hopes.”

“My hopes ?” repeated Vincenzo dejectedly. “Have I expressed any, sir ? Do you know if I ever entertained any ? Bear in mind, sir, if you please, that the avowal I have made was not of my own choice. It has been forced from me by an entanglement of perfectly unforeseen circumstances. After what you have told me, could I, with the feelings I have, keep back the truth without duplicity ? Put yourself for an instant in my place, sir, and say, would you have acted otherwise ?”

“Eh, dear me !” said the Signor Avvocato, fretfully, as he rose from his chair ; “you stick to it just as if the admission of its necessity was a cure for every evil. When you have demonstrated mathematically that, by falling in a certain manner, I could not but break my leg, will that remove the smart or the injury ? Disappointment upon disappointment in the present, discomfort upon discomfort in the future, that is the consolatory vista your disclosure has opened before me. Discomfort of all kinds for me and for you—because, to begin with, you surely don’t expect, things being as they are, I can allow my house to be your home, as I have done up to this day.”

“On that, as on all other points, I

shall abide by your orders, sir.” The words were rather gasped than spoken, and so mournfully, so forlornly, that the Signor Avvocato had a glimmering of the immense sacrifice they implied, and accordingly said, much softened, “I don’t give you orders. I am not angry. I only suggest what seems to me best for all parties. It is especially for your sake—to spare your feelings—that I advise a separation, a temporary one of course, only until—at the most, one vacation or two. We’ll find some reason—some pretext, I mean—to account for your not coming here as usual. Nobody must suspect, you know—”

“God forbid !” said Vincenzo, energetically ; “not for me, but—”

“Of course, of course, I catch your meaning,” interrupted the godfather ; and this will be the only alteration in our intercourse ; as to the rest, nothing is changed ; I shall be for you to the last what I have been to this day. Pursue your studies steadily ; make yourself a man. The hand which has supported you from a boy will not be withdrawn until you are in a fair way of acting and providing for yourself, and not even then.”

Vincenzo’s tears were flowing fast. The door burst open, and Barnaby announced supper in as sepulchral a voice as if he had been announcing Doomsday instead. “We are coming,” said the master. Barnaby, stiff as a poker, stood rolling his goggle eyes. “We are coming,” again said the Signor Padrone. Barnaby did not budge. “You may go,” added the master of the house. Barnaby lingered another moment, then turned sharply round and banged the door after him. The Signor Avvocato, his right hand raised in the direction of the door, stood listening to the sound of the retreating steps, and, only when they could no longer be heard, said in a whisper, “For God’s sake, not a word to Barnaby !” The accent and look betrayed a real terror.

“Not a word to any living soul !” replied Vincenzo. “Rely on me.”

“When do you go back to Turin ?” asked the Signor Avvocato.

"To-morrow. I shall be off by break of day."

Rose's greeting of Vincenzo was most cordial, though not unmixed with surprise. She hoped he had come to make some stay. Vincenzo said he much regretted that it was out of his power to do so. He had come on business, and on business he must return. He was not ill, was he ; he looked so pale. Vincenzo said he was very well, only he had felt a little chilly on the road. March winds were rather biting. The poor young man strove manfully to look natural, nay, cheerful, a task in which he succeeded tolerably well, save when the thought intruded upon him that this was possibly the last time he should set eyes upon her for God knew how long. Then his face fell, and a knot in his throat made utterance impossible. Rose's father took no pains to conceal his intense preoccupation. He scarcely spoke during the meal, and as soon as it was over left the table. Vincenzo, pleading his chillness, did the same, and took leave of Miss Rose for the night. Godfather and godson exchanged a few parting words and good wishes for the night on the landing ; then the former entered his apartment, and Vincenzo went up to the third storey, locked himself into his room, put out the candle, dropped into a chair, and fell into thought—if thought could be called the perpetual revolving of one fixed idea, "Separated for ever."

Anticipating a visit from Barnaby, which he would willingly avoid, Vincenzo had locked himself in, and extinguished the candle, in order to make believe that he was sleeping. Not long after, in fact, there was an attempt from the outside to lift the latch, followed by cautious taps at the door. Vincenzo did not stir—indeed, scarcely dared to breathe. The tapping was renewed with intermissions for nearly half an hour, then it entirely ceased, and Vincenzo, left to himself, jogged on once more on his mental treadmill.

Towards midnight the paroxysm of passion abated a little, and he could think—oh ! with what fondness—think

on the many happy hours he had spent in that happy Eden, from which he was now expelled ; and along with that thought came a gush of passionate thankfulness towards him, to whom, after God, he owed all that blessed time, to whom, in fact, he owed all that he was ; and then followed a qualm of remorse at his own late unfeelingness, and a yearning to go and make amends, and pray for pardon. Acting upon this irresistible impulse, the young man lighted his candle, opened the door softly, and stole down to his godfather's apartment. He must be still awake, for there was a light in the bed-room, visible from beneath the door. Vincenzo knocked gently. "Who is that ?" called a voice from within.

"It is I," said Vincenzo, opening the door. The Signor Avvocato was sitting up in his bed, his arms crossed over his chest. "What do you want ?" said he, somewhat sternly. For all answer Vincenzo threw himself on his knees by the side of the bed, and, burying his head in the coverlid, cried in a voice convulsed with sobs, "Your pity, your forgiveness, your blessing."

There was no resisting the passion of this appeal. The old gentleman put both his arms round the aching head, saying, "I do pity thee ; I do forgive thee ; do bless thee with all my heart."

"To think that I should give you pain," continued the young man, almost frantic with grief ; "I who would willingly die for you, it is too hard, too hard, too hard ;" and he swayed his head to and fro without raising it from the bed. Then, suddenly lifting himself up, and staring at his godfather through his tears, "Do you believe me when I say that I would willingly die for you ? Do you believe that I do love you with all my heart and soul ?"

"I do, I do," answered his godfather, soothingly.

"Indeed, indeed, it has not been my fault ; it has grown up with me like a part of my being."

"What, my dear boy ?" asked the Signor Avvocato.

"This love, this love," cried the

youth ; "she was so kind, so gentle to me, and then she was your daughter ; how could I do otherwise than love her?"

"Well, well," interrupted the old gentleman, with some embarrassment ; "no more of that ; better avoid the subject, both for your sake and mine. It is painful and exciting ; I am agitated enough as it is. Calm yourself, my dear boy ; go and try and sleep. I will do as much on my side ; I feel far from well. Let us say no more, and part in the faith of our mutual attachment. Go ; good night."

Vincenzo was struck by the worn out expression of the speaker's countenance, and more than that by his look of age. There was no mistaking the fact, the Signor Avvocato had grown quite an old man. The bloom of his once florid complexion was all gone, and there were wrinkles on each side of his mouth, round his eyes, on his forehead, everywhere. Vincenzo was scared by the discovery, and rose to obey. The old face and the young one were once more pressed together in a long and fond embrace, and Vincenzo departed.

He stole quietly to his garret, put the light on the table, and found himself face to face with Barnaby, standing on the other side of it. "So thou art skulking, art thou?" said Barnaby, in his bitterest tones. This was Vincenzo's finishing stroke—the poor fellow, faint already with emotion, dropped into a chair with a groan.

"Why didst thou lock thyself in?" pursued the old man with the look of an inquisitor.

"Some water. I am fainting," faltered Vincenzo. Barnaby pounced on a jug full of water, and kneeling by the youth's side so as to support him, made him drink out of the jug, and bathed his temples. "Poor dear, how white he looks ! No wonder ; all right in a twinkling, poor dear !" the old man kept murmuring to himself, while with the right hand, now free from the jug, he fondly parted the hair glued to Vincenzo's brow by a cold sweat.

"Thank you. I feel much better, thank you," said Vincenzo, reviving.

"Another sip of water," suggested Barnaby in the sweetest of voices, "it will do you good."

"I am now quite well," said Vincenzo, swallowing some more water ; "thank you, my good friend, I don't know what has been the matter with me."

"I do," said Barnaby, emphatically.

"Do you?" said Vincenzo, perplexed.

"Yes, I do ;" and the old man added in a suppressed shout, "I know everything."

Vincenzo started to his feet in a new terror, grasped Barnaby by the arm, and cried, "If you do, promise that no living soul"—

"Del Palmetto shall not have her," interrupted Barnaby.

"Promise"—

"You shall ; that's what I promise."

"Promise," urged Vincenzo.

"She loves you."

Vincenzo wrung his hands. Barnaby, thus set at liberty, jumped to the door, repeated, "She loves you," and vanished into the dark corridor. Vincenzo reached it with the light just in time to hear the click of the lock inside Barnaby's room, and, well knowing the old man's obstinacy, and afraid of being overheard by the Signor Avvocato, who might misinterpret a mysterious-looking communication with Barnaby at that hour, gave up a hopeless and dangerous chase.

Vincenzo spent the rest of the night in a state of agitation, bordering on delirium ; stole out of the house at dawn, walked to Ibella, took the earliest train for Turin ; and when, by eleven in the morning, he found himself seated in his own room, opposite to the hills overhanging the Po, he wondered whether he had been the sport of a bad dream.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONOFRIO TO THE RESCUE.

"WELL, what news from the country?" asked Signor Onofrio of Vincenzo when they met for dinner. "Far from good, I see by your face. Anybody ill, anybody dead?"

"Thank God, nobody ill—nobody

dead. Except some hopes fondly and stupidly cherished by me," said Vincenzo.

"There are no hopes so positively dead, as not to be capable of reviving at your age," said Signor Onofrio. "Come, come, let me feel the pulse of these said hopes, that I may judge if there is not a spark of life in them yet!"

Vincenzo's load of misery was just then so heavy, that he could not resist the temptation of sharing it with a friend; and for the first time in his life, the sweet name of Rose passed his lips in connexion with his secret. Signor Onofrio listened sympathetically to the simple tale—then said, "Is money a *sine qua non* with your godfather in this matter?"

"Not in the least," replied Vincenzo; "he whom he has chosen for his daughter is far from rich—nay, comparatively poor."

"Does the Signor Avvocato hold to birth and rank?"

"No more than is reasonable in the son of a self-made man sprung from the popular classes. His father began his career as a mason."

"If so," resumed Signor Onofrio, "we need not bury our hopes yet; the case is far from desperate. But before going further, I want a frank reply to a preliminary question;—it is almost ridiculous to put it to a young man in love; still I have so high an opinion of your judgment and straightforwardness, that I do ask it. My query is this, Can you answer for this young lady not becoming a clog to a political man?"

"I don't quite catch your meaning," said Vincenzo.

"I will make it plain to you," said Onofrio. "You know the sort of poor education given to our young women, even up to this day, especially to those belonging to small provincial towns. Take the most enlightened, the most independent, the most liberal-minded of them all, and, nevertheless, in any mixed matter, such for instance as that of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, she will blindly follow the direction of a priest—that is to say, of a man who receives his inspiration from Rome. Now Rome is

hostile to us, and likely to become more so, the more this little kingdom asserts its civil independence, as it is determined to do. Now you can fully understand my meaning when I ask; Can you foresee no day when this young lady will be on one side, and you on the other of a question—when to do your duty will cost you a severe struggle? More than one of the public men of the day are in such a predicament."

Vincenzo unhesitatingly answered that he could foresee no such day. Miss Rose, he candidly acknowledged, was no exception to the rule laid down by Signor Onofrio. She was prone to defer too much to priestly opinion, or rather had been prone to do so, for, as she had grown older and her judgment ripened, this bias of her mind had sensibly diminished. According to Vincenzo, she possessed an amount of good sense, which only required to be properly directed, to bring forth excellent fruit, and a docility equal to her good sense, which gave ample security for her listening to reason. All this the young man affirmed and re-affirmed, in the fullest belief that he was saying neither more nor less than the truth. Vincenzo was not in love for nothing.

"Supposing this to be so," at last interrupted Signor Onofrio, "and that your godfather attaches no undue weight to birth and fortune, it will be easy to demonstrate to him that a son-in-law of greater promise than Vincenzo Candia it would be difficult for him to secure. Yes—of greater promise—I speak in sober earnest; not for the world would I trifle with you," resumed Signor Onofrio, replying to the young man's deprecatory gesture—"of promise, in the noblest acceptation of the word. I mean as to social distinction, influence, and usefulness—for, as to the emoluments, you will never be enriched from such a source. We live in a country, God be praised, where a man may hold the first offices of state for years, and leave office as poor as when he entered on it. But now to explain; only promising that what I am going to tell you I have been revolving for some time in

my mind, and waited only for a fitting opportunity to make it known to you. In a rising state like ours, there is a fair field open for every noble ambition. Our ministry encourage high aspirations—particularly among our youth—they lie in wait, so to say, for talent and energy, to enlist them for the public service. The aim of those in power is to form a staff of young men imbued with their own spirit—young men able and willing to carry out their plans. You shall be one of this chosen staff; you are qualified for it, first by your general intelligence, and still more so by that precious and rarest of gifts at your age, the steadiness and the moderation of your views, which will save you from being hurried away by an impulse, however generous it may be. I will introduce you to my friend and chief, the Minister. He will discover at a glance your special aptitude, and will put you in the right place. In five or six years—by the way, how old are you?"

"Twenty-two," answered Vincenzo.

"Well, by the time you are twenty-seven or twenty-eight, you will be fairly launched either in diplomacy or in the Administration; and at thirty, the legal age for being a deputy, the patronage of the Minister, with the interest of your godfather, will secure you a seat in Parliament. Once that accomplished, there is no height to which you may not aspire. Even—if you have the mettle of one in you—even to be Premier! With such prospects, am I right or wrong, in saying that the man must be difficult indeed, who would not be proud of such a son-in-law?"

"I fear," said Vincenzo, blushing, "that after all this is only a brilliant dream conjured up by your friendship for me."

"Only bring a strong will to bear upon it, and, in its main features, the dream will become a reality. To give it quickly somewhat of substance, I shall begin by presenting you to the Minister no later than to-morrow, if the thing be possible. We will see afterwards whether we cannot do something

for your father-in-law that is to be. Do you know at what epoch it was that he received his cross of San Maurizio and Lazzaro?"

"He has never had it—has never had any decoration," said Vincenzo.

"What! not the cross of a Knight? Did you not tell me he was a liberal of 1821?"

"Yes."

"Has he not been once or twice Mayor?"

"Twice, since 1848."

"Is he not a man of high character, of considerable landed property, and, besides all that, popular in his district?"

"All true—he is quite the leading man in Rumelli."

"Then it must have been an oversight," said Signor Onofrio. "According to all precedent, his right to the cross is unquestionable; unless there be some special reason militating against him, he shall owe it to you. It shall be your wedding gift to the good gentleman. Now cheer up my young friend," concluded Signor Onofrio, taking his hat to go out; "and put this well into your head, that from this moment a new era begins for you. It is I who promise you this, and it is my invariable habit to do more than I promise."

Vincenzo's body and mind were out of joint to such a degree that the ten hours of unbroken sleep which he had that night were not too much to recompose his troubled spirit, and rest his wearied limbs. All was no longer gloom in his mental vista when he awoke—there was a brilliant salient point now in it.

Rose had refused Del Palmetto—refused him "flat," as her father expressed it. Could it be that he, Vincenzo, had something to do with her refusal of the young Marquis? Could it be that she loved him, the penniless student? Barnaby had declared it was so. Barnaby, it was true, was a confirmed blunderer, but he was a favourite of hers, and it was not utterly impossible that she might have made him, to some extent or in some way, her confidant. Oh! if she loved him, what

would a few years of waiting be to her—she was so young—a few years, until this new path opening before him should have led him into the Land of Promise ; and, did she love him, there he felt sure it would lead him.

This train of rosy speculations was put to flight by Signor Onofrio bringing, in hot haste, the announcement that the Minister would see Vincenzo that same evening.

“Be sure to be on the western side of the arcades in Piazza Po by seven o’clock,” said the excellent friend, “and wait till we come. After I have presented you, I shall leave you to a *tête-à-tête*.”

Vincenzo knew the personage in question very well by sight from having seen him in the Chamber of Deputies, and at Signor Onofrio’s bedside during the illness of the latter.

The Minister had nothing about him of the Jupiter Tonans—far from it—he looked like everybody else ; yet the mere thought of meeting him made our hero rather nervous—a sensation that increased as he took his way to the rendezvous. The man on whose impression of you may depend your whole future—and future and Miss Rose were one and the same thing for Vincenzo,—that man, were he a dwarf or a hunchback, cannot fail to inspire you with a certain awe. Vincenzo’s heart beat fast when he descried under the arcades the two familiar figures walking arm-in-arm towards him, and saw himself beckoned by Signor Onofrio, who for all introduction said, “Here’s my young friend. I recommend him to thee—good night.”

“I am very glad to make your acquaintance, or rather to renew our acquaintance,” said the Minister graciously. “I have seen you so often at Onofrio’s that I cannot consider you a stranger. Onofrio has just been telling me what a Godsend you were to him while he was ill. You have not been well yourself I hear. I hope you are quite recovered.”

“Perfectly, thank you,” said Vincenzo.

“You could not have bestowed care upon a more worthy person,” continued the Minister. “A valuable man, is that

Onofrio, and tells me many fine things of you. We’ll go in here for a little quiet talk,” and, as he said this, Vincenzo’s interlocutor stopped before a wide entrance, drew a key from his pocket, opened the door, went in ; and, as soon as Vincenzo had followed, shut the door again.

“Don’t stir till I have turned darkness into light,” resumed the Minister, lighting a match, and with that, a *rat de cave*, or coil of wax taper. This done, he led the way up to a third storey, produced another key, opened another door, and, going through a small passage, introduced Vincenzo into the salon—a well-sized room—saying,

“Here we are at last ; pray sit down—where the deuce can the candles be ?” looking for them in vain on the mantelpiece. “Excuse me for leaving you in the dark for an instant. Do, pray, sit down, without ceremony,” added the Minister, returning with two lighted candles, and seeing Vincenzo still on his legs.

Vincenzo in silent admiration of this wonderful simplicity obeyed. The furniture was of the most unwieldy and old-fashioned kind ; as far as Vincenzo could judge, there was not an article there with any pretensions to be gay, or elegant, either as to form or colour. The arm-chairs, if the one on which he sat was to be taken as a specimen, were anything but soft and comfortable. The Minister took up a newspaper from the table, examined the date, made a roll of it, lighted it at one of the candles, and with it set fire to the faggot and logs of wood ready laid on the hearth, commenting upon the operation with the remark, that the evenings were very chilly. “Do you smoke ?” he asked Vincenzo. “No.” “Very wise of you—an uncommon virtue in a young man now-a-days. Do you mind others smoking in the same room with you ?” “Not at all.” “Then I will have a cigar ;” and the Minister lit one, and then threw himself into a corner of a sofa, and puffed away for some time in silence. “You were brought up at a seminary, if I don’t mistake ?” at last issued from the cloud of smoke.

"At the seminary of Ibella, up to the age of seventeen," replied Vincenzo.

"Was it from your own wish, or from some other cause, that you studied for the priesthood?"

"It was solely because of my father's desire that I should be a priest."

"You felt none of what is called a vocation?"

"Decidedly none," said Vincenzo.

"And how did you manage to get out of the seminary?" asked the minister.

"It is a long story, and I fear little edifying," said Vincenzo, smiling.

"Never mind the length," returned the minister; "and, as for edification, there is nothing more conducive to that, alike for listener and narrator, than the history of past blunders."

Thus encouraged, Vincenzo complied. He described the intoxication produced in him by the mere names of the innovations of 1848, told of his admiration for the Seminarists of Milan and their barricades, and of his unconquerable antipathy for the calling to which he was destined, which had grown and developed with the growth and development of these new feelings. He recounted his failure in his examination, his godfather's anger, the episode of the purse, and, avoiding any mention of names, his ill-fated expedition to Ibella, his foolish escapade at the Caffè della Posta, his consequent determination to enlist, his meeting with Colonel Roganti, and his wanderings in company with that worthy.

Vincenzo did not tell his tale in one breath; but, whenever he stopped, fearing to tire out his listener's patience, the minister would urge him to go on, professing much interest in the narrative; and, that he was amused, his hearty bursts of laughter at Vincenzo's description of Colonel Roganti's manoeuvre, and his own sale of scapularies and songs, testified beyond all doubt.

"And, after your leader's arrest, what became of you?"

Vincenzo, in answer to this question, gave a summary account of his flight with Ambrogio, of their journey to Novara, of their taking part in the festival, and being captured in the very moment

of forgetfulness of such a danger, of his return to the palace, the further struggle he had there, his eleven days' apprenticeship to the hoe, and the relenting of his godfather, who had finally sent him to study law in Turin.

"You have shown throughout all this a rare degree of perseverance, that ladder to all success," said the minister; "and, pray, what practical lessons did your experience teach you?"

"To be on my guard against boasters and perpetual fault-finders," answered Vincenzo; "and yet to give even such credit for acting better than they speak."

"You are thinking of your colonel," said the minister, smiling.

"Well," returned Vincenzo, "even he had his good points; but I was alluding to the student who was so violent against the government, yet in spite of his declamation was hastening to peril life and limb in defence of the country guided by that very government."

"Your theory," observed the minister, somewhat epigrammatically, "has at least the advantage of being pleasant. When are you to be received as barrister-at-law?"

"About this time next year."

"Have you paid any particular attention to political economy?"

"Not more than to the other branches of my course of study."

"Then, for the future, do so, and to statistics also. Do you know anything of English?"

"Not a word."

"Well, then, I advise you to set about learning it. You can teach it to yourself; it is the least complex of any language. You could easily master it sufficiently to be able in a short time to read the English blue-books, a study of which will be of the greatest future utility to you. I should like also to be able to form some idea of your style and manner of setting forth a subject. When you next pay me a visit, bring me a few pages of your composing."

"On what subject?" asked Vincenzo.

"On any that you choose. Are you for absolute freedom as to education, or not?"

"In theory, for freedom ; practically, for our own country, I think it best for some time yet, that public instruction should remain under the control of the government."

"Put down in writing your reasons for this way of thinking, and let me have it." The minister considered for a few minutes, then went on: "I need scarcely say that it is my intention to do honour to Onofrio's recommendation of you in the amplest manner in my power. I might give you a place under me forthwith ; but to do so would be to interfere materially with your studies. I think it better, therefore, to postpone all active interference in your behalf until you have taken your degree of doctor of laws. The title itself, though there is not much in it, will smooth the road to many things. In the mean time I shall ascertain what are your talents, and see how best to utilize them for the service of the country. That I may be able to do this, you must come and see me often. Do not be over scrupulous or discreet ; for I tell you plainly, if you do not remind me of yourself by calling, I am not sure that I shall not forget you. On Saturday evenings—I tell you this for your own private use—I generally make my escape from work at dusk. If you like to come and wait for me here, we can have a little quiet conversation. I may sometimes be prevented from returning home, and you may have had your walk for nothing ; but you will not mind that, I dare say. Lastly, let me give you one piece of advice ; do not tell any one that you are in the habit of seeing the Minister, or you will be deluged with applications for introductions and recommendations, which I shall not be able to attend to : on this point I rely on your absolute discretion."

Vincenzo professed his readiness to abide religiously on this as on all other matters by the directions the minister was so good as to give him, and, with many expressions of gratitude, rose to take his leave. The minister went with him to the passage door, cut a bit from the coil of wax taper which had served to let them see their way up stairs, gave

it lighted to Vincenzo, and with a last caution not to run down too fast so as to put the light out, wished him a good night.

We should not be giving Barnaby his due if, in the enumeration of the agencies at work in favour of Vincenzo, we did not assign a signal place to the old blunderer. It often happens in this world that a blunder serves some particular end better than the most skilfully calculated move. Vincenzo's mysterious flying visit, combined with his disturbed looks and her father's pre-occupation, had not been without arousing in Miss Rose a certain amount of curiosity—a curiosity which Barnaby had the means and the most resolute determination to satisfy ; for, as you have already guessed, Ugly and Good had listened, with malice prepense, at the door of the Signor Avvocato's sancta sanctorum, and overheard the dialogue between godfather and godson. Barnaby so managed next morning as to be at work in the alley of nut trees, which was the shortest way to the summer-house, the infallible goal of Miss Rose's morning stroll.

Miss Rose came as usual, and as usual stopped for a little chat with Barnaby. In times of yore—that is, only two or three years ago—she would have taken the bull by the horns, and bluntly asked Barnaby, "Do you know why Vincenzo came last night and went away again in such a hurry ?" As it was, being no longer an *enfant terrible*, but a grown-up young lady of nineteen, with the sense and reserve of that age, she said instead, "Did you see Vincenzo before he left ?"

Barnaby, with the most comical would-be gloomy grimace at his command, said "he had not seen Vincenzo ; he must have started before dawn."

"I merely wanted to know how he looked, in case you had seen him," observed Miss Rose. "I fear he has not yet recovered from his last illness. He was so pale and flurried last night."

"I don't wonder at that," replied Barnaby, with increasing gloom, "considering what he was told. Pale, indeed ! It's a miracle he is still in this world, poor fellow !"

"You frighten me, Barnaby ; what was he told ?" asked Rose—"that is," she added, checking herself, "if I may know."

"Not only you may, but you must know," affirmed Barnaby. "The matter concerns you as well as Vincenzo. He is gone away to return no more ; he is banished for ever from this place !"

"Banished !" repeated Rose, turning the colour of ashes. "It cannot be true ; it is one of your mistakes, Barnaby."

"I tell you I heard the Signor Padrone say so to him in so many words. The poor lad's eyes rained tears."

"But what can he have done ?" exclaimed Rose.

"Well, I can tell you that also," continued Barnaby. "The Signor Padrone wanted to persuade him to speak to you in favour of the young Marquis. Vincenzo said he wouldn't, he couldn't, it was impossible. The Signor Avvocato asked him why. 'Because,' says Vincenzo, 'I won't play a double game with you—because I love your daughter myself.'"

Rose turned scarlet, and the heaving of her bosom bore witness to the intensity of her agitation. Barnaby availed himself of her silence to go on.

"Sir," says the Signor Avvocato, '*you* love my daughter—sir—and so you have taken advantage of the intimacy I allowed to make love to my daughter.'"

"Stop," said Rose ; "how did you come at the knowledge of all this, Barnaby ?"

"Never mind how," growled the old man.

"Ah ! I guess only too well," resumed Rose. "It was wrong, very wrong, of you to surprise a secret which was never intended for your ears ; and it is wrong, very wrong, of you to repeat it to me. Good day." And she walked away.

"Wrong ! wrong ! wrong !" cried Barnaby, looking ruefully after her. "When that poor lad has broken his heart, which he will do one of these fine days, we'll see then who is right and who is wrong."

Barnaby's indiscretion, though punished by a whole week's severance from his young signorina's pleasant chat and

bright smiles, had not the less hit the mark. A girl of nineteen does not hear with impunity that a young man is pining away for love of her, that he sheds showers of tears, and is, moreover, likely to die of a broken heart for her sake—especially if the young man be a handsome, well-figured fellow, and a tried friend of old standing. More than once did blooming Miss Rose, in her secret thoughts, revert to and dwell upon Vincenzo's plight ; and the more she dwelt upon it, the more she found it hard, hard, very hard.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SIGNOR AVVOCATO IN HIS GLORY.

"By the bye," said the minister to Onofrio at the close of a long conversation on official matters, "he is a wonderful young fellow that protégé of yours. I told him scarcely two months ago he had better learn to read English, and already he translates it at sight. He had quite the best of it in an argument we had last night as to the meaning of the phrase '*with a vengeance*;' he had indeed."

"He is clever, and works very hard," said Onofrio.

"I am sure he does, and then he is so clear-headed—it is a pleasure to watch his quickness in grasping a question, and his method of discussing it. You must read a few short articles on sundry matters he wrote at my request. Cavour has looked them over, and thinks highly of them. I shall be perplexed as to a choice when the time comes for employing him. He has many of the qualities which would make a capital diplomatist—but then he has no handle to his name. Perhaps the administrative career will suit him best. What do you say ?"

"I say that the question seems to me a premature one ; you will be able to solve it best when you see him fairly at work."

"That's true ; but, whether in diplomacy, or in the administration, your protégé will make his way. Now don't

spoil him by telling him of my golden opinions."

"It would do him no harm if I did," said Onofrio ; "Vincenzo is *intus et in cute* a modest youth."

"Yes ; and straightforward. What I like in him is his independent way with me ; he never humours or flatters me—whenever we differ in opinion, he tells me so candidly, and frankly asserts his own views."

Onofrio judged that the time was now come to strike his second grand blow in Vincenzo's behalf ; that is, to acquaint his godfather with the new perspective opening before his godson. Even a change of ministry would not affect it much, for, though out of power, the actual minister so friendly to Vincenzo would still command patronage enough to push on his protégé ; and he, Onofrio himself, would not be without interest with the limited number of his colleagues in the House, likely to take office in another Cabinet.

"If I could but make sure," thought Signor Onofrio, "that this Signor Avvocato has a stomach strong enough to digest a sound piece of advice, I would willingly give it him to swallow—but *in dubiis abstine*. I cannot answer for a man, whom I have only seen for an hour once in my life, not being narrow-minded ; and, if he be so, ten to one but that self-love and pique will prompt him to defeat the plan I have in view ; and then, instead of forwarding, I injure Vincenzo's interests. I will run no such risk. After all, there is no reason why I should tell him that one of my motives for pushing on his godson is that he may marry his daughter." And Signor Onofrio wrote as follows :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—When on our first meeting at Ibella, about a year ago, you kindly expressed the wish of hearing from me now and then, I little thought that my first letter to you would be an interested one. Yes, my dear sir, I come to ask of you what in forensic language is called a *sanatoria*—namely, to confirm and ratify a step which I have taken in regard to your godson Vincenzo, and which, though conducive

to his benefit, as I am convinced it to be, I am not sure I was quite justified in taking without having consulted you beforehand. Perhaps the general terms of your recommendation of the young man to me, on the occasion I have referred to above, might plead my justification. However, let me hasten to add that nothing has been done which cannot be undone, if you so wish it. And now, without further preamble, I come to the gist of the matter. Vincenzo, as you well know, is a remarkably clever and gifted young fellow ; as to me, what strikes me in him is less the brilliancy and the extent than the rare harmony of his faculties. A more happily balanced young head than his I never met in my life. The more I have seen of him, and had opportunities of appreciating his qualities, the stronger has the impression become of how well he is suited for official life. Nobody thinks more highly than I do of the profession of a barrister—but *ars longa*—briefs come in few and far between to candidates for them, while in a rising State like ours advancement is rapid in Government employments. The Ministry ask nothing better than to encourage youths of talent, of activity and principle. I have, as you know, the ear of the Minister, my friend as well as chief—that was another temptation—in short, one fine day I presented and recommended Vincenzo to him ; and you may judge of the progress he has made in the Minister's favour within scarcely a couple of months, from the abstract I here subjoin of a conversation (to remain *inter nos*) which I had lately with the minister. [Here followed an abridgment of the dialogue beginning this chapter.] You see now as clearly as I do Vincenzo's prospects. After taking his degree, he will enter on official duty ; in five or six years he is sure to be a good way up the ladder of promotion—at thirty a deputy ; once in Parliament, there is no saying to what eminence he may not attain. The career is tempting ; what do you say ? There will be no fortune to be made by it, it is true, but a treasure of honour

gained for himself, his country, and his friends. Should the independence of a barrister's calling outweigh all these advantages in your mind, should you object to a political life for your godson, or should you see any reason for discountenancing this plan, you have only a word to say, and that word shall be adhered to.

"Vincenzo is well, and sends his affectionate duty. Accept, my dear sir, my heartiest wishes, and believe me,

"Your obedient servant,

"ONOFRIO."

A word now as to the present dispositions of him to whom this letter was destined. At the moment of its arrival, Miss Rose's *vis inertiae* had won the day. Her father, nill-he-will-he, had abandoned virtually, if not formally, his favourite plan for her, and a passing thought of throwing the handle after the hatchet, that is, of giving his daughter to Vincenzo, and having done with all this tear and wear of spirits, had of late crossed his mind more than once. Why not, in fact? A thousand times rather to Vincenzo than to that sneaking intendente of Ibella, or to that fop, the son of the fiscal, who had no thought in his wooden head but of the cut of his clothes! Once Del Palmetto out of the question, it was a matter of relative indifference to Rose's father who should have his daughter.

But why did he so hold to Del Palmetto? The Piedmontese have of late been much likened, and not inappropriately, to the English—they have, in fact, some of the striking qualities of these latter—steadiness, perseverance, practical spirit, innate distaste of idle speculations, and last, not least, if that be a quality, the profoundest respect for the advantages of birth and title. The Signor Avvocato was not a Piedmontese for nothing, and the perspective of turning his daughter into a marchioness, and hearing her addressed as such, tickled his *amour propre* to an amazing degree. There was another, though secondary consideration, which militated in favour of the alliance with the young marquis, and that was the making of the two

estates into one, and that one, *mutatis mutandis*, second to none in the kingdom.

But now that this fond dream was over, Vincenzo's aspirations after the great prize were no longer met by the *non possumus* of a few months back, but were beginning to force themselves upon the old gentleman's consideration. Signor Onofrio's letter was exactly calculated to make Vincenzo's chances rise twenty per cent. "Well may they call that godson of mine a wonderful lad," muttered to himself, according to his fashion, the Signor Avvocato, "and lucky as well as clever. If any one ever deserved it to be said of him that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Vincenzo does: he bewitches every one he comes across. This Signor Onofrio, for instance, one of the busiest and most independent members of parliament—the right hand of the minister—goes out of his way, and turns suitor for the boy. The minister, in his turn, takes a fancy to the boy at first sight—not much doubt of his getting on, indeed—he has only to will it, and if he takes it into his head that he will have my daughter, have her he will. However, it is only fair to say he deserves his good fortune; he has not his equal, that I know of, for ability, mettle, and real goodness. And this other original, who asks me for a *sanatoria*! if the request did not come from a grave legislator, I should take it for a joke. I have half a mind to go and thank this Signor Onofrio in person, and at the same time I could see Dr. Moreri."

Dr. Moreri was at that time the most celebrated physician in Turin. The Signor Avvocato had been advised, and had made up his mind to go and consult him these last two years, without ever finding the opportune moment. Growing obesity, and the slow but steady weakening of the whole left side of his body, were the Signor Avvocato's ailments. They had intensified the man's natural indolence and repugnance to exertion to a morbid degree; and the half project of a trip to Turin was no sooner shadowed forth than given up.

The Signor Avvocato had never travelled on railroads, and did not consider them safe. A letter will do as well, thought he, and he wrote one ; wrote it in his best hand, and most flowery style, to befit the occasion and the recipient. It began thus :—"How can you talk of *sanatoria*, my dear sir, when all the ancient honours of the capitol would not equal your deserts? Not though I had the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero combined, could I thank you adequately for all that you have done"—and so on for two pages. Happily for the writer and his grandiloquent style, Vincenzo gave Signor Onofrio the epistle to read, which he had received from his godfather, and which proved, beyond all doubt, that, off his Pegasus, the Signor Avvocato could write naturally, simply, and feelingly. Nay, there were in this second letter touches of felicitous humour, as when he expressed a hope that his godson, when he became Secretary for the Home Department, would not visit too heavily a poor rustic mayor's peccadilloes.

The Signor Avvocato was too full of his subject not to let something of it ooze out in Rose's presence. Rose did not seem at all dazzled by Vincenzo's brilliant worldly prospects. Indeed, she took the whole matter very coolly, and all she said was, that she was glad of it.

Shortly after, Vincenzo applied for a *sanatoria* in his turn. He had taken the liberty, he wrote, acting on the advice of his experienced friend, Signor Onofrio, to send in a request for the bestowal of the Cross of SS. Maurice and Lazare on the Signor Avvocato. The application had not met, and could not meet, with any difficulty. It was only affording the Government the opportunity of repairing an unjust oversight. He was now happy to say, that his Majesty had signed the nomination the day before, and he rejoiced to be the first to salute his dear godfather as Cavaliere. Official information of the honour conferred on him would be sent by the Minister of the Interior to Rumelli in a day or two, unless the Signor Avvocato could bring himself to

come to Turin for forty-eight hours, which would simplify all formalities. On the great pleasure such a visit would give to Signor Onofrio and the writer, the latter would not enlarge. The Signor Avvocato had for some time expressed the wish to consult one of the eminent physicians of the capital—would not that be another inducement for coming? In that hope Vincenzo remained, &c.

Let not the reader suppose for an instant that this crescendo of stirring tidings was the result of a preconcerted plot, artfully contrived with a view to gradually heating the Signor Avvocato to the proper degree of malleability for being moulded to a purpose. No such thing. Both Signor Onofrio and Vincenzo, as we know, pursued a certain object, but pursued it by legitimate means, and without the alloy of any, the least particle, of humbug. Signor Onofrio's letter to the Signor Avvocato had not been written one single day sooner or later than it would have been, had the Signor Avvocato not had a daughter, nor did it contain any single statement that was not in perfect accordance with truth: it was, in fact, only the reproduction of Signor Onofrio's conversation with Vincenzo. On his side, Vincenzo had drawn up the memorial in his godfather's behalf, when his patron, the minister, had told him to do so, and had apprised his godfather of the Cross being conferred on him the moment he had heard the news from the minister. Likewise, Vincenzo's hint to his godfather about coming to town proceeded from no deeper laid scheme, than the natural wish of seeing and partaking the gratification of one to whom his heart clung tenderly and deeply.

So far said, we resume our narrative. For the nonce, the excitement produced by Vincenzo's intelligence proved stronger than habit, ailments, and distrust of railways. The Signor Avvocato found a remnant of his activity of better days. He started immediately for Ibella, took the first train for the capital, and, by the evening of the same day, was comfortably installed, not a little to his own amazement, in one of

the hotels in Piazza Castello. Vincenzo, summoned by a note, was by his side in no time.

The Signor Avvocato's stay in town was short, but full and fraught with none but agreeable impressions. Turin was so much enlarged, so much altered for the better, since he had seen it last, that it was a real pleasure to drive through it. Then the Home Secretary, through whom he had received the decoration, welcomed him so courteously, complimented him with such tact, and used so flattering an emphasis in begging the favour of the Signor Cavaliere's company at dinner! He would have done just the same to any one, to whom he gave audience on a similar occasion; but the Signor Cavaliere took it all as a mark of personal distinction. His recollections of men in authority dated from an epoch when stiffness, self-importance, and haughtiness seemed the distinguishing attributes of power.

Still more gracious than his colleague of the Home Department, and equally hospitable to the new knight, was the minister, Vincenzo's patron, from whose official lips there fell into his guest's ear, after dinner, a confidential confirmation (not the less effective for its laconism, and the somewhat guarded tone in which it was delivered) of all the good he thought of, and the hopes he founded on young Vincenzo. Signor Onofrio took the new Cavaliere to the Chamber, found him a seat in the ambassadors' gallery, and pointed out to him all the remarkable men of the Assembly. The relations of the old gentleman's deceased wife, and the few old friends he visited, vied with each other as to who should show him most regard and cordiality. Doctor Moreri treated the indisposition, of which he complained, very lightly, and merely recommended daily exercise, and light diet, principally of vegetables. The very waiters at the hotel seemed bent on contributing their share to his happiness by never failing to call him Signor Cavaliere. Nothing pleases and flatters people accustomed to live in the country more, than the being paid a certain

degree of attention by the dwellers in great cities.

In short, the Signor Avvocato left town enchanted with everything and everybody, and within an ace of throwing the handle after the hatchet, according to his favourite figure of speech—only the fear of committing himself by a promise, which Rose, after all, might not ratify, kept him from binding himself more explicitly than by what might be implied from his parting words to Vincenzo, "By the way, mind you come to the palace for the vacation." Vincenzo, for all answer, grasped the old gentleman's hand within both his own, and pressed it to his heart. The gates of Eden were open again. "But—" added the Signor Avvocato, placing his finger significantly across his lips—

"Were my secret to suffocate me," said Vincenzo, fervently, "it shall not pass my lips without your leave."

"And if I never give it?" asked the Signor Avvocato, slyly.

"Then it shall die with me."

"Yes, sixty years hence," wound up the godfather, laughing outright. In this happy mood, the Signor Avvocato set off on his journey home.

All Ibella by this time knew, from having read of both events in the *Gazette*, of his visit to the capital, and of his having been made a knight, and at least half of Ibella equally knew of the exact moment of his return, from having seen Guiseppe with the gig on his way to the station. This was a task *de jure* devolving on Barnaby, but Barnaby was in one of his most intense fits of ignorance of his master's existence, and not to have saved his own soul would he have so much as lifted his little finger in that master's service. This the Signor Avvocato well knew, though unable to fathom the cause, and had accordingly sent word to Rose to despatch Guiseppe to the station. Well, one of those who had seen the gig pass in front of the *Caffe della Posta*, while sipping his coffee, was the Commandant of the National Guard of Ibella, a great friend, as we are aware, of the Signor Avvocato. "Hurrah! here

comes the new cavaliere," said he to the company, "let us go and do him honour who does honour to the country." All present adopted the motion by acclamation, with the exception of two or three very young men, who shrugged their shoulders and declared that they were not going to stir for a *Codino*. The Signor Avvocato's growing conservative tendencies since 1849, and more than that, his close alliance with that *Arcicodino*, the late Marquis, had greatly damaged the popularity of the owner of the palace with the youth of Ibella.

And so it came to pass that, on alighting on the platform, the Signor Avvocato met with a cluster of friendly faces, and a barricade of friendly hands, eager to press his, and bid him welcome back. Behold him presently walking up the High-street, the centre of a momentarily augmenting body guard, stopping to shake hands at every step, and nodding his head right and left to the tradesmen standing on the threshold of their shops. Other friendly faces, and other friendly hands are waiting for him at the *Caffe della Posta*, which cannot and will not be disappointed. A halt there becomes indispensable. "Come in, come in welcome, Signor Avvocato, welcome Signor Cavaliere." The new knight enters the *Caffe*, his train follows him, salutations recommence—hallo, waiters, a dozen of wine, if you please. For in this blessed world of ours there's no possible rejoicing without drinking. Corks pop, "the health of the Signor Cavaliere—long live the Signor Cavaliere." Glass clinks against glass, and the health is drunk with hearty cheers, in which the two or three dissentient youths join. Who could find it in his heart to dim the satisfaction beaming in that honest benevolent old countenance?

In the mean time the Rumellians had not been idle; that is, in one sense they had, inasmuch as they had been dancing attendance on the Signor Avvocato for these three hours. All the population of Rumelli was there, from the parish priest, D. Natale, and the Mayor at the head of the Town Council, down to the babies at the breast. When the Signor

Avvocato reached his own gate he had to get out of the gig, which he did amid the deafening cheers of the crowd, the "present arms" of the National Guard, and a flourish from the local band, which struck up with better will than success. After that, the Mayor in *esse*—a rich miller retired from business—came forward and read the ex-Mayor an address; and then D. Natale stepped forth, and read the ex-Mayor another address, or rather began to read it, for at the end of the second line he took to stammering and blubbering, seeing which the personage addressed took to stammering and blubbering also, and, to save decorum as much as possible, cut short all further orations by passing one arm under D. Natale's and the other under the Mayor's, and thus supported and supporting, limped up the avenue. D. Natale, if the truth must be told, was more than half in his dotage, and with him all emotion resolved itself into tears. Rose presently appeared, and there were plaudits and acclamations again, when the crowd beheld the father and daughter in each other's arms.

The whole household, including the out-door servants, were assembled on the flight of steps leading into the palace, and came to kiss the Signor Padrone's hand, and to offer their congratulations. One familiar face alone was wanting among the number—Barnaby was conspicuous by his absence. Was he then indifferent to his master's good fortune? Far from it. Barnaby, hidden in a corner, was melting away in tears of pride and joy—Barnaby would fain have kissed the Signor *Padrone's* footprints, but Barnaby had fancied grievances against this adored *Padrone* of his, and could not, and would not give them up—no, rather die first.

By this time the conquering hero, well-nigh spent with fatigue and emotion, after ushering into the great hall D. Natale, the Mayor, the Town Council, and other notabilities, sank exhausted into a chair. The scene of the *Caffe della Posta* was re-acted, bottles appeared, corks were drawn, bumpers of wine handed round, and toasts drunk *secundum morem*. "Thank you," said the

hospitable host, who felt past speechifying, "thank you from the bottom of my heart. I can say no more for the present; my strength is not equal to my goodwill; come and dine with me to-morrow, when I hope I shall be able to acknowledge your kind welcome more formally, if not more sincerely,—no, no, my dear friends, you needn't go—stay and make yourselves at home—only, excuse me for not entertaining you, as I ought to do." The company tarried yet a little, glasses went round once more, and then they all discreetly withdrew. The folks outside had, each and all, in the meantime, partaken of the traditional hospitality of the family. Miss Rose was an invaluable mistress of the house on such occasions.

"Well, and how is Vincenzo?" asked she, as she was lighting her father up to his bedroom.

"Vincenzo is as brisk as a bee," said papa, "and in a fair way of becoming somebody. I wish you had seen him, my dear, at the table of the Minister, so self-possessed, every inch a gentleman. No one would ever have imagined him to be the son of a peasant."

"What does that signify?" observed Miss Rose. "Grandpapa was a peasant, was he not, and haven't you the manners of a Prince?"

"You little flatterer!" said the Signor Avvocato, pleased; "but, my dear, the figure of a man counts for a good deal in all that has to do with manners; and allow me to say, though I say it who should not, that between my figure and that of Vincenzo, that is when I was young, there is some difference—a great difference."

"I allow it, papa—Vincenzo is handsome in his way, though."

Papa looked searchingly at her; then said, "I see how it is; had I proposed him to you instead of that poor Del Palmetto, you would have given me quite another answer."

"Who knows?" said she, laughing; "but I am not in a hurry to marry."

"Do you mean to tell me you would have refused him?" urged her father.

"Him? Who?" asked Rose.

"I speak of Vincenzo, of course."

"How can one refuse that which is not offered?" said she, laughing again.

"Ah! you hypocrite—suppose, for supposing's sake, that I offer him to you?"

"What is the use of answering suppositions? Good night, papa;" and she tripped away.

To be continued.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot:
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.
It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain:
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain;
Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee:
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.
My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine:

And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.
One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.
He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.
Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

FROM ATHOS TO SALONICA.

BY W. G. C.

THE following pages are extracted from a journal written during a tour in the summer of 1861.

This journal was filled up day by day at the earliest opportunity, while the incidents of travel were still fresh in the recollection. The party consisted of the writer, an English friend, and his servant, Theodosius (called George, for shortness), a Greek, nimble in hand and tongue. Among other autobiographical stories, he told us how he got his second name. An English officer, bound for the Crimea, engaged him as his servant. When told his name, "Theo—what?" said he; "never heard of such an outlandish name! You shall be George!" And George he was.

We had come by sea from Constantinople to Mount Athos, and had ridden round the peninsula, visiting some sixteen of the twenty-one convents on the way, beginning with Rossikó, and ending with Chiliandari. Thence we were about to make our way along the coast to Salonica:—

Sept. 13. We left the monastery about noon. The fathers furnished us with mules and a guide, a Bulgarian, very ignorant and very stupid, scarcely able to speak a word of Greek, and not able to speak a word of any other language known to us.

Following a sandy watercourse, thickly dotted over with plane-trees, we soon came to the sea, close to the edge of which stood a monastic building now abandoned and in ruins. Our way thence led uphill and downhill, through pine-woods, over a sandy soil. Whenever we reached open ground, we saw to our right hand the deep blue sea, contrasting with the bright green of the stone pines and the white sands of the beach. Turning round, every now and then, we had splendid views of the Peak of Athos, rising white, bare, and

abrupt above the successive tiers of wooded ridges which run across the promontory, rising higher and higher as they approach the culminating point. At 1.50, we passed a small guard-house, where were two men, in Greek costume—part of the police force maintained by the monks. This marks the limit of the sacred mountain. We did not, however, get clear of the hills for some time. At 3.30, we came to a little well of brackish water, as we descended the outermost hill. There we rested, and ate our brown bread (all the provisions we had), for nearly half an hour; then resuming our journey, we came to flat, marshy ground, with a low range of hills still on our left. From this time, as we surmounted each little eminence and descended into the grassy plain below, we kept looking eagerly for the traces of Xerxes' Canal. At last, just before sunset, we came to a plain where the ground was all but level, between sea and sea, and across which ran, in a straight line, what looked like the abandoned bed of a river, some twenty yards in width. "Here," we said, "at last, is the Canal!"

We had just arrived at this conclusion, when our guide called out, in articulate speech, "*ἐδῶ εἶναι ὁ προύλακας.*" Now, *προύλακας* is clearly a corruption of *προαίλακας*, as Leake has mentioned. Here, therefore, was the long-looked-for spot. From the high ground beyond the plain, we could trace very clearly the whole course of the canal. Commencing to the north of a round, wooded hill on the Singitic Gulf—the Acropolis, doubtless, of the ancient Sane—it continues for a few hundred yards in a straight course, then makes a bend to the right, and then again runs parallel to its first direction to the Ægean sea. The distance is under a mile and a half—twelve furlongs, as Herodotus says, and the ground, which required cutting, nowhere more than fifty feet above the

sea-level.¹ The course of the canal may be traced by a line of shrubs and trees, and greener grass. Were it worth while, it might be re-opened at no great cost. The mighty marvel which Juvenal refused to credit, had been surpassed, over and over again, by his own countrymen. The execution of the work was a mere trifle, considering the resources which Xerxes had at his command, and it was probably a very wise undertaking. Xerxes, of course, intended to add Thrace and Greece, and all the intervening coast, permanently to his dominions; and to the timid navigators of the time, whose plan was always to hug the shore, it was no small gain to escape the necessity of doubling the Cape of Athos, so exposed to the fury of the Etesian winds, and so ill provided with harbours. I cannot but think that Juvenal must have confused in his mind the Canal of Xerxes, and the project of the mad artist who wanted to carve Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great.

We contemplated the scene as long as the light lasted; then pursuing our way on foot, for we were wearied of the saddle, we reached Erissó by moonlight, at half-past seven. It is not more than two miles distant from the Canal. We had a letter from the Abbot of Sphigmenú to one Anagnostes Marit, whose house we were conducted to by the first person we met in the street. Anagnostes himself was gone that very day to Thasos to look after his bees, but we were received with great alacrity by his wife and family, who bestirred themselves to get us supper, and to prepare the best chamber for us to sleep in. The houses are all on the same plan. The lower floor, built of rough stone, is occupied by granary, store-room, and stables; the upper, built of wood and mud white-washed, consists of two or three rooms, opening out upon a wide gallery all of wood, extending the length of the house, and resting on scaffolding projecting far

over the main wall. The room in which we slept contained the arms and linen of the household, and a quantity of miscellaneous wares in barrels and jars. We had no rest, owing to the incessant attacks of the sand-flies, which sound no trumpet of alarm like the mosquitoes, but whose bite is sufficiently painful to wake one out of the profoundest sleep. We were right glad when the morning came.

Sept. 14. As soon as it was daylight, I got up and went to look about the modern village, Erissó, for traces of the ancient city—Acanthus. I was not long in finding what remains of it—fourteen rows of granite blocks, squared and built after the Hellenic fashion without mortar. The blocks are not high compared with their length and breadth. One that I measured (being a corner stone I *could* measure it), was five feet long, three and a half feet thick, and only one foot and a quarter in height. This was evidently the site of the Acropolis, which was subsequently occupied by a mediæval fortress, now more ruinous than the Hellenic.

The hill on which it stands sinks abruptly on the seaward side. Between hill and sea, are a few hundred yards of level ground. The sea is a few hundred yards distant; and I thought I could see where the "long walls" of Acanthus must have run, connecting the upper town with the harbour. Nature, indeed, has provided no "harbour," but it is comparatively easy to construct one in a tideless sea. The storms of centuries have, doubtless, buried the piers deep in sand, and, excepting the above-mentioned wall, there is not a trace of the old City to be seen.

The women of Erissó wear coloured handkerchiefs, knotted so as to make a kind of turban, on the head, and for gown the heavy woollen blanket-like stuff which one sees in Greece proper. The men wear a tunic, which is to the Albanian "*fustanella*" what the petticoats of the women are to the crinolines of Western Europe, such a one as their ancestors wore in the days of Xerxes, greaves of embroidered cloth, a sash

¹ It thus answers exactly to the description of Herodotus, vii. 22: "An isthmus about 12 stades wide, consisting of level ground and low hills."

wound many times round the waist, a gay jacket without sleeves, and on the head a red "fez," with a handkerchief like that of the women.

We set off at eight, with four mules and three men. We agreed to give 30 piasters per mule per diem—at the rate of 110 piasters per pound sterling—a bad bargain, we were told afterwards at Salonica; but then we were strangers, and unused to bargaining, and ignorant of the value of time and labour to man and mule in those parts.

We traversed first a long plain, covered with vines and Indian corn. Part of this district had been recently the subject of a lawsuit between the town of Erissó and the monastery of Chiliandari. It had been, they told us, in the possession of Erissó from time immemorial, but, nevertheless, the monks, who dearly love a lawsuit, thought they had found a flaw in the title, and brought an action against the town.

The case was tried at Constantinople, and decided in favour of Erissó; but the victory had cost them 300,000 piasters, and the monastery had been mulcted to a still larger amount. However, the fathers were rich, and intended to appeal to some other tribunal, and the town of Erissó, being very poor, looked forward with dismay to a second suit. Moreover, of the three hundred householders (*onomata* is the technical word) of Erissó, fifty had no share in the land, and grumbled much at being taxed for the costs of a suit in which they were not concerned.

By-and-bye we passed a farm belonging (without dispute) to Chiliandari, where there were many white mulberry trees, the kind on which silkworms feed. As we began to climb the first slopes of the hills, we passed great heaps of refuse of abandoned gold and silver mines, which reminded us that hereabouts Thucydides had some mines in right of his Thracian wife. These, however, must have been worked in comparatively recent times.

Five years ago I met at Constantinople an Irishman who was trying to form a company for the reworking of the mines

opposite Thasos, for he said it had been found profitable in England to employ the improved machinery of the present day in resifting the heaps of refuse left by the miners of ruder days. What became of the company I never heard. I trust that its liabilities were "limited."

Still climbing, and getting wider and wider views over the sea and land, we reached the mountain village of Nizvoro at half-past twelve. It lies on the northward slope of a ridge, rising, perhaps, to the height of 2,500 feet, covered towards the top with green grass, and beautifully sprinkled with trees, beech and oak. On the eastern side of the village the ground breaks away abruptly, and is seamed by deep gullies. The earth, bare of vegetation, is partly of a deep red, and partly of a shining black, like the *débris* of some vast mine. It is, however, merely Nature's handiwork, but I am not geologist enough to give a guess at the cause. Like Erissó, and all the villages on these hills, Nizvoro is exclusively Greek. It is governed by a proestós, or mayor, chosen annually by the heads of families, subject to the approval of the Pasha, or Modur, of the district. He keeps order and collects taxes. We went to the house of the proestós for the time being, as the person whose duty it was to receive strangers. He was himself absent, but his son, a fine young fellow of five-and-twenty, welcomed us in his stead. In the room where we dined were forty or fifty old guns, all without locks, deposited there, we were told, by order of the Government, which does not allow any one to possess a gun till he has taken out a *teskere* or licence, which costs 100 piasters per annum. The son of the proestós accompanied me in a walk about the village. We met with an old man of seventy, or thereabouts, who, in answer to my question about ancient remains, informed me that at a distance of an hour and a half near the sea-shore were the ruins of the ancient "Stagier, birth-place of Aristotle," at a place now called Siderokapsa. (This name I find in Kiepert's map, given not to a village, but to a district including Nizvoro.)

When I asked him how he knew that it was Stagier, he said that the "didaskalos," or schoolmaster, had shown him an old book on geography, in which the fact was stated. Apropos of the didaskalos, I inquired whether there was a school in the place, and was told that there was, that it contained on an average twenty boys, that the teacher was paid partly by the common fund of the village, and partly by the parents of the boys, and that altogether he made 4,000 piasters a year.

Now, at the mention of the didaskalos I did not observe any alteration in the young man's countenance, nor in the house did we see any sign of trouble; yet, as we learnt on the road from our muleteers, a most tragic event had recently happened in the family. The daughter of the *proestós*, sister of the young man who walked with me, had been for some years married to the didaskalos, who to his functions as schoolmaster united the profession of a lawyer, and was much consulted and respected in the country. His wife, it seems, was unworthy of, and unfaithful to, him. After many scandalous disorders, she at last crowned her iniquity by first drugging him with laudanum, and then cutting his throat as he slept. She and her lover hid the body in a closet, and then fled. The suspicions of the neighbours were roused; they broke into the house, discovered the corpse, and soon after arrested the culprits, who were sent to Salonica, and, under a searching examination from the Pasha, made a full confession, and were sentenced to be hung. This crime had been committed only a fortnight before our visit. But the catalogue of disasters was not complete. The wife of the young man, the murderer's brother, was so shocked at the news that it brought on an illness, of which she died in a few days. Yet the husband wore no mourning, and showed, as I have said, no sign of grief. On our way to Elerigova we met the old father returning. He held his head down as we passed, and seemed completely overwhelmed with sorrow. (This tragic story was

confirmed in all its particulars by trustworthy people at Salonica.)

Less than a mile from Nizvoro is a ruined castle, once of great extent. It is called Paleocastro, and was the residence of the Pasha of the district. The scenery is very fine between this place and Elerigova. The path lies sometimes among woods, and sometimes through green pastures surrounded by hills covered with beech or oak. Every now and then there is a slope of golden fern up to the edge of the wood, reminding one of the park scenery of Old England. A ride of three hours and forty minutes brought us to the prosperous village of Elerigova, girdled with gardens and orchards, just as the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the blue smoke that rose from all its chimneys.

We stayed at a khan kept by one Constantine Agapeta. We had an upper room, so full of fleas that we could get no rest. We had also a tough chicken, some grapes, and coffee, for which we were charged the preposterous sum of eighty piasters. Let no one who can possibly help it stay at the khan of Constantine Agapeta.

I noticed that the old men, who meet every evening in a kind of open space which serves for "agora," though Greeks in race and religion, wear the Turkish dress, turbans and trousers, while the young men wear the Greek or Albanian kilt.

We left Elerigova right gladly at half-past eight the next morning, Sept. 15. There had been some rain during the night, and the cold mists were still clinging about the high grounds along which our road lay. But the sun soon scattered them, and enabled us to see the magnificent views which opened before us, changing at every turn. The path lies through woods, and along the southern face of the mountain, so that we saw the three peninsulas of Chalcidicé, Athos, and Cassandra, with the gulfs between and the sea around, now one and now another, and sometimes all three together, spread below us as in a map. Athos is the most mountainous,

and Cassandra the most level of the three. Hence the last named, being more adapted for human occupation, plays the greatest part in history, containing, among other cities, Potidæa and Scione. Sometimes we were on the very crest of the hill, and looked landwards over a wide sweep of rolling ground, sprinkled with trees, and the lakes of Basil and Beshek, the ancient Bolbe. Suddenly our path turned along the western slope of the mountain, and, instead of Athos, we saw a far higher mountain, soaring above the blue mist which hid his base, far away over the sea. We had exchanged Athos for Olympus. Southward was the peak of Ossa, almost rivalling Olympus in apparent height, though not in bulk.

Two hours from Elerigova is a fountain, where some ten days before our visit a party of twelve gipsies had come upon twelve others in their sleep, murdered ten, and left for dead the two remaining ones. They, however, recovered, and bore evidence against the murderers, who, we were glad to learn, were safely lodged in the prison at Salonica, awaiting their punishment. This story, which we did not at first believe, was, like the former, confirmed to us by the testimony of our friends at Salonica.

After four hours' ride we came to the fountain of Kerasia, in a grassy glade surrounded by oak woods. Spreading our plaids under a tree, we had luncheon and a brief sleep. Then, resuming our journey, we came, after a ride of four hours' more, to Galatista. The path generally falls from Kerasia, and there is quite a steep descent by a paved road down a bare hill-side to Galatista, whither we had sent our most active attendant before us to look out for a clean lodging. This he found in a house just built, and we were forthwith installed in a little room which had never been occupied before—so they told us. It was, however, provided with divans, on which we managed to sleep very comfortably. Galatista is beautifully situated on the side of a hill, looking over a wide and fertile valley, bounded

on the other side by a low range of hills, over which towered the great Olympus, all rosy-purple, with the golden sunset streaming behind it. The houses are, as usual, built of rough stones and mortar, with wooden beams introduced at intervals, as a security against earthquakes. The upper part of the house is all wood, except only the tiles of the roof. The houses stand detached, with mulberry trees sprinkled among them. There are, as I was told, three hundred houses and six churches, an allowance of church accommodation larger even than is enjoyed by the City of London—only the sacred buildings at Galatista are probably small, for I did not see one of them. Near our lodging was a large ruined tower of mediæval construction, the only noticeable building in the place. The women here have a peculiar head-dress. A cylinder, of I know not what material, about the size of a common tumbler-glass, is set on the crown of the head, and then covered with a white linen veil, which in front comes down as far as the eyebrows, and behind falls in folds on the shoulders. The effect is not ungraceful.

Sept. 16. We were in the saddle—if I may dignify the wooden cradle which the mules carry by that name—before sunrise. Descending into the valley, we passed, at eight o'clock, Vasilika, a village in a well-watered place, surrounded with mulberry-trees and gardens exuberantly fertile. In the plain beyond there was nothing remarkable except some tumuli, of which I counted seven in different places, three being of enormous size, and covering, I dare say, the bones of brave men who lived before Agamemnon. We passed another very large one about a mile from the walls of Salonica. We passed, also, two Turkish baths, ruinous, but still used, built over natural sources of warm mineral water. There are now no warm baths at Salonica, although the town derived its ancient name, *Thermæ*, from that source. Probably the water was brought in pipes from a distance. There are many such springs in the neighbourhood, and the water issues at

a very high temperature. All the way we saw nothing living except some kites and hawks circling high in air.

At half-past ten, after a ride of five hours, we reached our promised resting-place, the fountain of Matzarvis, where we stayed for two hours under the shade of a plane-tree. A quarter of a mile off, between us and the sea, was a Turkish village and mosque ruined and deserted—a mute confirmation of what we heard on all hands respecting the decay of the Turkish population in these regions. This was to be the last of our midday *al fresco* halts. It came to an end, leaving behind it “the immortal memory of one happy hour” (two happy hours, in plain prose and fact). It is worth while encountering all the fatigues of a journey on mule or horseback, merely for the pleasure of the siesta—the delights of rest earned by fatigue and the gratification of real hunger and real thirst, which, in our artificial life at home, few of us ever experience. And then the travellers have many things to say to one another which they had been thinking about on the way, but could not communicate because the unsociable mules will not go abreast, and the clatter of their iron shoes along the stony road drowns the voice and enforces silence. Besides, it brought to my mind similar halts in the Morea and Northern Greece with — and —, in former days.

After a further ride of two hours and twenty minutes we reached Salonica, skirting some vineyards on the way. Any passing traveller may take of the fruit as much as he can eat; to carry away more is thieving. For conscience sake, we ate all we took. The appearance of the town is very striking. A quadrangle of battlemented walls—a world too wide for the shrunk city—encloses a space of, perhaps, two square miles on a bare hill sloping steeply from the shore. Above is the Acropolis, called, in modern times, “the castle of the seven towers,” and divided by a transverse wall from the lower town. Each angle at the shore is flanked by a large white round tower. Not far from the gate we

passed a huge barrack partly burnt three years ago, and, in Turkish fashion, altogether abandoned in consequence. Why is it that the Turks never repair anything?

A few minutes more and we arrived at the gate. We had, however, to traverse the whole width of the city before reaching the British Consul’s house. A long and comparatively broad street, passing from gate to gate, preserves the line of the Roman Via Egnatia. Between it and the harbour the streets are tortuous, and the population dense; above, the houses get more and more sparse, the patches of ruin more frequent, till you reach the open ground which intervenes between city and citadel. My companion took up his abode with our Consul, while I went to inquire for Mr. Robert A., a wealthy English merchant, to whom I had an introduction. Mr. A.—next to the Pasha, perhaps, the most important man in Salonica—is spoken of, and spoken to, only by the name of “Bobby.” With the Jews, he is “El Senor Bobby”; with the Greeks, *ὁ Κύριος Βόββυ*; with the Turks, “Bobby Effendi.” I found him in a large building, which is, at once, counting-house and warehouse, and received a hospitable invitation, which I gladly accepted; and so, after seeing some of the sights of the town, was driven out, in an unoriental phaeton at the unoriental pace of ten miles an hour, to a pleasant country-house on the shore.

The rich abundance of an English dinner-table contrasted strongly (and shall I be thought sensual if I add favourably?) with the Lenten entertainment of the monks of Athos. After nightfall, lounging on the balcony, we looked across the bay at the city, which presented a strange and beautiful sight. It was the eve of the birthday of the Prophet, and all the minarets were illuminated with a circle of lamps hung round the gallery. One might fancy them to be so many crowns of light suspended in the air over the holy places of the city. A Turkish man-of-war, in the harbour, was dressed with lamps over hull and rigging; and every now and then a rocket shot up into the

night, and fell in a shower of golden rain. A reflected shower rushed upwards from the depths, and met it on the still, glassy surface of the water.

Next morning, September 17, having been wakened at dawn by the salvos of cannon announcing the feast-day, I crossed the harbour early with Mr. A. in his boat—a little craft with which he ventures out in the roughest weather. Not a month before this he was upset, in crossing from the town, by a sudden squall, and saved himself by clinging to the floating hull for two hours; when he was rescued, at last, by a man-of-war's boat. Among the ships at anchor in the bay was the French steamer, which was to take me that evening to the Dardanelles. I proposed to leave my luggage on board at once, but this I found could not be done without special permission; accordingly, after we had landed, we elbowed our way through a dense mass of men, by dint partly of physical and partly of moral force (for who would hustle or impede the owner of half-a-million?) to the chief official of the Custom-house, who was smoking a chibouque tranquilly in the midst of a tumultuous crowd of petitioners. He at once gave permission for my luggage to be taken, without examination, on board the steamer. Except by such special leave, all luggage leaving the port is examined, because there is an export duty on all goods of 12 per cent., whether they are shipped for a foreign or a Turkish port. The result of this absurd regulation is absolutely to prohibit the home trade in many articles. Thus, for example, corn from Odessa on arriving at Constantinople pays a duty of 5 per cent., while corn from Salonica pays 12, which gives an advantage of 7 per cent. to the Russian. And this duty is imposed not at Salonica alone, but in all the ports of Turkey. The authorities have at last become aware of the absurdity, the suicidal folly, of the old system, and a new tariff has just been published, which is to come into force in October next, by which the export duty is reduced to 8 per cent. The following year it is to be 7; and a

similar reduction is to take place yearly, till the duty has dwindled to 1 per cent., where it is to remain.

Delivered from my "impedimenta," I went to the British Consul's. I found him and Mr. S. at breakfast. The Consul was about to proceed by the next steamer to Mount Athos, having been invited to act as arbitrator in the great water-question between the monasteries of Kutlumush and Pantocrator. Mr. S. determined to return with him to see the monasteries we had left unvisited.

After breakfast Mr. B. came, according to appointment, to escort us over the sights of the town. Mr. B. is a missionary "*sans en avoir l'air*." He carried in his hand a dog-whip with which he frightened and sometimes hurt the "gamins" who came in our way. We found him full of information, for he has lived long in the place, and very glad to communicate it, for he has seldom an opportunity of doing so. He has made himself a comfortable little English home—which, of course, implies that he has an English wife—where he entertained us hospitably with Edinburgh ale. Thus fortified, we set out on our walk. First, we went to what is called the Arch of Augustus, in the western wall of the city. The masonry is excellent, and may belong either to the Augustan age or to that of Cassander. An inscription on the wall close by¹ does not help us to a date (excepting that the names show it to have been put there in Roman times); nor, indeed, do we know that it is coeval with the archway. It is chiefly interesting as containing the titles of certain magistrates of the city. One of these officers styles himself "Son of Cleopatra," as if he were "without father born."

We next went to the Church of the Holy Apostles—a Byzantine church of the usual brick-and-mortar masonry with marble columns in the portico, a dome in the centre, and four smaller domes round it. The church is very small, but, like the old cathedral of Athens, it has an air of great antiquity, and enjoys a

¹ Given by Leake.

reputation accordingly. It is now, like all the old churches of Salonica, a mosque. We made vain attempts to find the hodja—the headle who keeps the keys—and so were obliged to content ourselves with a survey of the outside.¹

Not far off is a curious monument of old Thessalonica, which had already fallen in my way the day before. It is a decorative façade, whether of an agora, a hippodrome or other public building, of two stories, the first columns with plain shafts and Corinthian capitals, supporting horizontal architraves and entablature, above which, at equal distances, are four pilasters, with a statue in high relief on either side supporting a cornice. The whole is of white marble, and some of the blocks resting on the pillars are of enormous size—one, for instance, which I measured roughly, is twelve feet long, four wide, and two high. The pairs of statues, which are much mutilated, appear to represent—1. Ganymede and Leda. 2. Paris, with goat and Phrygian cap, and Ceres. 3. Venus and Bacchus with his panther. 4. A winged Victory and Triton blowing a horn. The combination is somewhat bizarre; but, probably, as both figures could not be seen at once they were not intended to have any relation to each other. The work appears to belong rather to Macedonian than Roman times; but, considering the eclecticism and imitative spirit which prevailed from the time of Alexander to that of Hadrian, it is impossible to pronounce a definite opinion. The Spanish Jews who form the great mass of the inhabitants of Salonica, call these figures, “Las Incantadas,” supposing them to have been petrified by magic. Several Jewish families occupy the house which is

¹ Mr. Finlay, whom I saw afterwards at Athens, told me that he had failed also to find the hodja. The church, however, he says, is not so old as it looks. Over the door are the words *πατριάρχης και κληρικός*, and the same words are inscribed on the pillars of the portico, with the addition of the name of this patriarch and founder—Niphon. Now, Niphon the First was patriarch from 1313 to 1315, and to him, doubtless, the building of the church must be assigned.

attached to the edifice, and it is only by entering and going upstairs that one can obtain a good view of the sculptures. A host of young Israelites surrounded us, begging in clamorous and shameless fashion. On a kind of terrace, on the second story of the house, they had put up a wooden frame-work intertwined with reeds. This, they told us, was for the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles on the following Saturday. With what tenacity does this people cling to the outward ceremonies of their religion! After all their wanderings from Palestine to Italy and Spain, and thence back to the East—after all their persecutions, we find them practising in the midst of a busy commercial city a custom learnt 3,000 years ago in the deserts of Arabia. Yet, if general report may be trusted, the Jews of Salonica are a most degraded race, and have long forgotten the moral teaching of their sacred books.

The population of Salonica is estimated by the best informed of its inhabitants at 70,000, of whom 50,000 are Jews, 10,000 Greeks, and 10,000 Turks. To this we must add about 400 Turks, consuls, merchants, and refugees, Italian or Hungarian. Our next visit was to the Eski Djaniss, or “old mosque,” which has been a church—*what* church our conductor did not know. It is in the form of a basilica. It has a nave and two aisles, and a gallery for women corresponding to our triforium. At the eastern end is an apse. The length of the nave is forty-four paces, its breadth eighteen, and that of each aisle eight. There are on each side twelve columns, with plain shafts and capitals of contorted and exaggerated foliage, with Ionic volutes. They belonged probably to a church still earlier than the present building, for the arches spring from capitals placed upon the former capitals, of much ruder design and workmanship. The only persons in the mosque beside ourselves were some Jews, who were engaged in beating the husk from some boiled wheat for the use of the Turkish hodja. They had put the corn in what had been the Christian

font, hollowed out of a pagan *cippus* or tombstone, on which the inscription in Greek was still legible. It would be difficult to imagine a stranger combination of creeds.

S. Sophia's—now, of course, a mosque—was built in humble imitation of its namesake at Constantinople. The Turks added a portico supported with marble pillars and a minaret. In front is a court with some plane lime and cypress trees. The entrance to this court dates from Christian times, as does the octagonal belfry tower. Inside are six pillars of verde antique with the foliage of the capitals violently contorted, as if in a high wind—the same style which we had observed in the basilica. Some short pillars support the Gynæconitis, or women's gallery above. In the dome is a mosaic of the Ascension, the Virgin and the Apostles standing round, with trees between each figure. The figure of our Lord has been obliterated by the Turks, and its place supplied by an inscription; the feet, however, are still left, supported by two angels. The whole verse, "Ye men of Galilee," &c. is inscribed on the mosaic. In the apse is another mosaic of the Virgin and Child. The great treasure of the church is a pulpit of verde antique, called St. Paul's. From the style of its rude carvings, it cannot be older than the fifth or sixth century, and may be much later.

The so-called "Arch of Constantine" spans what I have before mentioned as the main street of the old, as it still is of the modern town, the Via Egnatia. It is now reduced to mere naked brickwork, except the basement, which is covered with sculptures in high relief, unfortunately concealed for the most part by wooden shops. One of the sides represents, in the upper division, an emperor entering a town in a triumphal car. There is a touch of humour in the introduction of Cæsar's dog trotting by his side. In the lower compartment is a battle. The workmanship seems to me more like the time of Trajan. If the arch be called Constantine's on any good authority, it may be an earlier arch

renamed, or the figures may have been stolen to adorn it, as in the Arch of Constantine at Rome. Only a fragment of the original gate remains. It has evidently been quadruple, in the form of the Arc de l'Étoile at Paris.

The Rotunda was, it is said, a temple of Castor and Pollux before it was the Church of St. George. The form is indicated by the name. Perhaps it was originally suggested by the Pantheon. The walls are twenty-two feet thick, and its interior diameter eighty feet. At the time of its conversion an apse was added. Round the lower part of the dome are some curious mosaics, figures of Apostles, &c., in eight compartments, standing under an arcade, or portico, of highly ornamental architecture—such as Paul Veronese was fond of introducing in his pictures—with here and there a peacock or other gorgeous bird perched aloft, and in each a Greek inscription, which the distance and the dim light prevented me from reading. In the pavement of the floor are pieces of pavonazetto and fragments of pilasters, which, probably, once faced the walls.

In the precinct of the mosque is a pulpit, which disputes with that in St. Sophia the honour of having been St. Paul's. This is of white marble, larger and more elaborate than the other, but almost as rude in workmanship. It has been intended to stand against a wall, and is ascended by a winding staircase of six steps. Its height is six feet three inches. On the top is a very small space for the preacher to stand or sit, and no appearance of balustrade to prevent him falling off. In the pulpit in St. Sophia's, still used by the Turks, the preacher sits, and there is a cushion for his accommodation. This is only used as a plaything for children, half a dozen of whom were clustered about it. On the outside are three niches, rounded at top in the shape of a shell, and divided by a little column and foliated capital. In each niche is a rude, misshapen figure of a barbarian soldier in trousers and Phrygian cap, reminding one of the figures which stand over the Arch of Constantine at Rome, and were stolen,

as I have before said, from the Arch of Trajan. But this is a ruder and, probably, a much later work, and over each capital an eagle in low relief. One of the capitals had been freshly broken off: a piece of vandalism, of which I was sorry to hear that an Englishman—or, rather, an Irishman—had been guilty. He was in command of one of Her Majesty's ships, and ought to have set a better example. This pulpit, if we assign to it the latest possible date, is a precious relic of Christian antiquity. If it had been, as this Captain O'Vandal, doubtless, supposed it to be—the pulpit of St. Paul—his offence would have been not merely barbarous, but sacrilegious. We had some difficulty in getting admission to the mosque, which was the church of St. Demetrius. It was now nearly one o'clock, and the time when every good Mussulman takes a snooze—as regularly as he says his prayers. We kicked violently at the hodja's door, and at last succeeded in wakening, to a certain extent, his beadleship's son; a fat, handsome, heavy-eyed youth of seventeen, who put his head out of the window and told us to wait, which we did, while he withdrew apparently to finish a dream that he was about. At last, he came down and opened the church-door, and forthwith sat down on a step with his head against a pillar and resumed his slumber, leaving us to examine the place at our leisure. We found ourselves in a spacious building, more like the type of a Western church than any we had yet seen, with nave and double aisles, triforium, and clerestory. The triforium, or women's gallery extended over the outer aisle on each side. The columns were of verde antique, and a white, blue-veined marble. There were also four columns of red Egyptian granite; all, no doubt, spoils of various temples of pagan Thessalonica. The church was paved throughout with marble of a blueish tint. On the northern wall of the nave is a monument in the Renaissance style, with a long Greek inscription commemorating a certain Spadone, a Greek, who left

his money to found an institution for the education of his countrymen. The date is Ρ. λ. Π. Θ. i.e. 6989, reckoned, in the usual Byzantine fashion, from the creation of the world. The date of the Christian era is, according to this mode of counting, 5508, deducting which, we get for the date of the monument, 1480 A.D., which is remarkable as showing that the Turks left to the Christians at Salonica, as at Constantinople, the possession of their churches long after the Conquest. Salonica has been continuously in the possession of the Turks since its capture by Murad II., in 1430.

There is a well in the church (a very common case) of pure cold water. We can scarcely doubt that the same well had been protected by a pagan temple, as it was afterwards by a Christian church, and is now by a Mahometan mosque. In these countries water is the first necessity, and the crowning luxury; water is fertility, abundance, life; the want of water is famine, desolation, death. What wonder if so precious a thing were attributed to the popular imagination to a special bounty of a God or, saint—if temples were erected to serve at once for the safe keeping of the treasure and as memorials of the gift!

The church, too, possesses another treasure in the grave of St. Demetrius himself, illustrious for many miracles, and a place of pilgrimage to this day. The Turks do not interfere with a practice which their own customs sanction, and which brings them in a considerable profit. The Turkish hodja is paid for trimming the lamp which is kept always burning over the grave. There is no inscription on the stone which is supposed to cover the saint's bones. Once a year on the feast day, the little vault is filled from morning to night with crowds of worshippers, whose hot breath, condensed into drops on the cold stone, is supposed to be the sweat of the saint's bones miraculously exuding, and of sovereign efficacy if rubbed on ulcers, or any ailing parts of the body.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"Now," said Tom, "I am ready to be off, if it's to the world's end."

"Ah!" said the fairy, "that is a brave, good boy. But you must go further than the world's end, if you want to find Mr. Grimes; for he is at the Other End Of Nowhere. You must go to Shiny Wall, and through the white gate that never was opened; and then you will come to Peacepool, and Mother Carey's Haven, where the good whales go when they die. And there Mother Carey will tell you the way to the Other End Of Nowhere, and there you will find Mr. Grimes."

"Oh, dear!" said Tom. "But I do not know my way to Shiny Wall, or where it is at all."

"Little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves, or they will never grow to be men; so that you must ask all the beasts in the sea and the birds in the air, and if you have been good to them, some of them will tell you the way to Shiny Wall."

"Well," said Tom, "it will be a long journey, so I had better start at once. Good-bye, Ellie; you know I am getting a big boy, and I must go out and see the world."

"I know you must," said Ellie; "but you will not forget me, Tom. I shall wait here till you come."

And she shook hands with him, and bade him good-bye. Tom longed very much again to kiss her; but he thought it would not be respectful, considering she was a lady born; so he promised not to forget her: but his little whirl-about of a head was so full of the notion of going out to see the world, that it forgot her in five minutes: but though

his head forgot her, I am glad to say his heart did not.

So he asked all the beasts in the sea, and all the birds in the air, but none of them knew the way to Shiny Wall. For why? He was still too far down south.

Then he met a ship, far larger than he had ever seen—a gallant ocean-steamer, with a long cloud of smoke trailing behind; and he wondered how she went on without sails, and swam up to her to see. A school of dolphins were running races round and round her, going three feet for her one, and Tom asked them the way to Shiny Wall: but they did not know. Then he tried to find out how she moved, and at last he saw her screw, and was so delighted with it that he played under her quarter all day, till he nearly had his nose knocked off by the fans, and thought it time to move. Then he watched the sailors upon deck, and the ladies, with their bonnets and parasols: but none of them could see him, because their eyes were not opened—as, indeed, most people's eyes are not.

At last there came out into the quarter-gallery a very pretty lady, in deep black widow's weeds, and in her arms a baby. She leaned over the quarter-gallery, and looked back and back toward England far away; and as she looked she sang:

(1)

"Soft, soft wind, from out the sweet
south sliding,

Waft thy silver cloud-webs athwart the
summer sea;

Thin thin threads of mist on dewy
fingers twining

Weave a veil of dappled gauze, to shade
my babe and me.

(2)

"Deep, deep Love, within thine own
abyss abiding,
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord, on earth,
and air, and sea ;
Worn weary hearts within Thy holy
temple hiding,
Shield from sorrow, sin, and shame my
seely babe and me."

Her voice was so soft and low, and the music of the air so sweet, that Tom could have listened to it all day. But as she held the baby over the gallery-rail, to show it the dolphins leaping and the water gurgling in the ship's wake, lo ! and behold, the baby saw Tom.

He was quite sure of that ; for, when their eyes met, the baby smiled and held out its hands ; and Tom smiled and held out his hands too ; and the baby kicked and leaped, as if it wanted to jump overboard to him.

"What do you see, my darling?" said the lady ; and her eyes followed the baby's till she too caught sight of Tom, swimming about among the foam-beads below.

She gave a little shriek, and a start ; and then she said, quite quietly, "Yes, it is your little brother's spirit," and waved her hand to Tom, and cried, "Wait a little longer, darling, only a little longer : and we shall be all together once more."

And at that an old nurse, all in black, came out and talked to her, and drew her in. And Tom turned away northward, sad and wondering ; and watched the great steamer slide away into the dusk, and the lights on board peep out one by one, and die out again, and the long bar of smoke fade away into the evening mist, till all was out of sight.

And he swam northward again, day after day, till at last he met the King of the Herrings, with a curry-comb growing out of his nose, and a sprat in his mouth for a cigar, and asked him the way to Shiny Wall ; so he bolted his sprat head foremost, and said :

"If I were you, young gentleman, I should go to the Allalonestone, and ask the last of the Gairfowl. She is of a

very ancient clan, very nearly as ancient as my own ; and knows a good deal which these modern upstarts don't, as ladies of old houses are likely to do."

Tom asked his way to her, and the King of Herrings told him very kindly ; for he was a courteous old gentleman of the old school, though he was horribly ugly, and strangely bedizened too, like the old bucks who lounge in the clubhouse windows.

But just as Tom had thanked him and set off, he called after him : "Hi ! I say, can you fly?"

"I never tried," says Tom. "Why?"

"Because, if you can, I should advise you to say nothing to the old lady about it. There ; take a hint. Good-bye."

And away Tom went for seven days and seven nights due north-west, till he came to a great codbank, the like of which he never saw before. The great cod lay below in tens of thousands, and gobbled shellfish all day long ; and the blue sharks roved above in hundreds, and gobbled them when they came up. So they ate, and ate, and ate each other, as they had done since the making of the world ; for no man had come here yet to catch them, and find out how rich old Mother Carey is.

And there he saw the last of the Gairfowl, standing up on the Allalonestone, all alone. And a very grand old lady she was, full three feet high, and bolt upright, like some old Highland chieftainess. She had on a black velvet gown, and a white pinner and apron, and a very high bridge to her nose (which is a sure mark of high breeding), and a large pair of white spectacles on it, which made her look rather odd : but it was the ancient fashion of her house.

And, instead of wings, she had two little feathery arms, with which she fanned herself, and complained of the dreadful heat ; and she kept on crooning an old song to herself, which she learnt when she was a little baby-bird, long ago—

"Two little birds, they sat on a stone,
One swam away, and then there was
one ;

With a fal-lal-la-lady.

The other swam away, and then
there was none,
And so the poor stone was left all
alone;
With a fal-lal-la-lady."

It was "flew" away, properly, and not "swam" away: but, as she could not fly, she had a right to alter it. However, it was a very fit song for her to sing, because she was a lady herself.

Tom came up to her very humbly, and made his bow; and the first thing she said was—

"Have you wings? Can you fly?"

"Oh dear, no, ma'am; I should not think of such a thing," said cunning little Tom.

"Then I shall have great pleasure in talking to you, my dear. It is quite refreshing nowadays to see anything without wings. They must all have wings, forsooth, now, every new upstart sort of bird, and fly. What can they want with flying, and raising themselves above their proper station in life? In the days of my ancestors no birds ever thought of having wings, and did very well without; and now they all laugh at me, because I keep to the good old fashion. Why, the very marrocks and dovebies have got wings, the vulgar creatures, and poor little ones enough they are; and my own cousins, too, the razor-bills, who are gentlefolk born, and ought to know better than to ape their inferiors."

And so she was running on, while Tom tried to get in a word edgewise; and at last he did, when the old lady got out of breath, and began fanning herself again; and then he asked if she knew the way to the Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Who should know better than I? We all came from Shiny Wall, thousands of years ago, when it was decently cold, and the climate was fit for gentlefolk; but now, what with the heat, and what with these vulgar-winged things, who fly up and down, and eat everything, so that gentlepeople's hunting is all spoilt, and one really cannot get one's living, or hardly venture off the rock for fear of being flown

against by some creature that would not have dared to come within a mile of one a thousand years ago—what was I saying? Why, we have quite gone down in the world, my dear, and have nothing left but our honour. And I am the last of my family. A friend of mine and I came and settled on this rock when we were young, to be out of the way of low people. Once we were a great nation, and spread over all the Northern Isles. But men shot us so, and knocked us on the head, and took our eggs—why, if you will believe it, they say that on the coast of Labrador the sailors used to lay a plank from the rock on board the thing they call their ship, and drive us along the plank by hundreds, till we tumbled down into the ship's waist in heaps; and then, I suppose, they ate us, the nasty fellows! Well—but—what was I saying? At last there were none of us left, except on the old Gairfowlskerry, just off the Iceland coast, up which no man could climb. Even there we had no peace; for one day, when I was quite a young girl, the land rocked, and the sea boiled, and the sky grew dark, and all the air was filled with smoke and dust, and down tumbled the old Gairfowlskerry into the sea. The dovebies and marrocks, of course, all flew away; but we were too proud to do that. Some of us were dashed to pieces, and some drowned; and those who were left got away to Eldey, and the dovebies tell me they are all dead now, and that another Gairfowlskerry has risen out of the sea close to the old one, but that it is such a poor flat place that it is not safe to live on: and so here I am left alone."

This was the Gairfowl's story, and, strange as it may seem, it is every word of it true.

"If you only had had wings!" said Tom; "then you might all have flown away too."

"Yes, young gentleman: and if people are not gentlemen and ladies, and forget that *noblesse oblige*, they will find it as easy to get on in the world as other people who don't care what they do. Why, if I had not recollected that

noblesse oblige, I should not have been all alone now." And the poor old lady sighed.

"How was that, ma'am?"

"Why, my dear, a gentleman came hither with me, and after we had been here some time, he wanted to marry—in fact, he actually proposed to me. Well, I can't blame him; I was young, and very handsome then, I don't deny: but you see, I could not hear of such a thing, because he was my deceased sister's husband, you see?"

"Of course not, ma'am," said Tom; though, of course, he knew nothing about it. "She was very much diseased, I suppose?"

"You do not understand me, my dear. I mean, that being a lady, and with right and honourable feelings, as our house always has had, I felt it my duty to snub him, and howk him, and peck him continually, to keep him at his proper distance; and, to tell the truth, I once pecked him a little too hard, poor fellow, and he tumbled backwards off the rock, and—really, it was very unfortunate, but it was not my fault—a shark coming by saw him flapping, and snapped him up. And since then I have lived all alone—

With a fal-lal-la-lady.

And soon I shall be gone, my little dear, and nobody will miss me; and then the poor stone will be left all alone."

"But, please, which is the way to Shiny Wall?" said Tom.

"Oh, you must go, my little dear—you must go. Let me see—I am sure—that is—really, my poor old brains are getting quite puzzled. Do you know, my little dear, I am afraid, if you want to know, you must ask some of these vulgar birds about, for I have quite forgotten."

And the poor old Gairfowl began to cry tears of pure oil; and Tom was quite sorry for her; and for himself too, for he was at his wits' end whom to ask.

But by there came a flock of petrels, who are Mother Carey's own chickens; and Tom thought them much prettier than Lady Gairfowl, and so perhaps they were; for Mother Carey had

had a great deal of fresh experience between the time that she invented the Gairfowl and the time that she invented them. They flitted along like a flock of black swallows, and hopped and skipped from wave to wave, lifting up their little feet behind them so daintily, and whistling to each other so tenderly, that Tom fell in love with them at once, and called to them to know the way to Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you. We are Mother Carey's own chickens, and she sends us out over all the seas, to show the good birds the way home."

Tom was delighted, and swam off to them, after he had made his bow to the Gairfowl. But she would not return his bow: but held herself bolt upright, and wept tears of oil as she sang:

"And so the poor stone was left all alone;

With a fal-lal-la-lady."

But she was wrong there; for the stone was not left all alone: and the next time that Tom goes by it, he will see a sight worth seeing.

The old Gairfowl is gone already; but there are better things come in her place; and when Tom comes he will see the fishing-smacks anchored there in hundreds, from Scotland, and from Ireland, and from the Orkneys, and the Shetlands, and from all the Northern ports, full of the children of the old Norse Vikings, the masters of the sea. And the men will be hauling in the great cod by thousands, till their hands are sore from the lines; and they will be making cod-liver oil, and guano, and salting down the fish; and there will be a man-of-war steamer there to protect them, and a lighthouse to show them the way; and you, and I, perhaps shall go some day to the Allalonestone, to the great summer sea-fair, and dredge strange creatures, such as man never saw before; and we shall hear the sailors boast that it is not the worst jewel in Queen Victoria's crown, for there are eighty miles of codbank, and food for all the

poor folk in the land. That is what Tom will see, and perhaps you and I shall see it too. And then we shall not be sorry because we cannot get a Gairfowl to stuff, much less find gairfowl enough to drive them into stone-pens, and slaughter them, as the old Norsemen did, or drive them on board along a plank till the ship was victualled with them, as the old English and French rovers used to do, of whom dear old Hakluyt tells: but we shall remember what Mr. Tennyson says, how

“The old order changeth, giving place to the
new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.”

And now Tom was all agog to start for Shiny Wall; but the petrels said no. They must go first to Allfowlsness, and wait there for the great gathering of all the seabirds, before they start for their summer breeding-places far away in the Northern isles; and there they would be sure to find some birds which were going to Shiny Wall: but where Allfowlsness was, he must promise never to tell, lest men should go there and shoot the birds, and stuff them, and put them into stupid museums, instead of leaving them to play, and breed, and work, in Mother Carey's water-garden, where they ought to be.

So where Allfowlsness is nobody must know; and all that is to be said about it is, that Tom waited there many days; and as he waited, he saw a very curious sight. On the rabbit burrows on the shore there gathered hundreds and hundreds of hoodiecrows, such as you see in Cambridgeshire. And they made such a noise, that Tom came on shore, and went up to see what was the matter.

And there he found them holding their great caucus, which they hold every year in the North; and all their stump-orators were speechifying; and for a tribune, the speaker stood on an old sheep's skull.

And they cawed and cawed, and boasted of all the clever things they had done; how many lambs' eyes they had picked out, and how many dead bullocks they had eaten, and how many young

grousethey had swallowed whole, and how many grouse-eggs they had flown away with, stuck on the point of their bills, which is the hoodiecrow's particularly clever feat, of which he is as proud as a gipsy is of doing the hokany-baro; and what that is, I won't tell you.

And at last they brought out the prettiest, neatest young lady-crow that ever was seen, and set her in the middle, and all began abusing and vilifying, and rating, and bullying at her, because she had stolen no grouse-eggs, and had actually dared to say that she would not steal any. So she was to be tried publicly by their laws (for the hoodies always try some offenders in their great yearly parliament). And there she stood in the middle, in her black gown and grey hood, looking as meek and as neat as a quakeress, and they all bawled at her at once—

And it was in vain that she pleaded
That she did not like grouse-eggs;
That she could get her living very well
without them;
That she was afraid to eat them, for
fear of the gamekeepers;
That she had not the heart to eat them,
because the grouse were such pretty,
kind, jolly birds;
And a dozen reasons more.

For all the other scaul-crows set upon her, and pecked her to death there and then, before Tom could come to help her; and then flew away, very proud of what they had done.

Now, was not this a scandalous transaction?

But they are true republicans, these hoodies, who do every one just what he likes, and makes other people do so too; so that, for any freedom of speech, thought, or action, which is allowed among them, they might as well be American citizens, sir!

But the fairies took the good crow, and gave her nine new sets of feathers running, and turned her, at last, into the most beautiful bird of paradise with a green velvet suit and a long tail, and sent her to eat fruit in the Spice Islands, where cloves and nutmegs grow.

And Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid settled her account with the wicked hoodies. For, as they flew away, what should they find but a nasty dead dog?—on which they all set to work, pecking and gobbling, and cawing, and quarrelling, to their hearts' content. But, the moment afterwards, they all threw up their bills into the air, and gave one screech; and then turned head over heels backward, and fell down dead, one hundred and twenty-three of them at once. For why? The fairy had told the game-keeper in a dream, to fill the dead dog full of strychnine; and so he did.

And after a while the birds began to gather to Allfowlsness, in thousands and tens of thousands, blackening all the air; swans and brant geese, harlequins and eiders, harelds and garganeys, smews and goosanders, divers and loons, grebes and dovekeys, auks and razorbills, gannets and petrels, skuas and terns, with gulls, beyond all naming or numbering; and they paddled, and washed, and splashed, and combed, and brushed themselves on the sand, till the shore was white with feathers; and they quacked, and clucked, and gabbled, and chattered, and screamed, and whooped, as they talked over matters with their friends, and settled where they were to go and breed that summer, till you might have heard them ten miles off; and lucky it was for them that there was no one to hear them but the old keeper, who lived all alone upon the Ness, in a turf hut thatched with heather and fringed round with great stones slung across the roof by bent-ropes, lest the winter gales should blow the hut right away. But he never minded the birds or hurt them, because they were not in season: indeed, he minded but two things in the whole world, and those were, his Bible and his grouse; for he was as good an old Scotchman as ever knit stockings on a winter's night; only, when all the birds were going, he toddled out, and took off his cap to them, and wished them a merry journey and a safe return; and then gathered up all the feathers which they had left, and cleaned them to sell down south,

and make feather-beds for stuffy people to lie on.

Then the petrels asked this bird and that whether they would take Tom to Shiny Wall: but one set was going to Sutherland, and one to the Shetlands, and one to Norway, and one to Spitzbergen, and one to Iceland, and one to Greenland: but none would go to Shiny Wall. So the good-natured petrels said that they would show him part of the way themselves, but they were only going as far as Jan Mayen's land; and after that he must shift for himself.

And then all the birds rose up, and streamed away in long black lines, north, and north-east, and north-west, across the bright blue summer sky; and their cry was like ten thousand packs of hounds, and ten thousand peals of bells. Only the puffins stayed behind, and killed the young rabbits, and laid their eggs in the rabbit-burrows; which was rough practice, certainly: but a man must see to his own family.

And, as Tom and the petrels went north-eastward, it began to blow right hard; for the old gentleman in the grey great-coat, who looks after the big copper boiler in the Gulf of Mexico, had got behind-hand with his work; so Mother Carey had sent an electric message to him for more steam; and now the steam was coming, as much in an hour as ought to have come in a week, puffing, and roaring, and swishing, and swirling, till you could not see where the sky ended and the sea began. But Tom and the petrels never cared, for the gale was right abaft, and away they went over the crests of the billows, as merry as so many flying-fish.

And at last they saw an ugly sight—the black side of a great ship, water-logged in the trough of the sea. Her funnel and her masts were overboard, and swayed and surged under her lee; and her decks were swept as clean as a barn floor, and there was no living soul on board.

The petrels flew up to her, and wailed round her; for they were very sorry indeed, and also they expected to find

some salt pork ; and Tom scrambled on board of her, and looked round, frightened and sad.

And there, in a little cot, lashed tight under the bulwark, lay a baby fast asleep ; the very same baby, Tom saw at once, which he had seen in the singing lady's arms.

He went up to it, and wanted to wake it : but behold, from under the cot, out jumped a little black and tan terrier dog, and began barking and snapping at Tom, and would not let him touch the cot.

Tom knew the dog's teeth could not hurt him : but at least it could shove him away, and did ; and he and the dog fought and struggled, for he wanted to help the baby, and did not want to throw the poor dog overboard : but, as they were struggling, there came a tall green sea, and walked in over the weather side of the ship, and swept them all into the waves.

"Oh, the baby, the baby !" screamed Tom : but the next moment he did not scream at all ; for he saw the cot settling down through the green water, with the baby smiling in it, fast asleep ; and he saw the fairies come up from below, and carry baby and cradle gently down in their soft arms ; and then he knew it was all right, and that there would be a new water-baby in St. Brandan's Isle.

And the poor little dog ?

Why, after he had kicked and coughed a little, he sneezed so hard, that he sneezed himself clean out of his skin, and turned into a water-dog, and jumped and danced round Tom, and ran over the crests of the waves, and snapped at the jelly-fish and the mackarel, and ran after Tom the whole way to the Other End Of Nowhere.

Then they went on again, till they began to see the peak of Jan Mayen's Land, standing up like a white sugar-loaf, two miles above the clouds.

And there they fell in with a whole flock of mollys, who were feeding on a dead whale.

"These are the fellows to show you the way," said Mother Carey's chickens ; "we cannot help you further north. We

don't like to get among the ice pack, for fear it should nip our toes ; but the mollys dare fly anywhere."

So the petrels called to the mollys ; but they were so busy and greedy, gobbling and pecking, and spluttering and fighting, over the blubber, that they did not take the least notice.

"Come, come," said the petrels, "you lazy, greedy lubbers, this young gentleman is going to Mother Carey, and if you don't attend on him, you won't earn your discharge from her, you know."

"Greedy we are," says a great fat old molly, "but lazy we ain't ; and, as for lubbers, we're no more lubbers than you. Let's have a look at the lad."

And he flapped right into Tom's face, and stared at him in the most impudent way (for the mollys are audacious fellows, as all whalers know), and then asked him where he hailed from, and what land he sighted last.

And, when Tom told him, he seemed pleased, and said he was a good plucked one to have got so far.

"Come along, lads," he said to the rest, "and give this little chap a cast over the pack, for Mother Carey's sake. We've eaten blubber enough for to-day, and we'll e'en work out a bit of our time by helping the lad."

So the mollys took Tom up on their backs, and flew off with him, laughing and joking—and oh, how they did smell of train oil !

"Who are you, you jolly birds ?" asked Tom.

"We are the spirits of the old Greenland skippers, who hunted here, right whales and horse-whales, full hundreds of years ago. But, because we were saucy and greedy, we were all turned into mollys, to eat whale's blubber all our days. But lubbers we are none, and could sail a ship now against any man in the North Seas, though we don't hold with this newfangled steam. And it's a shame of those black imps of petrels to call us so ; but, because they're her grace's pets, they think they may say anything they like."

"And who are you ?" asked Tom of

him, for he saw that he was the king of all the birds.

"My name is Hendrick Hudson, and a right good skipper was I; and my fame will last to the world's end, in spite of all the wrong I did. For I discovered Hudson River, and I named Hudson's Bay; and many have come in my wake that dared not have shown me the way. But I was a hard man in my time, that's truth, and stole the poor Indians off the coast of Maine, and sold them for slaves down in Virginia; and at last I was so cruel to my sailors, here in these very seas, that they set me adrift in an open boat, and I never was heard of more. So now I'm the king of all the mollys, till I've worked out my time."

And now they came to the edge of the pack, and beyond it they could see Shiny Wall looming, through mist, and snow, and storm. But the pack rolled horribly upon the swell, and the ice giants fought and roared, and leapt upon each other's backs, and ground each other to powder, so that Tom was afraid to venture among them, lest he should be ground to powder too. And he was the more afraid, when he saw lying among the ice pack the wrecks of many a gallant ship; some with masts and yards all standing, some with the seamen frozen fast on board. Alas, alas, for them! They were all true English hearts; and they came to their end like good knights-errant, in searching for the white gate that never was opened yet.

But the good mollys took Tom and his dog up, and flew with them safe over the pack and the roaring ice giants, and set them down at the foot of Shiny Wall.

"And where is the gate?" asked Tom.

"There is no gate," said the mollys.

"No gate?" cried Tom, aghast.

"None; never a crack of one, and that's the whole of the secret, as better fellows, lad, than you have found to their cost; and, if there had been, they'd have killed by now every right whale that swims the sea."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Dive under the floe, to be sure, if you have pluck."

"I've not come so far to turn now," said Tom; "so here goes for a header."

"A lucky voyage to you, lad," said the mollys; "we knew you were one of the right sort. So good-bye."

"Why don't you come too?" asked Tom.

But the mollys only wailed sadly, "We can't go yet, we can't go yet," and flew away over the pack.

So Tom dived under the great white gate, which never was opened yet, and went on in black darkness, at the bottom of the sea, for seven days and seven nights. And yet he was not a bit frightened. Why should he be? He was a brave English lad, whose business is to go out and see all the world.

And at last he saw the light, and clear clear water overhead; and up he came a thousand fathoms, among clouds of sea-moths, which fluttered round his head. There were moths with red heads and wings, and opal bodies, that flapped about slowly; moths with brown wings that flapped about quickly; and yellow shrimps that hopped and skipped most quickly of all; and jellies of all the colours in the world, that neither hopped nor skipped, but only dawdled and yawned, and would not get out of his way: and the dog snapped at them till his jaws were tired; but Tom hardly minded them at all, he was so eager to get to the top of the water, and see the pool where the good whales go.

And a very large pool it was, miles and miles across, though the air was so clear that the ice cliffs on the opposite side looked as if they were close at hand. All round it the ice cliffs rose, in walls and spires and battlements, and caves and bridges, and stories and galleries, in which the ice-fairies live, and drive away the storms and clouds, that Mother Carey's pool may lie calm from year's end to year's end. And the sun acted policeman, and walked round outside every day, peeping just over the top of the ice wall, to see that all went right; and now and then he played conjuring tricks, or had an exhibition of fireworks,

to amuse the ice-fairies. For he would make himself into four or five suns at once, or paint the sky with rings and crosses and crescents of white fire, and stick himself in the middle of them, and wink at the fairies ; and I dare say they were very much amused ; for anything's fun in the country.

And there the good whales lay, the happy sleepy beasts, upon the still oily sea. They were all right whales, you must know, and finners, and razor-backs, and bottle-noses, and spotted sea-unicorns with long ivory horns. But the sperm whales are such raging, ramping, roaring, rumbustious fellows, that, if Mother Carey let them in, there would be no more peace in Peacepool. So she packs them away in a great pond by themselves at the South Pole, two hundred and sixty three miles south-south east of Mount Erebus, the great volcano in the ice ; and there they butt each other with their ugly noses, day and night from year's end to year's end. And if they think that sport—why, so do their American cousins.

But here there were only good quiet beasts, lying about like the black hulls of sloops, and blowing every now and then jets of white steam, or sculling round with their huge mouths open, for the sea-moths to swim down their throats. There were no threshers there to thresh their poor old backs, or sword-fish to stab their stomachs, or saw-fish to rip them up, or ice-sharks to bite lumps out of their sides, or whalers to harpoon and lance them. They were quite safe and happy there ; and all they had to do was to wait quietly in Peacepool, till Mother Carey sent for them to make them out of old beasts into new.

Tom swam up to the nearest whale, and asked the way to Mother Carey.

"There she sits, in the middle," said the whale.

Tom looked ; but he could see nothing in the middle of the pool, but one peaked iceberg : and he said so.

"That's Mother Carey," said the whale, "as you will find when you get to her. There she sits making old beasts into new all the year round."

"How does she do that?"

"That's her concern, not mine," said the old whale ; and yawned so wide (for he was very large) that there swam into his mouth 943 sea-moths, 13,846 jelly-fish no bigger than pins' heads, a string of salpæ nine yards long, and forty-three little ice-crabs, who gave each other a parting pinch all round, tucked their legs under their stomachs, and determined to die decently, like Julius Cæsar.

"I suppose," said Tom, "she cuts up a great whale like you into a whole shoal of porpoises?"

At which the old whale laughed so violently that he coughed up all the creatures ; who swam away again, very thankful at having escaped out of that terrible whalebone net of his, from which bourne no traveller returns ; and Tom went on to the iceberg, wondering.

And, when he came near it, it took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne there swam away, out and out into the sea, millions of new-born creatures, of more shapes and colours than man ever dreamed. And they were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of the sea-water all day long.

He expected, of course—like some grown people, who ought to know better—to find her snipping, piecing, fitting, stitching, cobbling, basting, filing, planing, hammering, turning, polishing, moulding, measuring, chiselling, clipping, and so forth, as men do when they go to work to make anything.

But, instead of that, she sat quite still, with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sea with two great grand blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself. Her hair was as white as the snow—for she was very, very old—in fact, as old as any thing which you are likely to come across, except the difference between right and wrong.

And, when she saw Tom, she looked at him very kindly.

"What do you want, my little man ? It is long since I have seen a water-baby here."

Tom told her his errand, and asked the way to the Other End Of Nowhere.

"You ought to know yourself, for you have been there already."

"Have I, ma'am! I'm sure I forget all about it."

"Then look at me."

And, as Tom looked into her great blue eyes, he recollected the way perfectly.

Now, was not that strange?

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more; I hear you are very busy."

"I am never more busy than I am now!" she said, without stirring a finger.

"I heard, ma'am, that you were always making new beasts out of old."

"So people fancy. But I am not going to trouble myself to make things, my little dear. I sit here and make them make themselves."

"You are a clever fairy, indeed," thought Tom. And he was quite right.

That is a grand trick of good old Mother Carey's, and a grand answer, which she has had occasion to make several times to impertinent people.

There was once, for instance, a fairy who was so clever that she found out how to make butterflies. I don't mean sham ones; no: but real live ones, which would fly, and eat, and lay eggs, and do everything that they ought; and she was so proud of her skill that she went flying straight off to the North Pole, to boast to Mother Carey how she could make butterflies.

And Mother Carey laughed.

"Know, silly girl," she said, "that any one can make things, if they will take time and trouble enough; but it is not every one who, like me, can make things make themselves."

But people do not yet believe that Mother Carey is as clever as all that comes to; and they will not till they, too, go the journey to the Other End Of Nowhere.

"And now, my pretty little man," said Mother Carey, "you are sure you know the way to the Other End Of Nowhere?"

"I recollect now, ma'am, every step," said Tom.

"But it is not as easy to get there as

you think. In the first place, you may meet some very queer-tempered people on the road, who will not let you pass without this passport of mine, which you must hang round your neck and take care of; and, in the next place, you must go the whole way backward."

"Backward!" cried Tom. "Then I shall not be able to see my way."

"On the contrary, if you look forward, you will not see a step before you, and be certain to go wrong; but, if you look behind you, and watch carefully whatever you have passed, and especially keep your eye on the dog, who goes by instinct, and therefore can't go wrong, then you will know what is coming next as plainly as if you saw it in a looking-glass."

Tom was very much astonished; but he obeyed her, for he had learnt always to believe what the fairies told him.

"So it is, my dear child," said Mother Carey; "and I will tell you a story, which will show you that I am perfectly right, as it is my custom to be."

"Once on a time, there were two brothers. One was called Prometheus, because he always looked before him, and boasted that he was wise beforehand; and the other was called Epimetheus, because he always looked behind him, and did not boast at all; but said humbly, like the Irishman, that he had sooner prophesy after the event."

"Well, Prometheus was a very clever fellow, of course, and invented all sorts of wonderful things. But, unfortunately, when they were set to work, to work was just what they would not do: wherefore very little has come of them, and very little is left of them; and now nobody knows what they were, save a few archæological old gentlemen, who scratch in queer corners, and find little there, save Ptinum, Furem, Blaptem Mortisagam, Acarum Horridum, and Tineam Laciniarum."

"But Epimetheus was a very slow fellow, certainly, and went among men for a clod, and a muff, and a milksop, and a slowcoach, and a bloke, and a boodlee, and so forth. And very little

he did, for many years: but what he did, he never had to do over again.

"And what happened at last? There came to the two brothers the most beautiful creature that ever was seen, Pandora by name; which means, All the gifts of the gods. But, because she had a strange box in her hand, this fanciful, forecasting, suspicious, prudential, theoretical, deductive, prophesying Prometheus, who was always settling what what was going to happen, would have nothing to do with pretty Pandora and her box.

"But Epimetheus took her and it, as he took everything that came; and married her for better for worse, as every man ought, whenever he has even the chance of a good wife. And they opened the box between them, of course, to see what was inside: for, else, of what possible use could it have been to them?

"And out flew all the ills which flesh is heir to; all the children of the four great bogies,—

Self-will,	Wars,
Ignorance,	Peacemongers,
Fear, and	Famines,
Dirt—	Quacks,
Measles,	Unpaid bills,
Monks,	Tight stays,
Scarlatina,	Potatoes,
Idols,	Bad wine,
Hooping-coughs,	Despots,
Popes,	Democrats,
And, worst of all, Naughty Boys and Girls:	

But one thing remained at the bottom of the box, and that was, Hope.

"So Epimetheus got a great deal of trouble, as most men do in this world: but he got the three best things in the world into the bargain—a good wife, and experience, and hope: while Prometheus had just as much trouble, and a great deal more (as you will hear), of his own making; and nothing beside, save fancies spun out of his own brain, as a spider spins her web out of her stomach.

"And Prometheus kept on looking before him so far ahead, that as he was running about with a box of lucifers,

(which were the only useful things he ever invented, and do as much harm as good); he trod on his own nose, and tumbled down (as most deductive philosophers do), and set the Thames on fire; and they have hardly put it out again yet. So he had to be chained to the top of a mountain, with a vulture by him to give him a peck whenever he stirred, lest he should turn the whole world upside down with his prophecies and his theories.

"But stupid old Epimetheus went working and grubbing on, with the help of his wife Pandora, always looking behind him to see what had happened, till he really learnt to know now and then what would happen next; and understood so well which side his bread was buttered, and which way the cat jumped, that he began to make things which would work, and go on working, too; to till and drain the ground, and make looms, and ships, and railroads, and steam ploughs, and electric telegraphs, and all the things which you see in the Great Exhibition, and to foretel famine, and bad weather, and the price of stocks, and the end of President Lincoln's policy; till at last he grew as rich as a Jew, and as fat as a farmer; and people thought twice before they meddled with him, but only once before they asked him to help them; for, because he earned his money well, he could afford to spend it well likewise.

"And his children are the men of science, who get good lasting work done in the world: but the children of Prometheus are the fanatics, and the theorists, and the bigots and the bores, and the noisy windy people, who go telling silly folk what will happen, instead of looking to see what has happened already!"

Now, was not Mother Carey's a wonderful story? And, I am happy to say, Tom believed it every word.

For so it happened to Tom likewise. He was very sorely tried; for though, by keeping the dog to heels (or rather to toes, for he had to walk backward), he could see pretty well which way the dog was hunting, yet it was much slower work to go backwards than to go for-

wards. But, what was more trying still, no sooner had he got out of Peacepool, than there came running to him all the conjurors, fortune-tellers, astrologers, prophesiers, projectors, prestigiators, as many as were in those parts (and there are too many of them everywhere), Old Mother Shipton on her broomstick, with Merlin, Thomas the Rhymer, Gerbertus, Rabanus Maurus, Old Nixon, and a good many in black coats and white ties, who might have known better, considering in what century they were born, all bawling and screaming at him, "Look a-head, only look a-head; and we will show you what man never saw before, and right away to the end of the world!"

But I am proud to say that, though Tom had not been at Cambridge—for, if he had, he would have certainly been senior wrangler—he was such a little dogged, hard, gnarly, foursquare brick of an English boy, that he never turned his head round once, all the way from Peacepool to the Other End Of Nowhere: but kept his eye on the dog, and let him pick out the scent, hot or cold, straight or crooked, wet or dry, up hill or down dale; by which means he never made a single mistake, and saw all the wonderful and hitherto by-no-mortal-man-imagined things, which it is my duty to relate to you in the next chapter.

To be continued.

DR. STANLEY'S LECTURES ON THE JEWISH CHURCH.

HERE is a book on religious matters, which, meant for all the world to read, fulfils the indispensable duty of edifying at the same time that it informs. Here is a clergyman, who, looking at the Bible, sees its contents in their right proportion, and gives to each matter its due prominence. Here is an inquirer, who, treating Scripture history with a perfectly free spirit,—falsifying nothing, sophisticating nothing—treats it so that his freedom leaves the sacred power of that history inviolate. Who that had been reproached with denying to an honest clergyman freedom to speak the truth, who that had been misrepresented as wishing to make religious truth the property of an aristocratic few, while to the multitude is thrown the sop of any convenient fiction, could desire a better opportunity than Dr. Stanley's book affords for showing what, in religious matters, is the true freedom of a religious speaker, and what the true demand and true right of his hearers?

His hearers are the many; those who prosecute the religious life, or those who need to prosecute it. All these come to him with certain demands in virtue of certain needs. There remain a few of mankind who do not come to

him with these demands, or acknowledge these needs. Mr. Maurice (whom I name with gratitude and respect) says, in a remarkable letter, that I thus assert them to be without these needs. By no means: that is a matter which literary criticism does not try. But it sees that a very few of mankind aspire after a life which is not the life after which the vast majority aspire, and to help them to which the vast majority seek the aid of religion. It sees that the ideal life—the *summum bonum* for a born thinker, for a philosopher like Parmenides, or Spinoza, or Hegel—is an eternal series of intellectual acts. It sees that this life treats all things, religion included, with entire freedom as subject-matter for thought, as elements in a vast movement of speculation. The few who live this life stand apart, and have an existence separate from that of the mass of mankind; they address an imaginary audience of their mates; the region which they inhabit is the laboratory wherein are fashioned the new intellectual ideas which, from time to time, take their place in the world. Are these few justified, in the sight of God, in so living? That is a question which literary criticism must not attempt to answer. But such is the worth

of intellect, such the benefit which it procures for man, that criticism, itself the creation of intellect, cannot but recognise this purely intellectual life, when really followed, as justified so far as the jurisdiction of criticism extends, and even admirable. Those they regard as really following it, who show the power of mind to animate and carry forward the intellectual movement in which it consists. No doubt, many boast of living this life, of inhabiting this purely intellectual region, who cannot really breathe its air: they vainly profess themselves able to live by thought alone, and to dispense with religion: the life of the many, and not the life of the few, would have been the right one for them. They follow the life of the few at their own peril. No doubt the rich and the great, unsoftened by suffering, hardened by enjoyment, craving after novelty, imagining that they see a distinction in the freedom of mind with which the born thinker treats all things, and believing that all distinctions naturally belong to them, have in every age been prone to treat religion as something which the multitude wanted, but they themselves did not—to affect freethinking as a kind of aristocratic privilege; while, in fact, for any real mental or moral life at all, their frivolity entirely disqualified them. They, too, profess the life of the few at their own peril. But the few do really remain, whose life, whose ideal, whose demand, is thought, and thought only: to the communications (however bold) of these few with one another through the ages, criticism assigns the right of passing freely.

But the world of the few—the world of speculative life—is not the world of the many, the world of religious life; the thoughts of the former cannot properly be transferred to the latter, cannot be called true in the latter, except on certain conditions. It is not for literary criticism to set forth adequately the religious life; yet what, even as criticism, it sees of this life, it may say. Religious life resides not in an incessant movement of ideas, but in a

feeling which attaches itself to certain fixed objects. The religious life of Christendom has thus attached itself to the acts, and words, and death of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels and expounded in the Epistles of the New Testament; and to the main histories, the prophecies and the hymns of the Old Testament. In relation to these objects, it has adopted certain intellectual ideas; such are, ideas respecting the being of God, the laws of nature, the freedom of human will, the character of prophecy, the character of inspiration. But its essence, the essence of Christian life, consists in the ardour, the love, the self-renouncement, the ineffable aspiration with which it throws itself upon the objects of its attachment themselves, not in the intellectual ideas which it holds in relation to them. These ideas belong to another sphere, the sphere of speculative life, of intellect, of pure thought; transplanted into the sphere of religious life, they have no meaning in them, no vitality, no truth, unless they adjust themselves to the conditions of that life, unless they allow it to pursue its course freely. The moment this is forgotten, the moment in the sphere of the religious life undue prominence is given to the intellectual ideas which are here but accessories, the moment the first place is not given to the emotion which is here the principal, that moment the essence of the religious life is violated: confusion and falsehood are introduced into its sphere. And, if not only is undue prominence in this sphere given to intellectual ideas, but these ideas are so presented as in themselves violently to jar with the religious feeling, then the confusion is a thousand times worse confounded, the falsehood a thousand times more glaring.

"The earth moves," said Galileo, speaking as a philosopher in the sphere of pure thought, in which ideas have an absolute value; and he said the truth; he was a great thinker because he perceived this truth; he was a great man because he asserted it in spite of persecution. It was the theologians, insisting upon

transplanting his idea into the world of theology, and placing it in a false connexion there, who were guilty of folly. But if Galileo himself, quitting the sphere of mathematics, coming into the sphere of religion, had placed this thesis of his in juxtaposition with the Book of Joshua, had applied it so as to impair the value of the Book of Joshua for the religious life of Christendom, to make that book regarded as a tissue of fictions, for which no blame indeed attached to Joshua, because he never meant it for anything else,—then Galileo would have himself placed his idea in a false connexion, and would have deserved censure: his "*the earth moves*" in spite of its absolute truth, would have become a falsehood. Spinoza, again, speaking as a pure thinker to pure thinkers, not concerning himself whether what he said impaired or confirmed the power and virtue of the Bible for the actual religious life of Christendom, but pursuing a speculative demonstration, said: "The Bible contains much that is mere history, and, like all history, sometimes true, sometimes false." But we must bear in mind that Spinoza did not promulgate this thesis in immediate connexion with the religious life of his times, but as a speculative idea: he uttered it not as a religious teacher, but as an independent philosopher; and he left it, as Galileo left his, to filter down gradually (if true) into the common thought of mankind, and to adjust itself, through other agency than his, to their religious life. The Bishop of Natal does not speak as an independent philosopher, as a pure thinker; if he did, and if he spoke with power in this capacity, literary criticism would, I have already said, have no right to condemn him. But he speaks actually and avowedly, as by virtue of his office he was almost inevitably constrained to speak, as a religious teacher to the religious world. Well, then, any intellectual idea which, speaking in this capacity, he promulgates, he is bound to place in its right connexion with the religious life, he is bound to make harmonise with that life, he is bound not to magnify to

the detriment of that life: else, in the sphere of that life, it is false. He takes an intellectual idea, we will say, which is true; the idea that Mr. Burgon's proposition, "Every letter of the Bible is the direct utterance of the Most High," is false. And how does he apply this idea in connexion with the religious life? He gives to it the most excessive, the most exaggerated prominence; so much so, that hardly in one page out of twenty does he suffer his reader to recollect that the religious life exists out of connexion with this idea, that it is, in truth, wholly independent of it. And by way of adjusting this idea to the feeling of the religious reader of the Bible, he puts it thus:—"In writing the story of the "Exodus from the ancient legends of his "people, the Scripture writer may have "had no more consciousness of doing "wrong, or of practising historical deception, than Homer had, or any of the "early Roman annalists." Theological criticism censures this language as unorthodox, irreverent: literary criticism censures it as *false*. Its employer precisely does what I have imagined Galileo doing: he misemploys a true idea so as to deprive it of all truth. It is a thousand times truer to say that the Book of Exodus is a sacred book, an inspired history, than to say that it is fiction, not culpable because no deception was intended, because its author worked in the same free poetic spirit as the creator of the Isle of Calypso and the Garden of Alcinoüs.

It is one of the hardest tasks in the world to make new intellectual ideas harmonise truly with the religious life, to place them in their right light for that life. The moments in which such a change is accomplished are epochs in religious history; the men through whose instrumentality it is accomplished are great religious reformers. The greatness of these men does not consist in their having these new ideas, in their originating them. The ideas are in the world; they come originally from the sphere of pure thought; they are put into circulation by the spirit of the time. The greatness of a religious

reformer consists in his reconciling them with the religious life, in his starting this life upon a fresh period in company with them. No such religious reformer for the present age has yet shown himself. Till he appears, the true religious teacher is he who, not yet reconciling all things, at least esteems things still in their due order, and makes his hearers so esteem them; who, shutting his mind against no ideas brought by the spirit of his time, sets these ideas, in the sphere of the religious life, in their right prominence, and still puts that first which is first; who, under the pressure of new thoughts, keeps the centre of the religious life where it should be. The best distinction of Dr. Stanley's lectures is that in them he shows himself such a teacher. Others will praise them, and deservedly praise them, for their eloquence, their varied information; for enabling us to give such form and substance to our impressions from Bible history. To me they seem admirable, chiefly by the clear perception which they exhibit of a religious teacher's true business in dealing with the Bible. Dr. Stanley speaks of the Bible to the religious world, and he speaks of it so as to maintain the sense of the divine virtue of the Bible unimpaired, so as to bring out this sense more fully. He speaks of the deliverance of the Israelites out of the land of Egypt. He does not dilate upon the difficulty of understanding how the Israelites should have departed "harnessed;" but he points out how they are "the only nation in ancient or modern times, which, throwing off the yoke of slavery, claims no merit, no victory of its own: There is no Marathon, no Regillus, no Tours, no Morgarten. All is from above, nothing from themselves." He mentions the difficulty of "conceiving the migration of a whole nation under such circumstances" as those of the Israelites, the proposal "to reduce the numbers of the text from 600,000 to 600 armed men;" he mentions the difficulty of determining the exact place of the passage of the Red Sea; but he quickly "dismisses these considera-

tions to fix the mind on the essential features of this great deliverance"—on the Almighty, "through the dark and "terrible night, with the enemy pressing "close behind and the driving seas on "either side, leading his people like "sheep by the hands of Moses and "Aaron;" his people, carrying with them from that night "the abiding impression "that this deliverance—the first and "greatest in their history—was effected "not by their own power, but by the "power of God." He tells the reader how, "with regard to all the topographical details of the Israelite journey, "we are still in the condition of discoverers;" but, instead of impressing upon him as an inference from this that the Bible narrative is a creation such as the Iliad and Odyssey, he reminds him, with truth, how "suspense as to the "exact details of form and locality is "the most fitting approach for the consideration of the presence of Him who "has made darkness his secret place, "his pavilion round about Him with "dark water, and thick clouds to cover "them." Everywhere Dr. Stanley thus seeks to give its due prominence to that for which the religious life really values the Bible. If "the Jewish religion is "characterised in an eminent degree "by the dimness of its conception of "a future life," Dr. Stanley does not find here, like Warburton, matter for a baffling contrast between Jewish and pagan religion, but he finds fresh proof of the grand edifying fact of Jewish history, "the consciousness of "the living, actual presence of God "himself—a truth, in the limited conceptions of this youthful nation, too "vast to admit of any rival truth, however precious." He speaks of the call of Samuel. What he finds to dwell on in this call is not the exact nature of the voice that called Sàmuel, on which Spinoza speculates so curiously; it is the image of "childlike, devoted, continuous goodness," which Samuel's childhood brings before us; the type which Samuel offers "of holiness, of growth, of a new creation without conversion." He speaks of the Prophets, and he avows

that "the Bible recognises 'revelation' and 'inspiration' outside the circle of the chosen people ;" but he makes it his business not to reduce, in virtue of this avowal, the greatness and significance of Hebrew prophecy, but to set that greatness and significance in clearer light than ever. To the greatness and significance of what he calls "the negative side" of that prophecy—its attacks on the falsehoods and superstitions which endeavoured to take the place of God—he does due justice ; but he reserves the chief prominence for its "positive side"—"the assertion of the spirituality, the "morality of God, His justice, His goodness, His love." Everywhere he keeps in mind the purpose for which the religious life seeks the Bible—to be enlarged and strengthened, not to be straitened and perplexed. He seizes a truth of criticism when he says that the Bible narrative, whatever inaccuracies of numbers the Oriental tendency to amplification may have introduced into it, remains a "substantially historical" work—not a work like Homer's poems ; but to this proposition, which, merely so stated, is a truth of criticism and nothing more, he assigns no undue prominence : he knows that a mere truth of criticism is not, as such, a truth for the religious life.

Dr. Stanley thus gives a lesson not only to the Bishop of Natal, but to the Bishop of Natal's adversaries. Many of these adversaries themselves exactly repeat the Bishop's error in this, that they give a wholly undue prominence, in connexion with the religious life, to certain intellectual propositions, on which the essence and vitality of the religious life in no way depends. The Bishop devotes a volume to the exhibition of such propositions, and he is censurable because, addressing the religious world, he exhibits his propositions so as to confuse the religious life by them, not to strengthen it. He seems to have so confused it in many of his hearers that they, like himself, have forgotten in what it really consists. Puzzled by the Bishop's sums, terrified at the conclusion he draws from them, they, in their bewilderment, seek for safety in attacking the

sums themselves, instead of putting them on one side as irrelevant, and rejecting the conclusion deduced from them as untrue. "Here is a Bishop," many of Dr. Stanley's brethren are now crying in all parts of England—"here is a Bishop who has learnt among the Zulus that only a certain number of people can stand in a doorway at once, and that no man can eat eighty-eight pigeons a day, and who tells us, as a consequence, that the Pentateuch is all fiction, which, however, the author may very likely have composed without meaning to do wrong, and as a work of poetry, like Homer's." "Well," one can imagine Dr. Stanley answering them, "you cannot think that !" "No," they reply ; "and yet the Bishop's sums puzzle us, and we want them disproved. And powerful answers, we know, are preparing. An adversary worthy of the Bishop will soon appear,—

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor !

He, when he comes, will make mince-meat of the Bishop's calculations. Those great truths, so necessary to our salvation, which the Bishop assails, will at his hands receive all the strengthening they deserve. He will prove to demonstration that any number of persons can stand in the same doorway at once, and that one man can eat eighty-eight pigeons a day with ease." "Compose yourselves," says Dr. Stanley : "he cannot prove this." "What," cry his terrified interlocutors, "he cannot ! In that case we may as well shut up our Bibles, and read Homer and the first books of *Livy* !" "Compose yourselves," says Dr. Stanley again : "it is not so. Even if the Bishop's sums are right, they do not prove that the Bible narrative is to be classed with the *Iliad* and the *Legends of Rome*. Even if you prove them wrong, your success does not bring you a step nearer to that which you go to the Bible to seek. Carry your achievements of this kind to the Statistical Society, to the Geographical Society, to the Ethnological Society. They have no vital interest for the religious reader of the Bible. The heart of the Bible is not there."

Just because Dr. Stanley has comprehended this, and, in a book addressed to the religious world makes us feel that he has comprehended it, his book is excellent and salutary. I praise it for the very reason for which some critics find fault with it—for not giving prominence, in speaking of the Bible, to matters with which the real virtue of the Bible is not bound up. "The book," a critic complains, "contains no solution of the difficulties which the history of the period traversed presents in the Bible. The oracle is dumb in the very places where many would wish it to speak. This must lessen Dr. Stanley's influence in the cause of Biblical science. The present time needs bold men, prepared to give utterance to their deepest thoughts." And which are a man's deepest thoughts I should like to know: his thoughts whether it was 215 years, or 430, or 1,000 that the Israelites sojourned in Egypt,—which question the critic complains of Dr. Stanley for saying that it is needless to discuss in detail,—or his thoughts on the moral lesson to be drawn from the story of the Israelites' deliverance? And which is the true science of the Bible—that which helps men to follow the cardinal injunction of the Bible, to be "transformed by the renewing of their mind, that they may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God"—or that which helps them to "settle the vexed question of the precise time when the Book of Deuteronomy assumed its present form"?—that which elaborates an octavo volume on the arithmetical difficulties of the Bible, with the conclusion that the Bible is as unhistorical as Homer's poetry, or that which makes us feel that "these difficulties melt away before the simple pathos and lofty spirit of the Bible itself"? Such critics as this critic of Dr. Stanley are those who commend the Bishop of Natal for "speaking the truth," who say that "liberals of every shade of opinion" are indignant with me for rebuking him. Ah! these liberals!—the power for good they have had, and lost: the power for good they will yet again have, and yet again lose!

Eternal bondsmen of phrases and catchwords, will they never arrive at the heart of any matter, but always keep muttering round it their silly shibboleths like an incantation? There is truth of science and truth of religion: truth of science does not become truth of religion until it is made to harmonise with it. Applied as the laws of nature are applied in the "Essays and Reviews," applied as arithmetical calculations are applied in the Bishop of Natal's work, truths of science, even supposing them to be such, lose their truth, and the utterer of them is not a "fearless speaker of truth," but, at best, a blunderer. "Allowing two feet in width for each full-grown man, nine men could just have stood in front of the Tabernacle." "A priest could not have eaten, daily, eighty-eight pigeons for his own portion, 'in the most holy place.'" And as a conclusion from all this: "In writing the story of the Exodus from the ancient legends of his people, the Scripture-writer may have had no more consciousness of doing wrong, or of practising historical deception, than Homer had, or any of the early Roman annalists." Heaven and earth, what a gospel! Is it this which a "fearless speaker of truth" must "burst" if he cannot utter? Is this a message which it is woe to him if he does not preach?—this a testimony which he is straitened till he can deliver?

I am told that the Bishop of Natal explains to those who do not know it, that the Pentateuch is not to be read as an authentic history, but as a narrative full of divine instruction in morals and religion: I wish to lay aside all ridicule, into which literary criticism too readily falls, while I express my unfeigned conviction that in his own heart the Bishop of Natal honestly believes this, and that he originally meant to convey this to his readers. But I censure his book because it entirely fails to convey this. I censure it, because while it impresses strongly on the reader that "the Pentateuch is not to be read as an authentic narrative," it so entirely fails to

make him feel that it is "a narrative "full of divine instruction in morals "and religion." I censure it, because, addressed to the religious world, it puts the non-essential part of the Bible so prominent, and the essential so much in the background, and, having established this false proportion, holds such language about the Bible in consequence of it, that, instead of serving the religious life, it confuses it. I do not blame the Bishop of Natal's doctrine for its novelty or heterodoxy—literary criticism takes no account of a doctrine's novelty or heterodoxy: I said expressly that Mr. Jowett's Essay was, for literary criticism, justified by its unctious; I said that the Bishop of Natal's book was censurable, because, proclaiming what it did, it *proclaimed no more*; because, not taking rank as a book of pure speculation, inevitably taking rank as a religious book for the religious world, for the great majority of mankind, it treated its subject unedifyingly. Address what doctrine you like to the religious world, be as unorthodox as you will, literary criticism has no authority to blame you: only, if your doctrine is evidently not adapted to the needs of the religious life,—if, as you present it, it tends to confound that life rather than to strengthen it, literary criticism has the right to check you; for it at once perceives that your doctrine, as you present it, is false. Was it, nevertheless, your duty to put forth that doctrine, since you believed it to be true? The honoured authority of the Archbishop of Dublin is invoked to decide that it was. Which duty comes first for a man—the duty of proclaiming an inadequate idea, or the duty of making an inadequate idea adequate? But this difficult question we need not resolve: it is enough that, if it is a man's duty to announce even his inadequate ideas, it is the duty of criticism to tell him that they are inadequate.

But, again, it is said that the Bishop of Natal's book will, in the end, have a good effect, by loosening the superstitious attachment with which the mass of the English religious world clings to the letter of the Bible, and that it deserves from criticism indulgence on this

ground. I cannot tell what may, in the end, be the effect of the Bishop of Natal's book upon the religious life of this country. Its natural immediate effect may be seen by any one who will take the trouble of looking at a newspaper called *Public Opinion*, in which the Bishop's book is the theme of a great continuous correspondence. There, week after week, the critical genius of our nation discovers itself in captivating nudity; and there, in the letters of a terrible athlete of Reason, who signs himself "Eagle-Eye," the natural immediate effect of the Bishop's book may be observed. Its natural ultimate effect would be, I think, to continue, in another form, the excessive care of the English religious world for that which is not of the real essence of the Bible: as this world has for years been prone to say, "We are the salt of the earth," because we believe that every syllable "and letter of the Bible is the direct utterance of the Most High," so it would naturally, after imbibing the Bishop of Natal's influence, be inclined to say, "We are the salt of the earth, because we believe that the Pentateuch is unhistorical." Whether they believe the one or the other, what they should learn to say is: "We are unprofitable servants; the religious life is beyond." But, at all events, literary criticism, which is the guardian of literary truth, must judge books according to their intrinsic merit and proximate natural effect, not according to their possible utility and remote contingent effect. If the Bishop of Natal's demonstrations ever produce a salutary effect upon the religious life of England, it will be after some one else, or he himself, has supplied the now missing power of edification: for literary criticism his book, as it at present stands, must always remain a censurable production.

The situation of a clergyman, active-minded as well as pious, is, I freely admit, at the present moment one of great difficulty. Intellectual ideas are not the essence of the religious life; still the religious life connects itself, as I have said, with certain intellectual ideas, and all intellectual ideas follow a

development independent of the religious life. Goethe remarks somewhere how the *Zeit-Geist*, as he calls it, the Time-Spirit, irresistibly changes the ideas current in the world. When he was young, he says, the Time-Spirit had made every one disbelieve in the existence of a single Homer: when he was old, it was bearing every one to a belief in it. Intellectual ideas, which the majority of men take from the age in which they live, are the dominion of this Time-Spirit; not moral and spiritual life, which is original in each individual. In the Articles of the Church of England are exhibited the intellectual ideas with which the religious life of that Church, at the time of the Reformation, and almost to the present day, connected itself. They are the intellectual ideas of the English Reformers and of their time; they are liable to development and change. Insensibly the Time-Spirit brings to men's minds a consciousness that certain of these ideas have undergone such development, such change. For the laity, to whom the religious life of their National Church is the great matter, and who owe to that Church only the general adhesion of citizens to the Government under which they are born, this consciousness is not irksome as it is for the clergy, who, as ministers of the Church, undertake to become organs of the intellectual ideas of its formularies. As this consciousness becomes more and more distinct, it becomes more and more irksome. One can almost fix the last period in which a clergyman, very speculative by the habit of his mind, or very sensible to the whispers of the Time-Spirit, can sincerely feel himself free and at ease in his position of a minister of the Church of England. The moment inevitably arrives when such a man feels himself in a false position. It is natural that he should try to defend his position, that he should long prefer defending his position to confessing it untenable, and demanding to have it changed. Still, in his own heart, he cannot but be dissatisfied with it. It is not good for him, not good for his usefulness, to be left in it. The sermons of Tauler

and Wesley were not preached by men hampered by the consciousness of an unsound position. Even when a clergyman, charged full with modern ideas, manages by a miracle of address to go over the very ground most dangerous to him without professional ruin, and even to exhibit unction as he goes along, there is no reason to exult at the feat: he would probably have exhibited more unction still if he had not had to exhibit it upon the tight-rope. The time at last comes for the State, the collective nation, to intervene. Some reconstruction of the English Church, a reconstruction hardly less important than that which took place at the Reformation, is fast becoming inevitable. It will be a delicate, a most difficult task; and the reconstruction of the Protestant Churches of Germany offers an example of what is to be avoided rather than of what is to be followed.

Still, so divine, so indestructible is the power of Christianity—so immense the power of transformation afforded to it by its sublime maxim, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," that it will assuredly ever be able to adapt itself to new conditions, and, in connexion with intellectual ideas changed or developed, to enter upon successive stages of progress. It will even survive the handling of "liberals of every shade of opinion." But it will not do this by losing its essence, by becoming such a Christianity as these liberals imagine, the "Christianity not Mysterious" of Toland; a Christianity consisting of half-a-dozen intellectual propositions, and half-a-dozen moral rules deduced from them. It will do it by retaining the religious life in all its depth and fulness in connexion with new intellectual ideas; and the latter will never have meaning for it until they have been harmonised with the former, and the religious teacher who presents the latter to it, without harmonising them with the former, will never have fulfilled his mission. The religious life existed in the Church of the Middle Ages, as it exists in the Churches of Protestantism; nay, what monument of that life have the Protestant Churches produced, which for its

most essential qualities, its tenderness, its spirituality, its ineffable yearning, is comparable to the "Imitation." The critical ideas of the sixteenth century broke up the Church of the Middle Ages, resting on the basis of a priesthood with supernatural power of interpreting the Bible. But Luther was a great religious reformer, not because he made himself the organ of these ideas, themselves negative, not because he shattered the idol of a mediatory priesthood, but because he reconciled these ideas with the religious life, because he made the religious life feel that a positive and fruitful conclusion was to be drawn from them,—the conclusion that each man must "work out his own salvation with fear and trembling." Protestantism has formed the notion that every syllable and letter of the Bible is the direct utterance of the Most High. The critical ideas of our century are forcing Protestantism away from this proposition, untrue like the proposition that the Pope is infallible: but the religious reformer is not he who rivets our minds upon the untruth of this proposition, who bewilders the religious life by insisting on the intellectual blunder of which it has been guilty in entertaining it; he is the man who makes us feel the future which undoubtedly exists for the religious life in the absence of it.

Makes us all feel, not the multitude only. I am reproached with wishing to make free-thinking an aristocratic privilege, while a false religion is thrown to the multitude to keep it quiet; and in this country—where the multitude is in the first place, particularly averse to being called the multitude, and in the second, by its natural spirit of honesty, particularly averse to all underhand, selfish scheming—such an imputation is readily snatched up, and carries much odium with it. I will not seek to remove that odium by any flattery, by saying that I think we are all one enlightened public together. No, there *is* a multitude, a multitude made up out of all ranks: probably in no country—so much has our national life been carried on by means of parties, and so inevitably does party-spirit, in regarding all things,

put the consideration of their intrinsic reason and truth second, and not first—is the multitude more unintelligent, more narrow-minded, and more passionate than in this. Perhaps in no country in the world is so much nonsense so firmly believed. But those on whose behalf I demand from a religious speaker edification are more than this multitude; and their cause and that of the multitude are one. They are all those who acknowledge the need of the religious life. The few whom literary criticism regards as exempt from all concern with edification, are far fewer than is commonly supposed. Those whose life is all in thought, and to whom, therefore, literary criticism concedes the right of treating religion with absolute freedom, as pure matter for thought, are not a great class, but a few individuals. Let them think in peace, these sublime solitaries: they have a right to their liberty: Churches will never concede it to them; literary criticism will never deny it to them. From his austere isolation a born thinker like Spinoza cries with warning solemnity to the would-be thinker, what from his austere isolation a born artist like Michael Angelo, cries to the would-be artist—"Canst thou drink of the cup that I drink of?" Those who persist in the thinker's life, are far fewer even than those who persist in the artist's. Of the educated minority, far the greatest number retain their demand upon the religious life. They share, indeed, the culture of their time, they are curious to know the new ideas of their time; their own culture is advanced, in so far as those ideas are novel, striking, and just. This course they follow, whether they feel or not (what is certainly true), that this satisfaction of their curiosity, this culture of theirs, is not without its dangers to the religious life. Thus they go on being informed, gathering intellectual ideas at their own peril, minding, as Marcus Aurelius reproached himself with too long minding, "life less than notion." But the moment they enter the sphere of religion, they too ask and need to be edified, not informed only. They inevitably, such is the law of the religious life, take the same attitude as the least-

instructed. The religious voice that speaks to them must have the tone of the spiritual world : the intellectual ideas presented to them must be made to blend with the religious life.

The world may not see this, but cannot a clergyman see it? Cannot he see that, speaking to the religious life, he may honestly be silent about matters which he cannot yet use to edification, and of which, therefore, the religious life does not want to hear? Does he not see that he is even bound to take account of the circumstances of his hearers, and that information which is only fruitless to the religious life of some of his hearers, may be worse than fruitless, confounding, to the religious life of others of them? Certainly, Christianity has not two doctrines, one for the few, another for the many ; but as certainly, Christ adapted His teaching to the different stages of growth in His hearers, and for all of them adapted it to the needs of the religious life. He came to preach moral and spiritual truths ; and for His purpose moral genius was of more avail than intellectual genius, St. Peter than Solomon. But the speculative few who stood outside of his teaching were not the Pharisees and the Sadducees. The Pharisees were the narrow-minded, cruel-hearted religious professors of that day ; the Sadducees were the "liberals of every shade of opinion." And who, then, were the thinking few of that time?—a student or two at Athens or Alexandria. That was the hour of the religious sense of the East : but the hour of the thought of the West, of Greek thought, was also to come. The religious sense had to ally itself with this, to make certain conditions with it, to be in certain ways inevitably modified by it. Now is the hour of the thought of the West. This thought has its apostles on every side, and we hear far more of its conquests than of the conquests of the religious sense. Still the religious life maintains its indefeasible claims, and in its own sphere inexorably refuses to be satisfied with the new thought, to admit it to be of any truth and signi-

ficance, until it has harmonised it with itself, until it has imparted to it its own divine power of refreshing souls. Some day the religious life will have harmonised all the new thought with itself; will be able to use it freely : but it cannot use it yet. And who has not rejoiced to be able, between the old idea, tenable no longer, which once connected itself with certain religious words, and the new idea, which has not yet connected itself with them, to rest for awhile in the healing virtue and beauty of the words themselves? The old popular notion of perpetual special interventions of Providence in the concerns of man is weak and erroneous ; yet who has yet found, to define Providence for the religious life, words so adequate as the words of Isaiah—"In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them ; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old?" The old popular notion of an incensed God appeased in His wrath against the helpless race of mankind by a bloody sacrifice, is barbarous and false ; but what intellectual definition of the death of Christ has yet succeeded in placing it, for the religious life, in so true an aspect as the sublime ejaculation of the Litany : "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"

And you are masters in Israel, and know not these things ; and you require a voice from the world of literature to tell them to you! Those who ask nothing better than to remain silent on such topics, who have to quit their own sphere to speak of them, who cannot touch them without being reminded that they survive those who touched them with far different power, you compel, in the mere interest of letters, of intelligence, of general culture, to proclaim truths which it was your function to have made familiar. And, when you have thus forced the very stones to cry out, and the dumb to speak, you call them singular because they know these truths, and arrogant because they declare them!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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INTRODUCTORY LECTURE ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE,

Delivered at the ROYAL INSTITUTION, the 21st of FEBRUARY, 1863,

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

GENTLEMEN,—In a course of lectures which I had the honour to deliver in this Institution two years ago, I endeavoured to show that the language which we speak, and the languages that are and that have been spoken in every part of our globe since the first dawn of human life and human thought, supply materials capable of scientific treatment. We can collect them, we can classify them, we can reduce them to their constituent elements, and deduce from them some of the laws that determine their origin, govern their growth, necessitate their decay; we can treat them, in fact, in exactly the same spirit in which the geologist treats his stones and petrifications, nay, in which the botanist treats the flowers of the field, and the astronomer the stars of heaven. There is a science of language, as there is a science of the earth, of its flowers and its stars; and though, as a young science, it is very far as yet from that perfection which—thanks to the efforts of the intellectual giants of so many ages and many countries—has been reached in astronomy, botany, and even in geology, it is, perhaps, for that very reason all the more fascinating. It is a young and a growing science, that puts forth new strength with every year; that opens new prospects, new fields of enterprise on every side, and rewards its students with richer har-

vests than could be expected from the exhausted soil of the older sciences. The whole world is open, as it were, to the student of language. There is virgin soil close to our door, and there are whole continents still to conquer if we step beyond the frontiers of the ancient seats of civilization. We may select a small village in our neighbourhood to pick up dialectic varieties and to collect phrases, proverbs, and stories which will disclose fragments—almost ground to dust, it is true, yet unmistakable fragments—of the earliest formations of Saxon speech and Saxon thought. Or we may proceed to our very antipodes to study the idiom of the Hawaiian islanders, and watch in the laws and edicts of Kaméhaméha the working of the same human faculty of speech, in its most primitive efforts, and yet with its never-failing triumphs. The classical dialects of Ancient Greece, ransacked as they have been by classical scholars, such as Maittaire, Giese, and Ahrens, will amply reward a fresh *battue* of the comparative philologists. Their forms, which to the classical scholar were mere anomalies and curiosities, will then assume a different aspect. They will range themselves under more general laws; and, after receiving light by a comparison with other dialects, they will, in turn, reflect that light with increased power on the phonetic peculiarities of Sanskrit

and Prākrit, Zend and Persian, Latin and French. But, even were the old mines exhausted, the science of language would create its own materials, and, as with the rod of the prophet, smite the rocks of the desert to call forth from them new streams of living speech. The rock inscriptions of Persia show what can be achieved by our science. I do not wonder that the discoveries due to the genius and the persevering industry of Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and last, not least, of Rawlinson, should seem incredible to those who only glance at them from a distance. Their incredulity will hereafter prove the greatest compliment that could have been paid to these eminent scholars. What we now call the Cuneiform inscriptions of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Artaxerxes I., Darius II., Artaxerxes Mnemon, Artaxerxes Ochus (of which we have several editions, translations, grammars, and dictionaries), was originally a mere conglomerate of wedges, engraved or impressed on the solitary monument of Cyrus in the Murgháb, on the ruins of Persepolis, or the rocks of Behistún, near the frontiers of Media, and the precipice of Van, in Armenia. When Grotefend attempted to decipher them, he had first to prove that these scrolls were really inscriptions, and not mere Arabesques or fanciful ornaments. He had then to find out whether these magical characters were to be read horizontally or perpendicularly, from right to left, or from left to right. Lichtenberg maintained that they must be read in the same direction as Hebrew. Grotefend, in 1802, proved that the letters followed each other, as in Greek, from left to right. Even before Grotefend, Münter and Tychsen had observed that there was a sign to separate the words. This is of course an immense help in all attempts at deciphering inscriptions, for it lays bare at once the terminations of hundreds of words, and, in an Aryan language, supplies us with the skeleton of its grammar. Yet consider the difficulties that had still to be overcome before a single line could be read. It was unknown in what language these

inscriptions were composed; it might have been a Semitic, a Turanian, or an Aryan language. It was unknown to what period they belonged, and whether they commemorated the conquests of Cyrus, Darius, Alexander, or Sapor. It was unknown whether the alphabet used was phonetic, syllabic, or hieroglyphic. It would detain us too long were I to relate how all these difficulties were removed one after the other; how the proper names of Darius, Xerxes, Hystaspes, and of their god Ormusd, were traced; how from them the values of certain letters were determined; how with an imperfect alphabet other words were deciphered which clearly established the fact that the language of these inscriptions was Ancient Persian; how then, with the help of the Zend, which represents the Persian language previous to Darius, and, with the help of the later Persian, a most effective cross fire was opened; how even more powerful ordnance was brought up from the Arsenal of the ancient Sanskrit; how outpost after outpost was driven in, a practical breach effected, till at last the fortress had to surrender and submit to the terms dictated by the Science of Language.

I should gladly on some future occasion give you a more detailed account of this glorious siege and victory. At present I only refer to it to show how, in all quarters of the globe, and from sources where it would least be expected, new materials are forthcoming that would give employment to a much larger class of labourers than the Science of Language can as yet boast of. The inscriptions of Babylon and Nineveh, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the records in the caves of India, on the monuments of Lycia, on the tombs of Etruria, and on the broken tablets of Umbria and Samnium, all these wait to have their spell broken by the student of language. If, then, we turn our eyes again to the yet unnumbered dialects now spoken by the nomad tribes of Asia, of Africa, of America, and of the islands of the Pacific, no scholar need be afraid for some generations to come

that there will be no language left to him to conquer.

There is another charm peculiar to the Science of Language, or one, at least, which it shares only with its younger sisters: I mean, the vigorous contest that is still carried on between great opposing principles. In Astronomy, the fundamental laws of the universe are no longer contested, and the Ptolemæan system is not likely to find new supporters. In Geology, the feuds between the Vulcanists and Neptunists have come to an end, and no unprejudiced person doubts at the present moment whether an Ammonite be a work of nature, or a flinthead a work of art. It is different in the Science of Language. There, the controversies about the great problems have not yet subsided. The questions whether language is a work of nature or a work of art, whether languages had one or many beginnings, whether they can be classified in families or not, are constantly starting up, and scholars, even while engaged in the most minute inquiries, must always be prepared to meet the enemy. This, no doubt, may sometimes be tedious, but it has this good effect: it leads us to examine carefully the ground on which we take our stand, and keeps us alive, even while analysing mere prefixes and suffixes, to the grandeur and the sacredness of the issues that depend on these minutæ. The foundations of our science do not suffer from such attacks;—on the contrary, like the coral cells built up quietly and patiently from the bottom of the sea, they become more strongly cemented by the whiffs of spray that are dashed across.

Emboldened by the indulgent reception with which I met in this place, when first claiming some share of public sympathy in behalf of the Science of Language, I venture to-day to come again before you with a course of lectures on the same subject—on mere words, on nouns, and verbs, and particles—and I trust you will again, as you did then, make allowance for the inevitable shortcomings of one who has to address you with a foreign accent,

and on a subject foreign to the pursuits of many of the supporters of this Institution. One thing I feel more strongly than ever—namely, that without the Science of Language, the circle of the physical sciences, to which this Institution is more specially dedicated, would be incomplete. The whole natural creation tends towards man: without man, nature would be incomplete and purposeless. The Science of Man, therefore, must form the crown of all the natural sciences. And, if it is language by which man differs from all other created things, the Science of language has a right to hold that place which I claimed for it when addressing for the first time the members and supporters of this Institution. Allow me to quote the words of one whose memory becomes more dear and sacred to me with every year, and to whose friendship I owe more than I could here say. Bunsen, when addressing, in 1847, the newly-formed section of Ethnology at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, said:—

“If man is the apex of the creation, it seems right, on the one side, that a historical inquiry into his origin and development should never be allowed to sever itself from the general body of natural science, and in particular from physiology. But, on the other hand, if man is the apex of the creation, if he is the end to which all organic formations tend from the very beginning; if man is at once the mystery and the key of natural science; if that is the only view of natural science worthy of our age—then ethnological philology, once established on principles as clear as the physiological are, is the highest branch of that science for the advancement of which this Association is instituted. It is not an appendix to physiology or to anything else; but its object is, on the contrary, capable of becoming the end and goal of the labours and transactions of a scientific association.”

—*Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, 1847, p. 257.*

In my former course all that I could attempt to do was to point out the prin-

cipal objects of the Science of Language, to determine its limits, and to lay before you a general map of the ground that had been explored with more or less success during the last fifty years. That map was necessarily incomplete. It comprehended not much more than what in an atlas of the ancient world is called "*Orbis Veteribus Notus*," where you distinguish names and boundaries only in those parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa which formed the primeval stage of the great drama of history; but where, beyond the Hyperboreans in the North, the Anthropophagi in the West, and the Ethiopians in the South, you see but vaguely shaded outlines—the New World beyond the Atlantic existing as yet only as the dream of philosophers.

It was at first my intention, in the present course of lectures, to fill out, in greater detail, the outlines of that map. Materials for this are abundant and steadily increasing. The works of Hervas, Adelung, Klaproth, Balbi, Prichard, and Latham, will show you how much more minutely the map of languages might be coloured at present than the ancient geographical maps of Strabo and Ptolemy. But I very soon perceived that this would hardly have been a fit subject for a course of lectures. I could only have given you an account of the work done by others: of explorations made by travellers or missionaries among the black races of Africa, the yellow tribes of Polynesia, and the red-skins of America. I should have had simply to copy their descriptions of the manners, customs, laws, and religions of these savage tribes, to make abstracts of their grammars and extracts from their vocabularies. This would necessarily have been work at second-hand, and all I could have added of my own would have been to criticize their attempts at classifying some of the clusters of languages in those distant regions, to point out similarities which they might have overlooked, or to protest against some of the theories which they had propounded without sufficient evidence. All who have had to examine the accounts of new languages, or families of languages, pub-

lished by missionaries or travellers, are aware how not only their theories, but their facts, have to be sifted, before they can be allowed to occupy even a temporary place in our handbooks, or before we should feel justified in rectifying accordingly the frontiers on the great map of the languages of mankind. Thus I received but the other day some papers, printed at Honolulu,¹ propounding the theory "that all those tongues which we designate as the Indo-European languages have their true root and origin in the Polynesian language." "I am certain," the author writes, "that this is the case as regards the Greek and Sanskrit; I find reason to believe it to be so as to the Latin and other more modern tongues—in short, as to all European languages, old and young." And he proceeds: "The second discovery which I believe I have made, and with which the former is connected, is that the study of the Polynesian language gives us the key to the original function of language itself, and to its whole mechanism."

Strange as it may sound to hear the language of Homer and Ennius spoken of as an offshoot of the Sandwich Islands, mere ridicule would be a very inappropriate and very inefficient answer to such a theory. It is not very long ago that all the Greek and Latin scholars of Europe shook their heads at the idea of tracing the roots of the classical idioms back to Sanskrit, and even at the present moment there are still many persons who cannot realize the fact that, at a very remote, but a very real period in the history of the world, the ancestors of the Homeric poets and of the poets of the Veda must have lived together as members of one and the same race, as speakers of one and the same language. There are other theories not less startling than that which would make the Polynesian the primitive language of mankind. I received lately a *Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages*, printed at the Cape,

¹ "*The Polynesian*," Honolulu, Sept. 27, Oct. 7, Oct. 11, 1862.—*Essay by Dr. J. Rae.*

written by a most learned, accurate, and ingenious scholar, Dr. Bleek.¹ In it he proves that, with the exception of the Bushman tongue, which has not yet been sufficiently studied, the great mass of African languages is to be reduced to two families. He shows that the Hottentot is a branch of the North African class of languages,² and that it was separated from its relatives by the intrusion of the second great family, the Kafir languages, which occupy (as far as our knowledge goes) the whole remaining portion of the South African continent, extending on the eastern side from the Keiskamma to the equator, and on the western side from 32° southern to about 8° northern latitude. But the same author claims likewise (page 2) a very prominent place for the African idioms, in the general history of human speech. "It is, perhaps, not too much to say," he writes, (page viii. Preface) "that similar results may at present be expected from a deeper study of such primitive forms of language as the Kafir and the Hottentot exhibit, as followed, at the beginning of this century, the discovery of Sanskrit, and the comparative researches of Oriental scholars. The origin of the grammatical forms, of gender and number, the etymology of pronouns, and many other questions of the highest interest to the philologist, find their true solution in Southern Africa."

But, while we are thus told by some scholars that we must look to Polynesia and South Africa, if we would find the clue to the mysteries of Aryan speech, we are warned by others that there is no such thing as an Aryan or Indo-Euro-

pean family of languages, that Sanskrit has no relationship with Greek, and that comparative philology is but a dream of continental professors. How are theories and counter-theories of this kind to be treated? However startling and paradoxical in appearance, they must be examined before we can either accept or reject them. "Science," as Bunsen³ said, "excludes no suppositions, however strange they may appear, which are not in themselves absurd—viz., demonstrably contradictory to its own principles." But by what tests and rules are they to be examined? They can only be examined by those tests and rules which the science of language has established in its more limited areas of research. "We must begin," as Leibnitz said, "with studying the modern languages which are within our reach, in order to compare them with one another, to discover their differences and affinities, and then to proceed to those which have preceded them in former ages; in order to show their filiation and their origin, and then to ascend step by step to the most ancient of tongues, the analysis of which must lead us to the only trustworthy conclusions." The principles of comparative philology must rest on the evidence of the best known and the best analysed dialects, and it is to them that we must look, if we wish for a compass to guide us through the most violent storms and hurricanes of philological speculation.

I thought it best, therefore, to devote the present course of lectures to the examination of a very limited area of speech—to English, French, German, Latin, and Greek, and, of course, to Sanskrit—in order to discover or to establish more firmly some of the fundamental principles of the Science of Language. I believe there is no science from which we, the students of language, may learn more than from Geology. Now in Geology, if we have once acquired a general knowledge of the successive strata that form the crust of the earth, and of the faunas and floras pre-

¹ A Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages, by W. H. T. Bleek, Ph.D., 1862.

² "Since the Hottentot race is known only as a receding one, and traces of its existence extend into the interior of South Africa, it may be looked upon as a fragment of the old and properly Ethiopic population, stretched along the mountain-spine of Africa, through the regions now occupied by the Galla; but cut through and now enveloped by tribes of a different stock."—T. C. Adamson, in *Journal of the American Oriental Soc.*, vol. iv., p. 449. 1859.

³ L. c. p. 256.

sent or absent in each, nothing is so instructive as the minute exploration of a quarry close at hand, of a cave or a mine, in order to see things with our own eyes, to handle them, and to learn how every pebble that we pick up points a lesson of the widest range. I believe it is the same in the Science of Language. *One* word, however common, of our own dialect, if well examined and analysed, will teach us more than the most ingenious speculations on the nature of speech and the origin of roots. We may accept it, I believe, as a general principle, that what is *real* in modern formations, is *possible* in more ancient formations; that what has been found to be true on a small scale, may be true on a larger scale. Principles like these, which underlie the study of Geology, are equally applicable to the study of Philology, though in their application they require, no doubt, the same circumspectness which is the great charm of geological reasoning.

Let us examine a few instances. We have not very far to go in order to hear such phrases as, "he is gone a-hunting, a-fishing," instead of the more usual, "he is gone out hunting, fishing," &c. Now the fact is, that the vulgar or dialectic expression, "he is gone a-hunting," is far more correct than "he is gone hunting."¹ *Ing*, in our modern grammars, is called the termination of the participle present, but it does not exist as such in Anglo-Saxon. In Anglo-Saxon the termination of that participle is *ande* or *inde* (Gothic, *ands*; O.H.G. *anter*, *enter*; M.H.G. *ende*, N.H.G. *end*.) This was preserved as late as Gower's and Chaucer's time, though in most cases it had already been supplanted by the termination *ing*. Now what is that termination *ing*?² It is clearly used in two different senses, even in modern English. If I say, "a loving child," loving is a verbal adjective. If I say, "loving our neighbour is our highest duty," loving is a verbal substantive. Again, there are many substantives in *ing*, such as a *building*, a *wedding*, a

meeting, where the verbal character of the substantive is almost, if not entirely, lost.

Now, if we look to Anglo-Saxon, we find the termination *ing* used—

(1.) To form patronymics, for instance, *Godvulfing*, the son of *Godvulf*. In the A.S. translation of the Bible the son of *Elisha* is called *Elising*. In the plural these patronymics become national names; for instance, *Thyringas*, the descendants of *Thyr*, the Thuringians. Many of the geographical names in England and Germany were originally such patronymics. Thus we have the villages³ of *Malling*, of *Billing*, &c., or in compounds, *Mallington*, *Billingborough*. In *Torrington* there may be a trace of the *Thyrings* or *Thuringians*, the sons of *Thor*; in *Walshingham*, the memory of the famous race of the *Walsings* may have been preserved, to which Siegfried belonged, the hero of the *Nibelunge*.⁴ In German names, such as *Göttingen* in Hanover, *Harlingen* in Holland, we have old genitives plural, in the sense of "the home of the Gottings, the home of the Harlings," &c.

(2.) *Ing* is used to form more general attributive words, such as, *ädelling*, a man of rank; *lyteling*, a small man; *niding*, a bad man; also the English *farthing*, a fourth part of a penny.

This *ing*, being frequently preceded by another suffix, the *l*, we arrive at the very common derivative *ling*, in such words as *darling*, *hireling*, *yearling*. It has been supposed that the modern English participle was formed by the same derivative, but in A.S. this suffix *ing* is attached to nouns and adjectives only, and not to verbs.

There was, however, another derivative in A.S., which was attached to verbs to form verbal substantives. This was *ung*, the German *ung*. For instance, *clænsung*, cleansing; *bedænung*, beaconing; &c. These abstract nouns in *ung* are more numerous in early A.S. than those in *ing*. *Ing*, however, began soon to encroach on *ung*, and at present no

¹ Archdeacon Hare, Words corrupted by false Analogy or false Derivation, p. 65.

² Grimm, German Grammar, II. 348—365.

³ Latham, History of the English Language, i. p. 223. Kemble, Saxons in England.

⁴ Grimm, Deutsche Heldensage, p. 14.

trace is left in English of substantives in *ung*.

Although, as I said, it might seem more plausible to look on the modern participle in English as originally an adjective in *ing*, such popular phrases as *a-going*, *a-thinking*, point rather to the verbal substantives in *ing*, as the source from which the modern English participle was derived. "I am going" is in reality a corruption of "I am a-going," i.e. "I am on going," and the participle present would thus be traced back to a locative case of a verbal noun.¹

Let us remember, then, that the place of the participle present may, in the progress of dialectic regeneration, be supplied by the locative or some other case of a verbal noun.

Now let us look to French. On the 3d of June, 1679, the French Academy decreed that the participles of the present should no longer be declined.²

What was the meaning of this decree? Simply what may now be found in every French grammar, namely, that *commençant*, *finissant*, are indeclinable when they have the meaning of the participle present, active or neuter; but that they take the terminations of the masculine and feminine, in the singular and plural, if they are used as adjectives.³ But what is the reason of this rule? Simply this, that *chantant*, if used as a participle, is not the Latin *cantans*, but the so-called gerund, that is to say, the oblique case of a verbal noun, the Latin *cantando* corresponding to the English *a-singing*, while the Latin participle

present, *cantans*, is used in the Romance languages only as an adjective, for instance, "*une femme souffrante*," &c.

Here, then, we see, again, that in analytical languages the participle present can be supplanted by the oblique case of a verbal noun.

Let us now look to a more distant, yet to a cognate language, like Bengali. We there find⁴ that the so-called infinitive is formed by *te*, which *te* is at the same time the termination of the locative singular. Hence the present, *Karitechī*, I am doing, and the imperfect, *Karitechilām*, I was doing, are mere compounds of *āchi*, I am, *āchilām*, I was, with what may be called a participle present, but what is in reality a verbal noun in the locative. *Karitechī*, I do, means "I am in doing," or "I am a-doing."

Now the question arises, does this perfectly intelligible method of forming the participle from the oblique case of a verbal noun, and of forming the present indicative by compounding this verbal noun with the auxiliary verb 'to be,' supply us with a test that may be safely applied to the analysis of languages which decidedly belong to a different family of speech? Let us take the Bask, which is certainly neither Aryan nor Semitic, and which has thrown out a greater abundance of verbal forms than almost any known language.⁵ Here the present is formed by what is called a participle, followed by an auxiliary verb. This participle, however, is formed by the suffix *an*, and the same suffix is used to form the locative case of nouns. For instance, *mendia*, the mountain; *mendiaz*, from the mountain; *mendian*, in the mountain; *mendico*, for the sake of the mountain. In like manner *etchean*, in the house; *ohean*, in the bed.

Cf. Garnett's paper on the formation of words from inflected cases, Philological Society, vol. iii, No. 54, 1847. Garnett compares the Welsh *yn sefyll*, in standing, *Ir. ag seasamh*, on standing, the Gaelic *ag sealgadh*. The same ingenious and accurate scholar was the first to propose the theory of the participle being formed from the locative of a verbal noun.

² Cf. Egger, *Notions Élémentaires de Grammaire Comparée*, Paris, 1856, p. 197. "La règle est faite. On ne déclina plus les participes présents." (B. Jullien, *Cours Supérieur*, i. p. 186.)

³ Diez, *Vergleichende Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen*, ii. p. 114.

⁴ M. M.'s *Essay on the Relation of the Bengali to the Aryan and Aboriginal Languages of India*. Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, 1847, pp. 344-45. Cf. Garnett, l.c. p. 29.

⁵ See Inchauspe's *Verbe Basque*, published by Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte. Bayonne, 1853.

If, then, we examine the verb,

erorten niz, I fall ;
 „ hiz, thouallest ;
 „ da, he falls ;

we see again in *erorten* a locative, or, as it is called, a positive case of the verbal substantive *erorta*, the root of which would be *eror*, falling;¹ so that the indicative present of the Bask verb does not mean either *I fall*, or *I am falling*, but was intended originally for “*I am in the act of falling*,” or, to return to the point from whence we started, *I am a-falling*. The *a* in *a-falling* stands for an original *on*. Thus *aright* is *on rihte*, *away* is *on veg*, *aback* is *on bæc*, *again* is *on gegen*, *among* is *on gemang*,² &c.

This must suffice as an illustration of the principle that what is real in modern formations must be admitted as possible in more ancient formations, and that what has been found to be true on a small scale may be true on a larger scale. I speak thus cautiously, because there is much in the science of language to tempt us to overstep these, the legitimate limits of inductive reasoning. We may infer from the known to the unknown in language tentatively, but not positively. It does not follow, even within so small a sphere as the Aryan family of speech, that what is possible in French is possible in Latin, that what explains Bengali will explain Sanskrit. Still less would it be safe to treat all the languages of the world as if they were but modifications or repetitions of Sanskrit. Mr. Garnett, in an excellent paper on the participle, has traced similar phenomena in a much larger number of languages, and he has even endeavoured to show that the original Indo-European participle, the Latin *amans*, the Greek *ῥύπων*, the Sanskrit *bodhat*, were formed on the same principle:—that they were cases of a verbal noun.² In this, however, he has failed,

¹ Cf. *Dissertation critique et apologétique sur la Langue Basque*, (par l'Abbé Darrigol). Bayonne.

² He takes *dravat* as a possible ablative, likewise *s'as-at*, and *tan-vat* (sic). It would be impossible to form ablatives in *ât* (as) from verbal bases raised by the vikaranas of the

as many have failed before and after him, if imagining that what has been found to be true in one portion of the vast kingdom of speech *must* be equally true in all. This is not so, and cannot be so. Language, though its growth is governed by intelligible principles throughout, was not so uniform in its progress as to repeat exactly the same phenomena at every stage of its life. As the geologist looks for different characteristics when he has to deal with London clay, with Oxford clay, or with old red sandstone, the student of language, too, must be prepared for different formations, even though he confines himself to one stage in the history of language, the *inflectional*. And if he steps beyond this, the most modern stage, then to apply indiscriminately to the lower stages of human speech, to the *agglutinative* and *radical*, the same tests which have proved successful in the *inflectional*, would be like ignoring the difference between aqueous, igneous, and metamorphic rocks. There are scholars who are incapable of appreciating more than one kind of evidence. No doubt the evidence on which the relationship of French and Italian, of Greek and Latin, of Lithuanian and Sanskrit, of Hebrew and Arabic, has been established, is the most satisfactory; but such evidence is possible only in inflectional languages that have passed their period of growth, and have entered into the stage of phonetic decay. To call for the same evidence in support of the homogeneity of the Turanian languages, is to call for evidence which, from the nature of the case, it is impossible to supply. As well might the geologist look for fossils in granite! The Turanian languages allow of no grammatical petrifications like those on which the relationship of the Aryan and Semitic families is chiefly founded. If they did, they would cease to be what they are; they would be inflectional, not agglutinative.

If languages were all of one and the same special tenses, nor would the ablative be so appropriate a case as the locative, for taking the place of a verbal adjective.

same texture, they might be unravelled, no doubt, with the same tools. But as they are not—and this is admitted by all—it is surely mere waste of valuable time to try to discover Sanskrit in the Malay dialects, or Greek in the idioms of the Caucasian mountaineers. The whole crust of the earth is not made of lias, swarming with Ammonites and Plesiosaurs, nor is all language made of Sanskrit, teeming with Supines and Paulo-pluperfects. If we compare the extreme members of the Polynesian dialects, we find but little agreement in what may be called their grammar, and many of their words seem totally distinct. But, if we compare their numerals, we clearly see that these are common property; we perceive similarity, though at the same time great diversity. We begin to note the phonetic changes that have taken place in one and the same numeral, as pronounced by different islanders; we thus arrive at phonetic laws, and these, in their turn, remove the apparent dissimilarity in other words which at first seemed totally irreconcilable. But mere phonetic decay will not account for the differences between the Polynesian dialects, and, unless we admit the process of dialectic regeneration to a much greater extent than we should be justified in the Aryan and Semitic families, our task of reconciliation would become hopeless. Will it be believed that since the time of Cook five of the ten simple numerals in the language of Tahiti have been thrown off and replaced by new ones? This is, nevertheless, the fact.

Two was rua; it is now piti,
Four was ha; it is now maha,
Five was rima; it is now pae,
Six was one; it is now fene.
Eight was varu; it is now vau.¹

I tried in one of my former lectures to explain some of the causes which in nomadic dialects produce a much more rapid shedding of words than in literary languages, and I have since received

¹ United States Exploring Expedition, under the command of Charles Wilkes. Ethnography and Philology, by H. Hale, vol. vii. p. 289.

ample evidence to confirm the views which I then expressed. My excellent friend, the Bishop of Melanesia, of whom it is difficult to say whether we should admire him more as a Christian, or as a scholar, or as a bold mariner, meets in every small island with a new language, which none but a scholar could trace back to the Melanesian type. "What an indication," he writes, "of the jealousy and suspicion of their lives, the extraordinary multiplicity of these languages affords! In each generation, for aught I know, they diverge more and more; provincialisms and local words, &c. perpetually introduce new causes for perplexity."

I shall mention to-day but one new, though insignificant, cause of change in the Polynesian languages, in order to show that it is difficult to over-estimate the multifarious influences which are at work in nomadic dialects, constantly changing their aspect and multiplying their number.

The Tahitians,² besides the metaphorical expressions, have another and a more singular mode of displaying their reverence towards their king, by a custom which they term *te pi*. They cease to employ, in the common language, those words which form a part or the whole of the sovereign's name, or that of one of his near relatives, and invent new terms to supply their place. As all names in Polynesian are significant, and a chief usually has several, it will be seen that this custom must produce a considerable havoc in a language. It is true that this change is only temporary, as, at the death of the king or chief, the new word is dropped, and the original term resumed. But it is hardly to be supposed that after one or two generations the old words should still be remembered and be reinstated. Anyhow, it is a fact, that the missionaries, by employing many of the new terms, give them a permanency which will defy the ceremonial loyalty of the natives. Vancouver observes (*Voyage*, vol. i. p. 135) that at the accession of Otu, which took place between the visit of Cook

² Hale, p. 288.

and his own, no less than forty or fifty of the most common words, which occur in conversation, had been entirely changed. It is not necessary that all the simple words which go to make up a compound name should be changed. The alteration of one is esteemed sufficient. Thus in *Po-mare*, signifying "the night (*po*) of coughing (*mare*)," only the first word, *po*, has been dropped, *mi* being used in its place. So in *Ai-mata* (eye-eater), the name of the present queen, the *ai* (eat) has been altered to *amu*, and the *mata* (eye) retained. In *Tearii-na-vaha-roa* (the chief with the large mouth), *roa* alone has been changed to *maoro*. It is the same as if with the accession of Queen Victoria, either the word *victory* had been tabooed altogether, or only part of it, for instance *tori*, so as to make it high-treason to speak during her reign of *Tories*, this word being always supplied by another; such, for instance, as *Liberal-Conservative*. The object was clearly to guard against the name of the sovereign being ever used, even by accident, in ordinary conversation, and this object was attained by tabooing even one portion of his name.

"But this alteration," as Mr. Hale remarks, "affects not only the words 'themselves, but syllables of similar 'sound in other words. Thus the name 'of one of the kings being *Tu*, not 'only was this word, which means 'to 'stand,' changed to *tia*, but in the 'word *fetu*, star, the last syllable, 'though having no connexion, except 'in sound, with the word *tu*, under-'went the same alteration—star being 'now *fetia*; *tui*, to strike, became '*tiai*; and *tu pa pau*, a corpse, *tia* '*pa pau*. So *ha*, four, having been 'changed to *maha*, the word *aha*, split, 'has been altered to *amaha*, and *murihá*, 'the name of a month, to *muridha*. 'When the word *ai* was changed to '*amu*, *marai*, the name of a certain 'wind (in Rarotongan, *maranai*), became '*mara-amu*."

It is equally clear that, if a radical or monosyllabic language, like Chinese,

independent dialects, the results must be very different from those which take place in Latin when split up into the Romance dialects. In the Romance dialects, however violent the changes which made Portuguese words to differ from French, there always remain a few fibres by which they hang together. It might be difficult to recognise the French *plier*, to fold, to turn, in the Portuguese *chegar*, to arrive, yet we trace *plier* back to *plicare*, and *chegar* to the Spanish *llegar*, the old Spanish *plegar*, the Latin *plicare*,¹ here used in the sense of turning towards a place, arriving at a place. But when we have to deal with dialects of Chinese, everything that could possibly hold them together seems hopelessly gone. The language now spoken in Cochin China is a dialect of Chinese, at least as much as Norman French was a dialect of French, though spoken by Saxons at a Norman Court. There was a native language of Cochin China, the Annamitic, which forms, as it were, the Saxon of that country on which the Chinese, like the Norman, was grafted. This engrafted Chinese, then, is a dialect of the Chinese as spoken in China, and it is most nearly related to the spoken dialect of Canton. Yet few Chinese scholars would recognise Chinese in the language of Cochin. It is, for instance, one of the most characteristic features of the literary Chinese, the dialect of Nankin or the idiom of the Mandarins, that every syllable ends in a vowel, either pure or nasal. In Cochin China,² on the contrary, we find words ending in k, t, p. Thus, ten is *thap*, at Canton *chap*, instead of the Chinese *tsi*.³ No

¹ Diez, *Lexicon*, s. v. *llegar*; *Grammar*, i. p. 379.

² Endlicher, *Chinesische Grammatik*, par. 53, 78, 96.

³ Léon de Rosny, *Tableau de la Cochin-chinie*, p. 295. He gives as illustrations:—

	Annamique.	Cantonais.
dix	thap	chap
pouvoir	dak	tak
sang	houet	hoet
forêt	lam	lam.

He likewise mentions double consonants in the Chinese as spoken in Cochin China, namely, bl', dy, ml, ty, tr; also f, r, s. As final consonants he gives, ch, k, m, n, ng, p, t.—P. 296.

wonder that the early missionaries described the Annamitic as totally distinct from Chinese. One of them says: "When I arrived in Cochin China, I heard the natives speak, particularly the women: I thought I heard the twittering of birds, and I gave up all hope of ever learning it. All words are monosyllabic, and people distinguish their significations only by means of different accents in pronouncing them. The same syllable, for instance, *dai*, signifies twenty-three entirely different things, according to the difference of accent, so that people never speak without singing."¹ This description, though somewhat exaggerated, is correct in the main, there being six or eight musical accents or modulations in this as in other monosyllabic tongues, by which the different meanings of one and the same monosyllabic root are kept distinct. These accents form an element of language which we have lost, but which was most important during the primitive stages of human speech. The Chinese language commands no more than 450 distinct sounds, and with them it expresses between 40,000 and 50,000 words or meanings.² These meanings are now kept distinct by means of composition, or in other languages by derivation, but on the radical stage they would have bewildered the hearer entirely, without some hints to indicate their real intention. We have something left of this faculty in the tone of our sentences. We distinguish an interrogative from a positive sentence by the raising of our voice. (Gone? Gone.) We pronounce *Yes* very differently when we mean *perhaps* (Yes, this may be true), or *of course* (Yes, I know it), or *really* (Yes? is it true?) or *truly* (Yes, I will). But in Chinese, in Annamitic (and likewise in Siamese and Burmese), these modulations have a much greater importance. Thus in Annamitic *ba* pronounced with the grave accent means a lady, an ancestor; pronounced with the sharp accent, it means the favourite of a prince; pronounced with the semi-grave

accent, it means what has been thrown away; pronounced with the grave circumflex, it means what is left of a fruit after it has been squeezed out; pronounced with no accent, it means three; pronounced with the ascending or interrogative accent, it means a box on the ear. Thus—

Ba, bà, bá, bá,

would mean, if properly pronounced, "Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favourite of the prince." How much these accents must be exposed to fluctuation in different dialects is easy to perceive. Though they are fixed by grammatical rules, and though their neglect causes the most absurd mistakes, they were clearly in the beginning the mere expression of individual feeling, and therefore liable to much greater dialectic variation than grammatical forms, properly so called. But let us take what we might call grammatical forms in Chinese, in order to see how differently they fare in dialectic dispersion, as compared with the terminations of inflectional languages. Though the grammatical organization of Latin has been well-nigh used up in French, we still see in the *s* of the plural a remnant of the Latin paradigm. We can trace the one back to the other. But in Chinese, when the plural is formed by the addition of some word meaning "multitude, heap, flock, class," what trace of original relationship remains when one dialect uses one, another another word? The plural in Cochin-Chinese is formed by placing *fo* before the substantive. This *fo* means many, or a certain number. It may exist in Chinese, but it is certainly not used there to form the plural. Another word employed for forming plurals is *zung*, several, and this again is wanting in Chinese. It fortunately happens, however, that a few words expressive of plurality have been preserved both in Chinese and Cochin-Chinese; as, for instance, *choung*, clearly the Chinese *tschoung*,¹ meaning conflux, vulgus, all, and used as an exponent of the plural; and *kak*,

¹ Léon de Rosny, l. c. p. 301.

² Lectures on the Science of Language, i. p. 270.

¹ Endlicher, § 152.

which has been identified with the Chinese *ko*.¹ The last identification may seem doubtful; and, if we suppose that *choung*, too, had been given up in Cochinchinese as a term of plurality, how would the tests which we apply for discovering the original identity of the Aryan languages have helped us in determining the real and close relationship between Chinese and Cochinchinese?

The present indicative is formed in Cochinchinese by simply putting the personal pronoun before the root.

Thus—	toy men,	I love.
	mai men,	thou lovest.
	no men,	he loves.

The past tense is formed by the addition of *da*, which means already.

Thus—	toy da men,	I loved.
	mai da men,	thou lovedst.
	no da men,	he loved.

The future is formed by the addition of *chè*.

Thus—	toy chè men,	I shall love.
	mai chè men,	thou wilt love.
	no chè men,	he will love.

Now, have we any right, however convinced we may be of the close relationship between Chinese and Cochinchinese, to expect the same forms in the language of the Mandarins? Not at all. The pronoun of the first person in Cochinchinese is not a pronoun, but means "servant." "I love" is expressed in that civil language by "servant loves." In Chinese the same polite phraseology is constantly observed,² but the words used are not the same, and do not include *toy*, servant. Instead of *ngò*, I; the Chinese would use *kuà yin*, little man; *téin*, subject; *téi*, thief; *iú*, blockhead. Nothing can be more polite; but we cannot expect that different nations should hit on exactly the same polite speeches, though they may agree in the common sense of grammar. The past tense is indicated in Chinese by particles meaning "already" or "formerly," but we do not find among them the Annamitic *da*. The same applies

to the future. The system is throughout the same, but the materials are different. Shall we say, therefore, that these languages cannot be proved to be related, because they do not display the same criteria of relationship as French and English, Latin and Greek, Celtic and Sanskrit? This would be to cut the wings of the Science of Language, and to confine it like a prisoner in its Aryan cage.

As I intend to limit this present course of lectures chiefly to Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, and their modern representatives, I thought it necessary thus from the beginning to guard against the misapprehension that the study of Sanskrit and its cognate dialects could supply us with *all* that is necessary for the Science of Language. It can do so as little as an exploration of the tertiary epoch could tell us all about the stratification of the earth. But, nevertheless, it can tell us a great deal. By displaying before us the minute laws that regulate the changes of each consonant, each vowel, each accent, it disciplines the student and teaches him respect for every jot and tittle in any, even the most savage, dialect he may hereafter have to analyse. By helping us to an understanding of that language in which we think, and of others most near and dear to us, it makes us perceive the great importance which the Science of Language has for the Science of the Mind. Nay, it shows that the two are inseparable, and that without a proper analysis of human language we shall never arrive at a true knowledge of the human mind. I quote from Leibnitz: "I believe truly," he says, "that languages are the best mirror of the human mind, and that an exact analysis of the signification of words would make us better acquainted than anything else with the operations of the understanding."

It is my intention, therefore, in the present course of lectures, to confine myself as much as possible to the Aryan family of speech; and to explore more especially those familiar quarries in which we have all laboured with more

¹ Léon de Rosny, l. c. 302.

² Endlicher, sect. 206.

or less success,—Greek, Latin with its Romance offshoots, English with its Continental kith and kin, and the much-abused, though indispensable, Sanskrit. My principal object, however, will be, not so much to describe the mere structure of these languages, as to show how their analysis and comparison lead to the discovery of certain principles which ought at all times to guide and to control the researches of the comparative Philologist.

I propose to divide my lectures into two parts. I shall first treat of what may be called the body or the outside of language, the sounds in which language is clothed, whether we call them words, syllables, or letters: describing

their origin, their formation, and the laws which determine their growth and decay. In this part we shall have to deal with some of the more important principles of Etymology.

In the second part I mean to investigate what may be called the soul or the inside of language; examining the first conceptions that claimed utterance, their combinations and ramifications, their growth, their decay, and their resuscitation. In that part we shall have to inquire into some of the fundamental principles of Mythology, both ancient and modern, and to determine the sway, if any, which language, as such exercises over our thoughts.

A WELCOME.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

WHOSE bark from Baltic isles to ours
Do friendly breezes bring?
'Tis hers, companion of the flowers,
Forerunner of the spring.
On our soil her foot is set
With the firstling violet,
Mid happy trees displaying
Their boughs in new arraying.

Spring's bird, that with adventurous flights
Thy ocean way dost trace,
Mark where the herald footstep lights,
And follow to the place.
Through our isle's fair compass be
Made the merry melody
Of sky and air repeating
The gladness of our greeting.

All hail! fair stranger, gentle Bride,
Before whose face this day
A mourning robe is laid aside,
A cloud is rolled away.
Come with birds and blossoms bright,
Genial warnth and lengthening light;
And round thy path assemble
All things thou dost resemble!

A VISIT TO LÜTZEN IN OCTOBER, 1862.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE.

PART II.

SEQUEL OF THE BATTLE.

THE death of the King was soon known, but seems to have had no effect in damping the ardour of the Swedes. On their side of the field, and in the centre, the road, with its ditches, and the battery of seven cannon, were soon recovered, and the neighbouring squares once more assailed and brought into utter disorder. Wallenstein's cavalry behaved ill, except some of the cuirassiers; as he afterwards complained.¹ Numbers of the carbineers turned their horses' heads as soon as they had discharged their pieces, and fled in the direction of Leipzig. As for Isolani's Croats on his left wing, they executed a brilliant stroke in their own professional way. Avoiding the charge of the Swedes, they crossed the Flossgraben, wheeled to the right, turned, and rode completely round the Swedish right; made a dash for the village of Meuchen, two miles in the rear, where the Swedish baggage lay, and plundered it to their hearts' content; while, at the same time, Wallenstein had the satisfaction of hearing that another troop of his runaway Croats had made their way to the Gallow Hill, in *his* rear, and were employed in the same satisfactory way in ransacking *his* baggage and camp equipment; where, no doubt, they found loot of greater value than their brethren in the quarters of Gustavus.

But, on the west, the battle was

¹ He issued, in consequence, two remarkable orders: one enjoining more strictly the use of the cuirass; one depriving part of the horse of their firearms. He said that the trooper's habit was to discharge his carbine and pistols as soon as he came near the enemy, and then to "caracole," that is, wheel round, and get out of danger. Neither order had any permanent effect.

doubtful. Here, as we have seen, the Imperialists had set fire to the buildings about Lützen, with the view of impeding the enemy in any attempt to turn their right wing; and under the lurid cover of the conflagration and the fog, they repulsed Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar's repeated charges, drove him back across the road, which, with the windmills beyond it, he had for a moment won, and endangered the whole left flank of the Protestant army. Rightly judging, however, that the real way to victory was to follow up the advantage obtained by the Swedes on the east, Bernard, as soon as he heard of the King's death, moved in person to that quarter, leaving the command of the left to Nils Brahe, whom the King had named as the best qualified to command an army of all his countrymen, except Torstenson. And Brahe justified the confidence reposed in him by driving the Imperialists once more from their windmills, and turning their own cannon against them. Bernard hastened to Knyphausen, who commanded the reserve, and informed him of the King's death. Knyphausen, a cool veteran, simply replied that his troops were in good order, and could make an excellent retreat. "It is the hour of revenge, not retreat," was Bernard's answer, as he hastened to place himself at the head of the same Smaland regiment which Gustavus had led into action. Only just in time; for Pappenheim now appeared, bringing his whole cavalry, six or seven thousand men, to strengthen Wallenstein's left, but leaving his infantry still on the march. The accounts of the exact period of Pappenheim's arrival vary singularly. The old French contemporary narrative, translated and reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, says expressly that it was between two

and three o'clock; but this seems too late. Wallenstein, in his short report to the Emperor, ingeniously implies, without actually asserting it, that Pappenheim was with him at the commencement of the action—evidently a fib, to draw off attention from his own blunder in having detached him two days before. And now the Swedes had to draw up once more their shattered brigades, with their backs, as it should seem, to the high-road, and abide the furious charge of Pappenheim's cavalry. Pappenheim himself led them on, exclaiming, "Where is the king?" but at the very first onset fell, pierced with two bullets, and was carried out of the field only to die. The last hasty order to rejoin Wallenstein, which he had received from that general, was found beneath his gorget, stained with his blood, and is now preserved in the archives of Vienna. Such was the end of the noblest among the servants of the Kaiser; not only brave to a fault, but displaying in his subordinate capacity high qualities of generalship. Gustavus himself emphatically termed him "the soldier;" the learned called him, from his prodigious personal strength, the Telamon of the Imperial army. His soldiers adored him, and the populace bestowed on him that superstitious awe with which, in those days, they loved to encompass their favourites; he was born on the same day with Gustavus, they observed, and subject to the same stellar influence; his forehead was marked with two cross swords, which came out fiery red in moments of excitement; nay, the evidence of his nurse was gravely invoked, to establish that he cried when he was first washed, and never afterwards in the whole course of his life! Out of the field as well as in it, he passed for a model of old-fashioned chivalry; a devout and humble Catholic, of blameless life, and strong domestic attachments. There is extant the tenderest of all possible new-year's letters to him (printed by Förster, in his *Wallenstein's Prozess*: Germans will print everything) from his wife, "her loveliest angel's submissively obedient maid-servant Anna Elizabeth," who describes

herself as dying "vor langer Weile" in his absence. Pity that her lord's hand, which she "kisses many million times," was still red with the blood of Magdeburg, shed in participation with the ferocious Tilly.

Under the cover of this reinforcement, Wallenstein rallied part of his troops; and then began the fiercest struggle of this day of many vicissitudes; one which every witness and every historian describes as of unexampled severity. The question was, in Wellington's words, which of the two shattered armies "could pound the longest." Nils Brahe was killed, his brigade beaten back across the road; the whole Swedish infantry, of the first line, was almost cut to pieces. In half an hour, says one writer, the entire yellow regiment lay on the ground, in order, where they had stood before. The fog, towards the close of the day, descended thicker than ever; but it suddenly cleared again half an hour before sunset; and then Bernard, reduced to the last straits to hold his ground, discovered, to his infinite satisfaction, that Knyphausen's reserve remained in unbroken order, as yet untouched by the enemy. The sorely-thinned remnants of his first line rallied in the interval of the second, and Knyphausen's charge decided the day. For the last time the road was crossed; the Imperialist cannon captured. And now the early November darkness came on. Just at this crisis arrived Pappenheim's infantry, six regiments strong. Had they charged the Swedes, the event of the day would probably yet have been different. But they took no part in the action. According to the common account, they were prevented by the darkness. But among the Imperialists the notion spread, that the advance of these battalions was arrested by the order of Marshal Holk, who, at this crisis, commanded Wallenstein's left, and who was thought to have been long meditating treason. This question, like many others raised in that age of dark suspicions, must remain undecided; for Holk died shortly afterwards, and "made no sign."

Wallenstein retreated on Leipzig under cover of the night. He left, it is said, 8,000 or 9,000 of his troops, with 5,000 or 6,000 Swedes, killed or wounded on the field of battle. The Swedes remained masters of that field, and in possession, after many vicissitudes of taking and retaking, of most of the enemy's heavy cannon. Gallas, in his report of the battle, makes an excuse for this loss which is curious, and may be true: he says the artillery-drivers were peasants, impressed, with their horses, from the neighbourhood of Leipzig, whose heart was on the other side, and who, as soon as they found opportunity, cut the traces and abandoned their charge. Wallenstein, however, at first claimed the victory in his despatches, chiefly on the strength of the King's death. But his own exasperation at his defeat was intense. According to one story, as soon as he arrived at Leipzig, he "shut himself up in a room and swore for an hour;" which, says Philippi, oddly enough, "is scarcely "credible, considering his well-known "disposition to silence." At all events he allowed his mortification to rankle, deeply and grimly, in his breast. Not until he had rallied his beaten army as well as he could, and established it in winter-quarters in Bohemia, abandoning Saxony to the victor, did he proceed, in cold vindictiveness, to hold his "bloody assize" on those who had misconducted themselves in the action. His wrath was particularly directed against his cavalry officers, who had fled from the field. About a dozen, colonels and others, were executed, and many sentenced to inferior punishments. "Good people," said one young colonel to the crowd, at his execution, "I am come "here to die for running away together "with my generalissimo." At the same time, with his accustomed liberality or policy, he made magnificent presents, on his own part and not the Emperor's, to those who had distinguished themselves.

For my own part I must say, though quite aware of the storm of Teutonic indignation which such an avowal is likely to provoke, that I never could get rid of the impression that the magnifi-

cent Wallenstein was in truth a great impostor—a humbug of enormous pretensions. His whole demeanour savours of that intimate combination of enthusiasm with jugglery which imposes most successfully on mankind. He was an actor through life. A subtle Italian spy, set to watch him in 1628, describes his "bizarre" and violent manners as nothing but a trick, assumed in order to deceive at once the multitude by an appearance of power, and his superiors, by persuading them that one capable of such extravagance could not be capable of connected designs. In addition, he could import at will into his proceedings that touch of the mystic, that smoke-flavour of the supernatural, which especially influences his wonder-loving countrymen. Of the real genius of the general or the statesman, I cannot find that his life exhibits a single trace. But he was, above all things, Fortune's favourite. I do not remember where I fell in with a pretty piece of criticism on a picture of Gérard's, in the French division of this year's Exhibition, not so interesting from its execution as from its quaint fancy. The goddess Fortune—*arridens nudis infantibus*—has fallen in love, beside a village well, with a charming infant boy. Her wheel is resting at her feet—her cornucopia is pouring out its neglected treasures—while the saucy little idol is laughing in her face, and fencing with her hand as it caresses his dimpled cheek. The affairs of this unstable world are at a standstill while she indulges in her fancy; and, as for the unconscious child, he may be anything he pleases—cardinal, pope, emperor, Wallenstein, Napoleon. Those whom the blind goddess thus selects have about them something dæmonic, as the Germans express it. Wallenstein's life, so dazzling in its mid-career, is veiled in mystery both at the beginning and the end. The cadet of a poor though noble Bohemian house, the third son of a sixth son, both his parents addicted to the Protestant persuasion, his prospects of rising in the Austrian service might have seemed slender enough; but, just as he is entering on the world, both of these parents are

removed out of his way by death. He falls under the guardianship of a rich Catholic uncle, delighted to make a convert of so promising a relative. He travels, no one exactly knows how, nor where; becomes familiar with many parts of Europe; and, like Michael Scot, "learns the art that none may name," at Padua, under a professor of astrology. At five-and-twenty, he makes, like Macaulay's Marlborough, a prudential investment of his personal charms, but in a more legitimate way; marrying a rich widow of twice his age, who becomes desperately jealous, nearly kills him with a love-potion, dies forthwith, and leaves him her fine estates in Moravia. The uncle immediately follows her, and bequeaths him seven first-class lordships in Bohemia. At thirty, the adventurer is the richest subject of the Kaiser; yet not so rich as to account at all for his subsequent gigantic expenditure. He marries another fortune, and a court lady of high influence into the bargain. In the death-struggle of his native Bohemia he takes no part; but, immediately after the battle of the White Mountain, he comes forward with seven million florins—nearly a million sterling—to buy up from the Court of Vienna the confiscated lands of his countrymen and relations. "His extraordinary command of money," says his English admirer, Colonel Mitchell, "still remains an enigma in his history." But the land, it is added, was worth five times the money. He is now a prince, and, unlike other princes of that day, a man of ready millions into the bargain. He raises forty thousand men at his own expense; gives away fortunes; builds castles, palaces, towns; lords it over North Germany, from the Mayn to the Baltic; continues his vast system of landed investments, taking care, however, to set off his "military expenses" against the purchase-money, and thus reducing the actual cash, received by his imperial vendor, to a fraction. His property is now estimated at thirty millions of florins, or four millions sterling—a sum which must be trebled or quadrupled to suit modern calcu-

lations. He is the first man in Europe for wealth and prestige, for the power of ruling mankind, and overawing them by the exhibition of grandeur and sternness; not to omit those qualities so dear to the German heart, his glorious contempt for Jesuits, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, and Welschen of every colour, and his solemn pretensions to supernatural knowledge. Yet all this time, his exploits, in a military sense, were as nothing. He never won a pitched battle, properly so called, in his life.¹ His campaign on the Baltic, announced with such flourishes of trumpet throughout Catholic Europe, proved a wretched failure. He kept his armies together—it cannot be said, kept them in order—merely by the assiduous use of the two coarsest stimulants: the terror of sanguinary discipline, the attraction of unlimited plunder. For the execution of his purposes he shrank from no cruelty whatever: and Wallenstein, who, in good sooth, was quite free from religious zeal, and cared no more for the Pope than for Luther, left among his contemporaries a name as deeply stained by savage excesses as that of the fanatic Tilly himself—"unmerciful" in his executions, inexorable in his commands, incessantly thirsting for "money:" "odium et nausea generis homini," so he is designated by his Court enemies. These enemies, and the cry of oppressed provinces, prevail against him. In 1631, he is superseded from his command, and submits to his fall with that curious composure sometimes met with in overbearing men, when fairly mastered; for he was "timid," as our sharp Italian described him, "towards those who show 'their teeth';" and that philosophy of resignation, which his biographers term magnanimous, may, if read by the light of his subsequent history, be interpreted as a kind of moral collapse. "You may read it yourselves in the stars," he said to the astonished

¹ "Viel Kriegsmacht hat er zusammengebracht,
Doch nie geliefert recht eine Schlacht,"
says one of his jingling epitaphs.

envoys who brought him the news of his dismissal, and who expected a violent scene, "that the Genius of the "Elector of Bavaria¹ dominates just now "over that of the Emperor." And he retired without a murmur into private life—but that of a Diocletian. Called once more forth in the disastrous position of Austria after the battle of Breitenfeld, he rallies at once round him all the Catholic elements of the Empire—raises a hundred thousand men, contrives somehow to pay them, and takes the field against Gustavus; but, when there, the marvellous adventurer subsides into a general of very ordinary quality. His most distinguished achievement consisted in judiciously declining to fight the Swede at Nuremberg, with seventy thousand against fifty thousand, and preferring a war of intrenchments—a commendable policy, doubtless, but which ended only in the decimation of both armies, and in his own crowning defeat at Lützen. His tactics in that battle have been described, and their consequences. But slowly and, as it were, reluctantly, did Fortune abandon her strange favourite. The death of Gustavus gave him more than he lost by defeat. He became again, and more than ever, sole master of his own side in Germany; but he lost his vantage in the vain endeavour to become what the stars could not make him—arbitrer between the two sides, and reconciler of parties fighting for convictions which he could scarcely comprehend. And now the want of real stamina, of which I have spoken as the negative basis of his character, becomes painfully apparent. Whatever doubts may have formerly pre-

¹ "Ihr Herren, aus den Astris könnt ihr es selbst sehen, dass des Kurfürsten von Baiern spiritus dominirt über des Kaisers seinen." Such was the wonderful jargon which Wallenstein, as well as other distinguished Germans, then wrote, and, as it seems, spoke. Here is another specimen, from a report which he made to the Emperor of an action against Gustavus:—"Der König hat auch damit sein Volk über die Massen *decoragirt*, dass er sie so *hazardosamente* angeführt, dass sie in vorfallenden *occasionen* ihm desto weniger trauen werden,—und ob Ew. Mag. Volk *valor* und *courage* zuvor überflüssig hat, so hat doch diese *occasion* sie mehr *assicurirt*."

ailed, recent discoveries seem to place it beyond a doubt, first, that his schemes included treason to his sovereign and ingratitude to his benefactor; next, that they were both conceived and carried out with an imbecility of purpose which takes all grandeur from his crime. Then—when detected and exposed, when chief after chief deserted him, and the net of destruction was drawing closer and closer round him—his presence of mind and fertility of resource seem to have failed him altogether. He opposed to his destiny nothing but a kind of proud but dull self-confidence, which partook less of dignity than of the fatuity of despair, and exposed his bosom to the halberts of his military executioners only when absolutely at his wits' end to finish the drama by any other catastrophe.

Such was the Wallenstein of history, according to the best of my judgment. How strangely different from the Wallenstein of poetry! And yet while the historical "Duke of Friedland" is only a vague remembrance in men's minds, except those of a few painful antiquaries, the hero of fiction has become a reality, as far as the intimate sympathy of thousands of readers can make him so. The subject is a threadbare one now; yet it is scarcely possible to dismiss him from our thoughts without letting them dwell a while on that incomparable work of art, the Wallenstein of the drama, the central figure of Schiller's magnificent trilogy. Not that he is a character of the highest dramatic order, properly so called. He is not life-like, as is a hero of Shakspeare—one whom we seem to have known, and could recognise in the street; there is something vague about him. Perhaps the sharpness of outline has been a little rubbed off by elaborate execution. He is less an individual man than an embodiment of a thousand thoughts, instincts, emotions. But then—and that is the secret of his triumph—these thoughts and emotions are our own. Different as our sphere of destiny may be from Wallenstein's, the texture of life, whether the fabric be small or great, has its warp and woof of the same hopes, fears, meditations, dis-

appointments; and Wallenstein has a word suited for every mood of him who is struggling to attain success in life, or struggling to keep his position there. As Hazlitt said with such truth of Hamlet, it is we who are Wallenstein. And it is in this point of view that the thread of superstition, which Schiller took from his historical authorities, is so wonderfully interwoven in the poet's design. That superstition seems almost an anomalous trait, in a spirit so refined and so cultivated as the dramatic Wallenstein's: it has no overpowering influence; he can throw it at times altogether aside: but it is a pervading agency, mixing with all others, and making him, not inferior—as in the hand of a less skilful artist he would have become—but superior to his fellows, men trained only in this world's ordinary cunning. Now, for us, or most of us, in this waning nineteenth century—for those, at least, who cannot get up any interest in the material communications with the invisible world conveyed by table-turning and spirit-rapping, cold hands under green baize, and ghosts playing accordions—such vague and shadowy impulses as those which haunt the mind of Schiller's hero, rather than influence his firm judgment, constitute the last influences whereby the "anarch old" Superstition still maintains a relic of her dominion. Who is there among us whose heart has not seemed to move in unison with his, when he exclaims that—

"There are moments in the life of man
When he is nearer to the world's great Spirit
Than is his wont, and may at pleasure ask
One question of his fate. 'Twas such a moment

When I, upon the eve of Lützen fight,
Leaning against a tree and full of thoughts,
Gazed forth upon the plain;"

Or when, in the ominous darkness of
the night of his murder, he longs for
one glimpse of Jupiter—

"Methinks,
Could I but see him, all were well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart."

And so farewell to Wallenstein and
to Gustavus—characters over which the

imagination lingers, though one was assuredly both worse and lower than his reputation: the other so far elevated by fate and his high purpose above the ordinary sons of men that he loses something of mere human interest. Such as they were, they left no successor behind them. Except the short-lived hero, Bernard of Saxe Weimar, no subsequent personage of that war has made any appreciable mark in history. Uncontrolled by master spirits, the contest lingered on, bloodier and more indecisive, till, out of the two parties, the one bent on subjugation, the other on independence, a mere confused and mangled residue remained, with scarcely voice enough left to expend in feeble groanings for peace at any price. Famine, sword, and pestilence had uprooted a whole generation. Equal horrors may have occurred in barbarous countries, but never, assuredly, in a civilized and Christian community like that of Germany, where numberless active pens were engaged in chronicling them. Its population, say some authorities, shrank from sixteen or eighteen millions to four millions. Whether this be accurate or no, one curious evidence of the extent of depopulation is to be found in its forest history. The country had thriven so greatly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that its vast sylvan riches were beginning to show symptoms of exhaustion. In North Germany numerous edicts were issued before A.D. 1600 for the preservation of the woods. It is recorded of a certain Duke Augustus of Saxony, that, on his walks, he always carried a hollow brass rod filled with acorns, to drop one by one into the ground. There are three things, Melanchthon used to say, which will fail before the end of the world comes: good friends, good money, and firewood. The Thirty Years' War effectually adjourned these complaints to another age. The forest covered again whole tracts which had been under cultivation. What with the diminution of people, and what with the increase of wood, no need of the old kind seems to have been again felt until the middle of the eighteenth

century ; and it is said that the forests had then become so overgrown, that the tempestuous seasons which prevailed 1780-1790, destroyed many square miles of them. Germany went back in cultivation, and in political spirit and independence, even more than in mere numbers ; it required a Frederic the Great to

raise her again after a hundred years, and that but partially ; and even the Germany of the nineteenth century, in which political lags so far behind every other class of thought, bears the impress of that long reign of darkness and terror which broke down the mediæval spirit of self-government.

VINCENZO ; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN INTERESTING DEFINITION CUT SHORT.

It must not be supposed from Rose's ambiguous answer to her father's covert inuendo, that she had not drawn her own conclusions from the short dialogue given in the last chapter ; and these conclusions were, that her father would never have spoken to her as he had done, had he not altered his mind with respect to Vincenzo's suit—nay, even accepted him as his future son-in-law, subject of course to her consent. She was confirmed in this view of the case beyond all doubt, when she heard her father, as the weeks passed, repeatedly alluding to Vincenzo's expected visit during the vacation as a settled matter. Well—the consciousness of all this, added to newly-awakened feelings in her own bosom for her old playmate, gave to her reception of him, when he did come, a tinge of reserve and embarrassment which made it quite a different affair from what it had been up to this day. The alteration in her manner could not fail to react on the young lover, even had he not had other causes to make him look and feel embarrassed on his side : the chief among these causes being his certainty that she was in possession of his secret through Barnaby—the old fellow's evasion of any promise of secrecy, when Vincenzo had tried to extract one from him, too clearly imply-

ing a predetermination to use his own discretion, or rather indiscretion, as to telling or not telling.

Nor was this shadow, which had fallen upon them, confined to their first meeting : it resisted the action of time, and hung more or less over their subsequent intercourse. Now and then the one or the other would fall into old ways, use the once familiar intonations, talk on once familiar topics ; but, then, this always occurred in the presence of a third person, never when alone—though, indeed, that they seldom were. Not that they positively avoided each other's company, only they did not seek to be *tête-à-tête* as of yore ; and, when a chance rencontre threw them together, it was curious to observe how studiously one or the other, or both, tried to put between them somebody else—either tottering Don Natale, or Barnaby, or Giuseppe, or (at a later period, when there were several visitors staying in the palace) any of the guests. Since we have named Barnaby, let us mention that, from the moment of Vincenzo's arrival, he had magnanimously resumed communication with his master on the old footing. Even Rose's father, who was anything but a keen observer, could not help at last noticing this state of constraint between the two young people ; and, much as he wished to set them at their ease, he still shrank from pronouncing the word which alone could do so. Had he, then, once more changed

his intentions? Yes, and no. The Signor Avvocato still faithfully adhered to the engagement he had taken with himself to give his daughter to Vincenzo ; at the same time there is no denying the fact, that all the ardour in the matter he had brought back with him from Turin had vanished. Two full months of reflection had given him time to measure the void which Rose's absence would leave in his home—surely it was a sacrifice for which there need be no hurry ! She was so young—but just nineteen—and Vincenzo himself was hardly yet of the age at which young men marry ! He should have her—in a year or so—when his bright prospects began to be realized ! And so, from one thing to another, the good gentleman had ended by consigning the evil to that distant future *sine die* so dear to spirits irresolute.

Having once established himself comfortably in this passive position, Rose's father naturally dreaded nothing so much as shifting it for one where there might be something to do ; hence his unwillingness to break the ice, at the risk of making a question, which he hoped he had set at rest for ever so long, one open to discussion. But, being as soft-hearted as he was incapable of decision—that is, wishing to mend the situation without renouncing the *status quo*—he hit upon a middle course, which only made matters worse. He took to giving little hints, which were meant to be encouraging, but which proved only the source of new perplexity to the parties concerned. For how could Rose, a bashful girl just awaking to love, or Vincenzo, discreet as we know him to be, and bound moreover by a solemn promise—how could they be expected to take advantage of such vague insinuations ?

Luckily, the acute period of the trial to both the young people was short, extending scarcely over the first three weeks of Vincenzo's stay at the palace, while there were as yet no strangers there, or only a stray one or two. The end of July brought an influx of guests, which went on without any solution of continuity to the end of the season. Rose's

time was in consequence much occupied, Vincenzo's society much in demand, and there were no opportunities for *têtes-à-têtes*.

The Signor Avvocato was repaying, by this hospitality, the many debts of kindness which his elevation to the knighthood of San Maurice and Lazare had entailed upon him. Foremost on the list of his invitations stood his relations and old friends in Turin, including his new one, Signor Onofrio—who, however, had declined going to Rumelli on the plea of business ; then his friends of Ibella, comprising most of the functionaries there, the Intendente at their head—all of whom had called to congratulate him on his new honours ; and after them, the mayor of this place, and the parson of that, who had performed the same civility, and so on. Of course, this mighty array of guests were not asked in a lump, but in dribblets of six or seven at a time ; to which if we add chance visitors, we arrive at an average of no less than ten persons enjoying at one time the hospitality of the palace ; and a cordial, unceremonious, plentiful hospitality it was, worthy of a true knight of old. It rarely happened but that the company should be more than doubled on Sundays by arrivals from Ibella and Rumelli, Don Natale for certain among these last. We do not see young Del Palmettó figuring in any of these gatherings, for the very peremptory reason that he had long ago left the castle in high dudgeon : in fact, he had gone away immediately after he had been given to understand that Miss Rose (to use Barnaby's metaphor) "was no bread for his teeth." And so the *villeggiatura* went on happily through the usual months, until the time came for Vincenzo and the few visitors who had lingered to the last also to take their departure. After breakfast of the morning previous to Vincenzo's departure, the Signor Avvocato had a long, confidential talk with his godson, chiefly about the probable epoch of his being employed, the nature of the employment, and its locality. On these two last points, Vincenzo could throw no

light whatever, but volunteered to inquire, if an opportunity should present itself naturally for so doing : as to the first question, he could only repeat, what he had already told the Signor Avvocato when in Turin, that the minister had expressed his positive intention of employing him as soon as he should have taken his degree.

"Ah! and in May next," said the Signor Avvocato, "you will be just turned three-and-twenty, an age when a youth begins to know a little what he is about. At the end of five or six years at the longest, we may reckon on your having got something very fine—a first-class Intendenza, let us say, or a secretaryship ;—I don't mean of State," added he, smiling at his own wit ; "you must be a deputy before you can be that—but the secretaryship of some embassy. You will be then twenty-eight or twenty-nine, exactly the fit age to marry. By-the-bye, Rose consents of course?"

"Consents to what?" asked Vincenzo.

"To what?—why, to marry you!"

"To know that, I must have asked her, and . . ."

"And you have not?" resumed the Signor Avvocato. "What the deuce! Do you expect me to make a declaration for you?"

"That is a trouble, I think, I can spare you," said Vincenzo, "if you only give me leave."

"Give you leave! Have I not been giving you leave every day during these whole three blessed months?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Vincenzo : "you have more than once, it is true, kindly alluded to a possible happy consummation of something that was wished for, but what that something was you always left in a mist ; and could I, on the strength of such obscure hints, consider myself freed from the strict promise of silence which you had exacted from me in Turin?"

"Well, perhaps not," said the Signor Avvocato ; "I give you credit for unusual prudence at all events."

"In which I give you fair warning I

shall not persevere *now*," said Vincenzo coaxingly, and rose to go.

"Where are you going?" asked his godfather, quickly.

"To pray the daughter to ratify the father's consent," returned Vincenzo.

"Dear me—what a hurry you are in all at once!" said the Signor Avvocato, with a slight degree of vexation.

"My time here is short—only twenty-four hours left : I must make the most of it," replied Vincenzo, and hastened away.

The old gentleman watched him depart with a very rueful countenance ; had he dared he would have forbidden him to go—forbidden him to speak ; he lacked the courage to do so, after what had passed between them. His good heart had betrayed him, in the impulse of the moment, into being more explicit than he had intended to be ; and thus, in a twinkling, was lost all the advantage of his temporising policy of months and months.

Vincenzo, having sought in vain for Miss Rose indoors and in the garden, bethought himself of her favourite retreat, the belvedere, already so often mentioned, and took the shortest way thither, through the avenue of walnut trees, which he had scarcely entered before he espied Rose coming towards him from the other end. Vincenzo hurried on, and the two were face to face in a few instants.

"Good morning, Miss Rose! I came here in the hope of finding you."

"Did you?" said Rose, with a little surprise. "Well, here I am."

"I have something to say to you," began Vincenzo.

"I am listening," said Rose, not without a little flurry of expectation.

"I think I shall say it best if we walk on," said Vincenzo.

"As you like," said Rose, and moved on by his side.

Be it chance or design, he led the way down the avenue. "Are you charitably disposed?" asked he, after a short pause.

"I think I am," said she, with a half smile.

"Because," resumed Vincenzo, "I am going to plead guilty to a great presumption."

"That is the last sin I should ever have suspected you of: it must be one of very fresh date."

"On the contrary, it is one of my very oldest and most inveterate; and it dates, as far as I can remember, from the first day I saw you."

"As old as that—you alarm me!" said Rose, trying to smile. "What a dissembler you must be, to have hid it so long from me!"

"Have you then never guessed that I—I... loved you, Rose?"

She blushed scarlet, and said, "Is that your sin of presumption?"

He looked at her and bowed his head.

"But there is no sin in that. Are we not desired to love our neighbours as ourselves?"

"Yes, but the love I speak of is of quite another kind; it is, to begin with, of a more passionate nature; it is exclusive and interested, so much so that..."

A shout from behind stopped the definition short; the young lady and gentleman turned round and saw the Signor Avvocato hobbling after them. However unseasonable the interruption, there was nothing for it but to go and meet the old gentleman.

"Six years hence—six years hence, remember," cried the Signor Avvocato, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"What is to be six years hence, papa?" asked Rose.

"Why, the wedding to be sure," said papa.

"The wedding?" repeated Rose, in unfeigned surprise.

The Signor Avvocato stared at her in utter perplexity, then at Vincenzo, then at her again, and at last said, "Yes, the wedding—that is, if you agree to it."

"Agree to what, papa?" cried Rose.

"Zounds! as if you didn't know," exclaimed her father, losing all patience; "if you agree to marry that young man by your side,—I speak plain enough now, I hope."

Poor Vincenzo blushed up to the

very roots of his hair, less at the statement itself than at the prosaic way in which it had been made. Rose did not look alarmed, or shocked, or even embarrassed. She simply said, "How could I know if nobody told me?"

The Signor Avvocato turned a significant eye on Vincenzo.

"You left me no time," returned his godson, with a little testiness. "You seem, after all, quite determined to make the declaration for me; will you be so good, at least, as to complete it?"

"Complete it—how?"

"When any one presents a petition, he expects and hopes for an answer, does he not?" said Vincenzo.

"Ah! well—true—you are right. Well, Rose my dear, now is the time to make up your mind."

"Is it?" said Rose, archly. "I will some day during these next six years," and she ran away.

For the first time in his life was his godfather's company a bore to Vincenzo—not that it was an obstacle to his following Rose, and pressing her for an answer—he was in no mood for that: the sort of game at cross-purposes to which chance had lowered what was to have been the solemn effusion of his heart of hearts, had told too painfully upon his feelings, to leave him liberty of mind enough, or indeed the inclination, to urge his suit just then; but to have to listen to that prosing, and for form's sake to make some kind of answer, while longing for silence and solitude, was, to the young man, a real trial. At last the Signor Avvocato felt the necessity of rest for himself, so returned to the house; and Vincenzo, under the pretext of having some visits to pay in Rumelli, released himself from further bondage. A solitary walk of a couple of hours did much towards dispelling the gloom that had gathered over him, and Rose's smooth brow and smile full of promise, when he met her at dinner, completed the cure.

The Signor Avvocato, contrary to his wont, was very active and busy during the rest of the day; he had manifold directions to give his daughter, manifold

commissions for Vincenzo to execute. He insisted on going out with them for a walk five minutes after having complained of being tired. In one word, the poor father did his best to keep them asunder ; and, to a certain extent, succeeded in the attempt. But all the trouble he gave himself and others could not and did not prevent the young couple from occasionally exchanging confidential whispers, by which, to judge from appearances, they arrived at an *entente cordiale*. At least Vincenzo's face, when he left on the morrow, was not that of a rejected suitor, nor Rose's that of an unrelenting beauty.

The Signor Avvocato kept his room the whole of that day, so worn out was he by his extraordinary exertions of the day before.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE INTERRUPTED DEFINITION CONCLUDED.

A WEEK, two weeks passed. Rose was as silent as a tomb—Vincenzo was gone away for six months. All being thus arranged for the best in this best of possible worlds, what could the Signor Avvocato do, but sink again on his soft couch of procrastination, and lull himself to sleep on it ?

Little thought our Fabius Cunctator that an enemy to his repose lay in wait for him at Ibella. Yes, he was no sooner settled there comfortably for the winter, than no less a personage than the Signor Intendente waited on him, and asked point-blank for Miss Rose's hand. Had the Intendente asked him for his purse or his life, the good easy gentleman could not have been more startled. To say *no* to anybody cost him an effort at all times : *à fortiori* to say *no* to the head authority of the province, and that at a minute's notice, was a herculean task indeed. He lashed himself up to it though : but in his fear of offending, in his eagerness to soften the blow, he wandered into a maze of explanations, got entangled by his own words, and made a nice mess of it.

The *amour propre* of the Intendente being mightily wounded by what he per-

ceived to be nothing but a beating about the bush, he had the bad taste to insist on knowing on what grounds a man of his rank and official standing was rejected. The Signor Avvocato, at his wit's end, protested and reprotected that it was on no grounds personal to the Signor Intendente ; far from it, he felt all the honour conferred on him by a proposal from so distinguished a person ; were it in his power, he would be only too happy, but . . . as it was, he regretted to say he had nothing but grateful thanks to offer—circumstances existed . . . early inclinations—young ladies would have their way nowadays ; he begged to be spared the necessity of being more explicit. Upon this the rejected suitor retired in no very pleased mood, and the Signor Avvocato, after a sonorous outburst of relief, said to himself aloud, "Rather than be worried with more applications of this sort, why, I'll marry them at once."

Not long after D. Natale called on the Signor Avvocato on some parish business. "By-the-bye," said the old priest, "I am glad to hear that we are soon to eat *confetti*, sugarplums," (an idiom tantamount to saying "We are soon to have a wedding").

"Who is to be married ?" asked the Signor Avvocato.

"No use playing the Indian," retorted D. Natale : "such discretion is ill-advised towards an old friend like me, when all Rumelli and Ibella are in the secret. Then you know that I always liked the boy, thought highly of him. You will have a good bargain in him for your son-in-law."

The Signor Avvocato's features fell—he was beginning to understand the allusion.

"And mind," ended the priest, "it is old D. Natale who is to give the blessing—I'll never forgive you if I don't."

"All Rumelli and Ibella are in the secret !" thought the Signor Avvocato. "How can they know !"

Obviously enough, they knew from an indiscretion of the Signor Avvocato himself. When, in the eagerness to gild the pill for the Signor Intendente, he had let fall the expression "early inclina-

tions," it was much the same as if he had said, in so many words, that Vincenzo was to be his daughter's husband. For to no other could those words apply, but to Vincenzo or young Del Palmetto, with both of whom Rose had, to a certain age, been brought up. Now, it being notorious that the young lady had rejected Del Palmetto, the "early inclinations" could only refer to Vincenzo. Undoubtedly, it was ungenerous in the Intendente to take advantage of an unguarded word, to sound the trumpet about this match ; but the Intendente was piqued, and pique is never generous.

There yet remained a hope, that it might all be a fancy generated by that weakened brain of D. Natale. The matter, though, was worth inquiring into. If there was any foundation for D. Natale's assertion, Barnaby would be sure to know ; but, then, to question Barnaby was to create the evil, if it did not exist. No, it would not do to apply to Barnaby. Giuseppe was the man—he could be trusted. And forthwith, the dairyman who brought the milk to the Signor Avvocato's town-house, and to market every day, was charged with a message summoning Giuseppe to Ibella. Giuseppe came. The Signor Avvocato evinced the greatest anxiety to learn whether the late frost had done any injury in the nursery of young mulberry-trees, and, being reassured on that point, had many other items about which to ask and to be enlightened. At last came the P.S :—

"And how do you amuse yourselves up there in this weather ? I hear there's plenty of idle gossip going on, eh ?"—Giuseppe was not aware that there was any particular gossip going on in Rumelli.

"I was told," went on the Signor Avvocato, "that a report had got abroad about my daughter being engaged to be married. Has it reached your ears ?"—The report mentioned by the Signor Avvocato had reached Giuseppe's ears.

"And pray, is it said to whom she is engaged ?"—The name of Signor Vincenzo had been mentioned.

"Was such a rumour generally current ?"—Pretty much so.

"And in the town also ?"—As to that Giuseppe could not answer.

"And is any particular time assigned for the wedding ?"—The coming Michaelmas was spoken of, said Giuseppe ; who did not deem fit to add that, according to another version, the marriage was to take place as soon as Signor Vincenzo had finished his studies. Giuseppe was a born diplomatist, and confined himself to the strictly indispensable. In all likelihood he had never heard of the famous "*pas de zèle*," but he acted up to it.

The Signor Avvocato, when left alone, rubbed, and rubbed again, his partially bald pate. It was pretty certain, that what was the common talk of Rumelli could not but be the talk of Ibella. There was little risk, he perceived, in sounding Barnaby. Barnaby was therefore summoned, and subjected to a cross-examination. His evidence was the counterpart of Giuseppe's, with only this difference—that he was as positive and incisive in his assertions as Giuseppe had been cautious and guarded. Was such a rumour rife at Ibella ? Bless his heart ! nobody talked of anything else. The whole town applauded the Signor Padrone's choice. It would be a general disappointment if the wedding were delayed till Michaelmas, as some folks said. For his part, Barnaby hoped and trusted that the moment Vincenzo had passed his last examination, the mine would explode—the sooner the better. The dear young ones had been on the rack long enough. See how they were pining away. As for Vincenzo, he was mere skin and bone . . .

"How do you know ? You haven't seen him for more than two months."

Barnaby, ignoring the interruption, went on : "And the blessed Signorina ! Why, she is only the shadow of her former self : the bloom has left her cheeks—no smiles on her lips . . ."

"What stuff are you talking ?" cried the Signor Avvocato. "Rose is as fresh as a . . . rose, as plump as a quail, as merry as a bird . . ."

"Is she ? Well, suppose she is ; but wait another six months, and see then

what she will have shrunk into. Forewarned, forearmed : marry them at once, I say, or you'll rue it."

The old gentleman's heart misgave him, that no effort of his could long retard an event, upon the speedy consummation of which public expectation and Barnaby were bent. This impression, like most others, would have faded and died out in course of time, had not that terrible monitor, Barnaby, mounted guard, so to say, to cherish its existence. Barnaby displayed, in this office, the ingenuity and implacability of a Red Indian. Every action of his, however trifling—his very silence—conveyed either a warning or a reproach to his master.

Presently, this latter's anxious incubation entered a second phase, and one far more creditable to his feelings. Was he justified, even though he could do so, in delaying the union of the young couple so long? This new view of the question was suggested to him one day by Rose's unwonted paleness and somewhat drooping appearance. Could it be the beginning of that shrinking into nothing which Barnaby had prophesied? Rose was as brisk and cherry-cheeked as ever on the morrow, and the fond father laughed himself out of his fears ; which, however, did not prevent his relapsing into them, and being overcome by a new qualm the next day, supposing he chanced to see his daughter looking vacantly before her, lost in a deep reverie. Rose, contrary to her habit, had become of late addicted to reverie. Ninety-nine out of a hundred fathers in the same predicament would have questioned their daughter, tried to ascertain the state of her feelings, and then determined upon some course of action ; but so plain and obvious a method implied a set purpose, and consequently an effort of will, to which his wavering and procrastinating nature could not bring itself.

If he had only some one to consult, by whose counsel he could feel it safe to abide ! But among all his friends in Ibella, there was not one to whose judgment he deferred. That most confirmed of blunderers, Barnaby, he utterly dis-

trusted ; Don Natale was past giving advice ; the ex-Intendente of Ibella was gone. *That* was a man you might trust with your eyes shut—a man who, for prudence, foresight, and decision, had not his match. While thus bemoaning his isolation, the bright idea flashed through the irresolute gentleman's mind, that the friend he so much missed, was not after all, either bodily or by letter, out of his reach. This friend was at Genoa, and Genoa was not at the end of the world. He would go, by Jove, and pay him a visit—that he would.

This ambitious programme, delayed as usual from day to day, from week to week, dwindled into the modest one of a letter—the writing of which was deferred, of course, to a more convenient hour, begun, left off, taken up again, again discontinued, and . . . at last completed. The answer came by return of post—we give it literally :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Barnaby is right : marry them at once. I am of opinion that in all dubious cases you would do well to trust Barnaby's instinct, and act upon it—no beagle scents the hare more surely than he does what is right to do. A girl of near twenty too young to be married ! Fiddlesticks ! If you can do it to-day, don't wait till to-morrow. It will be best for all parties : for her, whose heart and mind will expand under the influence of a larger mind and heart—for him, whose powers in the hard struggle before him will be increased tenfold by love and happiness—for you, whose old age will be the sooner gladdened by a cluster of lovely little Roses, lisping out 'Grandpapa.' I regret that a world of business prevents me from saying more. I have tried, as you see, to make up for quantity by quality.—In great haste, yours ever affectionately,
—"

This letter was the wand which broke the spell. To read it, and grow as impatient as he had been hitherto slothful to conclude this match was for the recipient one and the same thing. With the intuitive consciousness of his weakness, the Signor Avvocato lost no time in putting between his new resolve and the

possible recurrence of fresh hesitations, the unpassable gulf of an accomplished fact—that is, accomplished as far as the case admitted. He ran in hot haste to his daughter, read her what he thought fit of his friend's letter, and asked her point-blank if she had any objection to being married soon—sooner than he had once intended—next June, for instance. Rose, very naturally, was out of breath at such an unexpected question. Indeed, papa must remember that it was neither for him nor for her to fix a time: it was from another quarter that any pressing on that point should come.

"Humbug!" cried papa; "you well know that Vincenzo would not have waited till now to press the point but out of obedience to me."

"I cannot have him hurried," insisted Rose. "Oh pray, papa, don't put me in such a false position!" Poor Signor Avvocato! to meet opposition from the very quarter where he looked for support. However, still under the influence of the Genoa letter, he held to his point. He would have the marriage in June, on the First of June, or not at all. Rose might trust her own father, that he would not do anything derogatory to her dignity—she must leave it all to him. Rose was afraid to say more, and the Signor Avvocato, following his own inspiration, wrote thus to Vincenzo:—

"MY DEAR VINCENZO,—I have, in my turn, to ask for a *Sanatoria*; as to your granting of which, truth to say, I feel very little uneasiness. For reasons of my own, which would be too long to give in writing, and which shall be communicated *vivâ voce*, I have taken the liberty of fixing upon the First of next June to be your wedding-day. By that time you will be a doctor *in utroque* of a full fortnight old. Just send a line by return of post, to let me know whether you approve and ratify the above arrangement; and believe me, my dearest godson, in haste, but very affectionately,

"YOUR GODFATHER."

This letter duly sealed and addressed, word was sent to Barnaby, through Rose, to get the chaise ready and then come to

his master. We have forgotten to say that the family had just returned to the palace with the spring; the fluctuations given in outline had taken up the whole of the winter.

"Here's a letter for you to take to the post in Ibella," said the Signor Avvocato; "it must go by to-day's post, mind."

"It shall," said Barnaby, taking the important despatch. "By-the-bye," added he, scratching his head, "suppose I am asked, which I certainly shall be, about the time . . . ?"

"Haven't you got your watch?" interrupted the other, with a little chuckle.

"It isn't that—I mean what time is this blessed match to be, about which everybody is talking and speculating?"

"Ah! the marriage. Well, if anybody asks, say the First of June."

"Not difficult to say," answered Barnaby a little resentfully; "but when the First of June comes, and there is no match—"

"But there will be."

"There will not."

"Will you take a bet on it, Barnaby?"

Barnaby almost poked his nose into his master's face, the better to scan its expression. "Are you in earnest, sir?"

"I am," replied the master; "the letter you have in your hand is to inform Vincenzo of the precise day."

Barnaby looked at the letter spell-bound, made for the door, rushed back, twirled round and round again as if bent on giving himself a vertigo; and, having by these evolutions recovered his lost power of articulation, said at last—"Bravo! you are the worthy son of Signor Pietro, bless his soul!"

"Thank God! for once I have succeeded in giving thee satisfaction, old grumbler," said the Signor Avvocato, good-humouredly; "we'll see how long it lasts. Now look sharp with the letter."

Barnaby looked sharp, and so did Vincenzo, who came early the next day, the bearer of his own answer. What was its tenor we needn't doubt: and as to the spirit in which it was given and received, that was clearly legible in the traces of deep yet happy emotion, im-

printed on the countenances of godfather and godson, when, after being long closeted together, they sallied forth in quest of Rose. The young lady, repeatedly sent for by her father, had not been to be found in doors nor out of doors.

"We will hunt her up, unearth her, though," said the Signor Avvocato in high glee, rolling his ponderous bulk down the stairs with all the alacrity of which he was capable. The chase was neither long nor difficult, thanks to Barnaby, who put them on the right track by dumb show. Rose was inspecting the young mulberry-plants in the nursery-ground—an out-of-the-way place behind the garden—with the close attention of a person meditating a purchase. "Here is the runaway—come along," cried the old gentleman in his merriest tones ; and, putting Rose's hand into that of Vincenzo, he added, feelingly, "God bless you, my dear children, as I bless you from my heart ! I know she will make thee happy, Vincenzo, and if thou ever makest her shed a tear . . ."

"Oh ! I should be a monster if I ever did," protested Vincenzo, energetically.

"Thank thee—thank thee for these blessed words ; their warmth does me good ! Adieu."

They stood face to face, hand in hand, alone : and there and then, for the first time, the long-sealed fountain of his love gushed forth in passionate jets. He told her how his whole life had been but a continuous act of adoration : she the sun and joy and pride of the poor infant-peasant, when they strolled the park together—she the secret thought and the consolation of the adolescent's long years of bondage in the seminary—she the strength of the youth struggling hard for university honours ! Ah ! but for her image to prop him up, but for her approval to deserve, how many times would he not have sunk under the trial ! She his all in all in the past, in the present, in the future !

This he told her as they moved on, still hand in hand, under the blue canopy of heaven, amid the thousand

subdued voices of Nature awakening under the breath of the early spring—this and much more, which we need not repeat. Lovers are terrible hands at idealizing. Had Rose been a saint descended from on high to lift him up—a common mortal—to share half of her celestial bliss, he could not have spoken and felt more highly of her, more humbly of himself. True love is always humble, and then his was saturated with gratitude : do what he would, could he ever pay off the balance of the immense debt he owed to father and daughter ?

Sweet must be the odour of the incense burned at one's feet by the person one loves, for Rose to accept of Vincenzo's without protest. She did though, and looked on serenely calm and happy as he spoke, just as a saint might do in receiving homage at the hands of a common mortal.

"Poor is the lot," pursued Vincenzo, "which I can offer you, my Rose—so poor, indeed, to my wishes and to your deserts, that I should scarcely dare to ask you to share it, did not I feel so immensely rich in love, tenderness, and devotion—oh ! so rich, as to feel sure of making up to you for all its shortcomings. I know, for instance, how painful will prove the separation from your father, though only for a time."

"Oh ! painful beyond what I can express," exclaimed Rose ; "but cannot it be averted ? Is it absolutely necessary ?"

"Absolutely, I grieve to say," answered Vincenzo. "You know that when I get my degree, I am to enter, as agreed upon with your father, on an official situation under Government ; and from that moment I shall be no longer my own master, but entirely under the orders of the minister, my patron."

"That I understand very well," said Rose, "if you accept of a situation : but what necessity is there for your seeking any ?"

"What necessity, love ? But I must work ; every one must work, and make himself useful in this world."

"Papa does not work," objected Rose.

"Yes, papa does to a certain extent,

though now nearing that age at which man is entitled to rest. Papa sees to the management of his estates, gives legal advice to those who ask it from him, and then his leisure hours he devotes to the study of music—he is far from idle, you see.”

“Well, I allow all that, but could you not help papa, and find besides some useful occupation for yourself here ?”

“To divide with your father the tasks to which he is quite equal alone, would be the same on my part as to accept of a sinecure. The little I could do for him would fall short indeed of my powers of activity, and also of my legitimate ambition.”

“Ah ! ambition,” said Rose, “is the natural enemy of love.”

“Not in me—not in me,” protested Vincenzo with warmth ; “my ambition is part of my love. I possess none of those advantages which men most prize, neither birth nor fortune. I am a mere cypher, and I must myself give this cypher a value. The name you condescend to wear must be an honoured one, and I will make it so.”

“And if I am content with you as you are, and don’t care for anything else ?”

“Bless you, sweet soul ! for saying so !” cried the enraptured lover, kissing her hand most passionately ; “but even your gentle wishes cannot release me from the duty I owe to you, to your father, to myself, to the world. Would you have it said of me, with any appearance of reason, that I have sought a rich heiress in order to live in plenty and idleness ?”

“Oh ! who would ever be so wicked as to say so ?”

“How little you know of the world, Rose dear ! Who would say so ?—the envious, the scandal-mongers, and their name is legion. No, no, darling of my soul ; let me do what I think right, and aid me to do it. Bad as a separation is, do not allow your imagination to picture it worse than it is. Not for the world, not for my eternal happiness, would I urge upon you a sacrifice too hard for

you to bear. Wherever we are, you see, we shall always be within easy reach of Rumelli. Piedmont is but a nutshell, and covered all over with rail-roads. Then, you know, I am to have regular leave of absence ; and once a year, at least, we shall be able to come and stay some time with your father : he, on his side, will pay us occasional visits, and take you back with him whenever you choose. What do you say, Rose ?”

The words were so sweetly spoken, that they sounded like a caress. He was seated by her side in the belvedere, both her hands in his, his black eyes plunging into her violet ones. There was an ineffable charm in the gentle earnestness of his tones and looks. Rose felt conquered, if not persuaded. “If it cannot be helped,” she said at last, “why, then, it must be as you wish.”

“Thank you—thank you !” said Vincenzo, sinking his lips into the plump rosy hands his own held willing prisoners—then looking up again into her eyes, he added : “It is so sweet to ask so gracious a giver, that I am greatly tempted to present another petition.”

“And what may that be ?” asked Rose.

“Simply to humour a love-whim of mine. There exists a custom in England which I much admire, and would fain adopt. A newly-married couple there, almost as soon as the ceremony is over, disappear from all gaze profane, and start away, alone, on what is termed their wedding-tour. Let us do the same. Let me enfold you in the cloud of my love, and have you all to myself for a little while.”

“I would willingly say yes,” said Rose ; “but perhaps papa—”

“Your father is already my confidant, and will not object if you do not.”

“Well then, I do not ; where shall we go ?”

“To Turin first—then to Genoa, to look at the sea, if you like.”

Oh yes, that will be charming.”

“Then to Florence — ‘*Firenze la bella !*’” continued Vincenzo.

"Shall we go to Rome?" asked Rose.

"Rome is very, very far," objected Vincenzo.

Oh! do let us go to Rome—I would rather go there than anywhere. I do so long to kiss the Pope's foot, and go up the *Scala Santa* on my knees."

"But, indeed, Rome is too far," again observed Vincenzo, "and then there's the malaria in the summer months."

"Never mind the malaria."

"But I must mind it, dear. Only think, if you were to catch the fever—the mere idea makes me shudder. Your father would never forgive me, and with reason; nor could I ever forgive myself. Rome is quite out of the question for the present. We must put off our journey thither to some future winter."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Rose.

The conversation was brought to a close by a series of angry shouts from Barnaby, who came to summon them to dinner. Barnaby cried shame on them for keeping the Signor Padrone waiting: they knew the Signor Padrone was so particular as to his meals. Barnaby was too happy not to fret and fume at something or somebody.

Vincenzo started for Turin by the earliest train on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A HAPPY PAIR.

TOWARDS the middle of May in the year 1854, Vincenzo went through his last examination in dashing style—and scarcely a fortnight afterwards, that is, on the First of June, he led his betrothed to the altar.

The marriage was celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance of which a marriage admits. Turin sent no less than seven representatives to the ceremony, among them Signor Onofrio; and all the big-wigs of Ibella, with the exception of the Signor Intendente, who pleaded indisposition, were present; and so was Rumelli *en masse*, of course. Vincenzo could have well dispensed with nine-tenths of all this *éclat* and

publicity—they jarred with his quiet and simple tastes. But the Signor Avvocato had set his heart on doing the thing grandly; and then Rose was so pleased with all the arrangements, that the bridegroom could not but be so for her sake. Rose was splendid in natural beauty as in adornment—her toilette was dazzling—connoisseurs said it might have suited a princess. An ill-repressed murmur of admiration followed her steps, as, leaning on her father's arm, she walked up the nave of the parish church to the high altar, the point of attraction of all eyes. The Signor Avvocato wore, for the first time, the Star of St. Maurice and Lazare in diamonds, ordered expressly for the occasion.

The service was read, and the benediction given to the young couple by old Don Natale, who further attempted to deliver a little speech of congratulation—(the third he had addressed to Vincenzo in public, the first dating twelve years back). But, as everybody expected, he broke down most pitifully at the second sentence—a failure which proved, after all, a success, inasmuch as the part of the congregation nearest to him, infected by his melting mood, burst into tears and sobs. Conspicuous among the chorus of weepers and sobbers stood Barnaby—Barnaby, as black as a drop of ink in his new suit of sables, and white cravat; Barnaby, whose naturally distorted features had reached, under the pressure of emotion, the *beau idéal* of ugliness. Extremes meet, and, next to the bride, Barnaby was the great attraction of the day. Impossible to look at him in his black coat without laughing outright.

At one o'clock P.M. fifty-one guests sat down to table in the large hall on the ground floor. Two bands of music, that of Rumelli and Ibella, were in attendance outside, and played during the repast. We say nothing of the fare—it consisted of every delicacy that money can buy, and culinary science improve; and as to wines, the cellar of the palace was celebrated throughout the province. The dinner went through

all the legitimate stages of *crescendo*, from the subdued buzz during the soup to the simultaneous explosion of every voice at the dessert.

When the entertainment had reached this climax, the health of the *sposi* having been drunk and re-drunk, and drunk again *sine fine*, the bridegroom whispered to the bride, and cautiously withdrew. Rose, on the first convenient opportunity, followed his example, and went, unobserved, to change her bridal attire for a travelling dress; she then joined Vincenzo and Onofrio, who were waiting for her in a dark passage leading to a door opening out into the back premises. At this door was stationed a spring cart, which had served in the morning to bring from Ibella a load of elegantly elaborated edifices of pastry and confectionary, fruits of all kinds, and ices: It had an awning of thick striped canvas, and curtains of the same stuff closed it in all around, in order to protect the delicacies it contained from the heat of the sun and the dust of the roads. Into this vehicle Onofrio handed Rose, then Vincenzo, and, carefully closing the curtains, bid them good-bye.

The driver led the horse by the bridle, and the cart jogged away unobserved through the avenue, and down the road to the turning below Rose's belvedere. Here was waiting the Signor Avvocato's chariot and pair, with Giuseppe as coachman. Seizing a favourable moment, when there was no one in sight, the newly-married couple alighted, and hurried into the carriage. They were both so nervous and afraid of detection, that, but for Giuseppe, they would not have seen Barnaby waving a farewell to them from the belvedere, and weeping like a mermaid.

The scheme of the cart was of Vincenzo's own concocting, and he was not a little proud of it. Had it been a question of elopement, he could not have fenced it in with a thicker hedge of precaution and mystery. Nor had he been a whit too careful, if we take into consideration the amount of opposition which a course so contrary to all precedent could not have failed to meet

with from the bridal party, had it transpired. Rose lent herself to Vincenzo's whim with infinite complaisance and good humour. They reached the station in full time for the last train, and an hour before midnight were safely lodged at the Hotel de Londres, at Turin, where the bride's luggage, thanks to Vincenzo's forethought, had preceded them.

Besides the natural eagerness, common to every lover under the sun, to have his beloved all to himself, Vincenzo had another motive for wishing to remove Rose from small local influences, and introduce her to a larger and broader current of ideas and feelings than could be found at Rumelli. Vincenzo had never shut his eyes to a fact, of which he had of late had ample confirmation—we mean the narrowness and lukewarmness of Rose's patriotism; and to enlarge and warm it, to bring it nearer to the level of his own, he trusted, rather than to any definite teaching of his, to the action of those thousand mysterious imponderables, which pervade the air of a large city, and constitute, as it were, the atmosphere of civilization. Not that Vincenzo wanted to make his wife a political character; all that he wished was, that she should be capable of understanding and sympathizing with a political man. Until a communion of feeling on this cardinal point was established between them, he felt that he could not call her quite his own. The trip to Florence had been devised to forward this purpose, to the attainment of which he anticipated no difficulty. His estimate of Rose's docility and good sense was, as we know, high. And what place was better calculated to open her mind and heart to the consciousness and pride of the Italian sentiment than Florence, the beautiful and *gentile*, the Athens of Italy, the mother of Dante and Michael Angelo—Florence, the incarnation of Italian genius?

A better assorted or happier-looking pair seldom graced the arcades of Via Po, or the alleys of the public gardens; he, a head taller than she, fondly bending towards her his pale face, full of

distinction and serene thought; she fondly lifting hers, all dimples, and lilies, and roses, up to his. Passers-by turned round to steal another peep of them; Vincenzo's fellow-students raised their eyebrows, and murmured as they lounged by, "Lucky dog!" Rose was lost in admiration of all she saw; the impression made on her by the long, wide, regular streets, the enormous squares, the mighty river, the affluence of people, the splendid shops, was the more interesting to Vincenzo, as it was a reproduction of that he had himself received six years ago.

They spent only a few days in Turin, but they were days well employed. Vincenzo played his part of cicerone conscientiously—not a sight worth seeing that he did not take her to see. Both Houses of Parliament, of course, were of the number. The Subalpine Parliament, in 1854, was a miniature likeness of the Italian Parliament of 1862. Almost all the States of Italy, Rome and Naples not excepted, had representatives there; men who had, many of them, tasted the salt bread of exile, been buried alive in the tombs of the Spielberg and the *Segrete* of Naples—men who had suffered in various ways in the name and for the sake of Italy, who were glad and proud of having done so, and were ready to do so again. Vincenzo pointed out some of these to Rose, and gave her a sketch of their lives. Onofrio, himself one of this noble band, introduced a few of these fellow-sufferers of his to the young couple, who heard from them stories, modestly and unaffectedly told, of narrow escapes, and hardships, and cruelties; of double irons worn and dragged for years and years; of heavy coupling chains never removed night or day.

The minister, Vincenzo's patron, paid the young bride a visit, and after saying many things very pleasant for her to hear, ended by giving her a smiling caution against any delusive hope she might harbour of having her husband all to herself for very long. There was another lady to whom Vincenzo also owed allegiance, and who would put in

her claim to it within three months. Signora Candia need not blush so; she must be of a jealous disposition indeed, if she was jealous of "the country," for that was the lady, and no other, to whom he had alluded, and in whose service Vincenzo was pledged from the first of September next.

Genoa was their next stage. The palaces and the orange-trees of "La Superba" did not find much favour with Rose. She missed the space and the symmetry of lines which had struck her so much at Turin; but the sea made up to her for all deficiencies. They had rooms in one of the many hotels which overlook the port, and were never wearied of contemplating the new and ever-changing spectacle under their eyes. Rose declared she was in love with the sea. Vincenzo, too, was in love with it, but in a different way from hers. There mingled with his admiration of its versicoloured loveliness and majestically serene repose a sense of poetical awe of its mysterious immensity, and virtual uncontrollable force, when aroused to fury; that fury to which dykes and piers are like mounds of sand, and three-deckers cockle-shells. Whereas unimaginative Rose saw it hemmed in by the horizon, saw it beautifully smooth like a mirror, as it just then was; could not conceive it otherwise, and longed to feel herself rocked on its bosom. Why should they not go to Leghorn by steam, and thus escape the dust of the roads? Vincenzo emptied his quiver of classical arrows at *mare infidum*, but to no purpose; she laughed at Horace and his *triplex robur* with the perfect assurance of one who knows nothing of the sea, and just as much of Latin.

Vincenzo had obvious reasons for not leaving Genoa without visiting a patriotic memento which forms, and justly so, the pride of all Genoese, and that in particular of the populous and popular quarter of Portoria, within whose precincts it is by right situated. It consists of a slab of marble, commemorative of the event that follows, and which occurred in 1746. It would take too

long to say what concatenation of circumstances had led to Genoa being abandoned by her powerful allies, France and Spain, and left to the tender mercies of Austria. Suffice it to state that the territory of the republic, and its capital, were in the occupation of thirty thousand Austrians. A squad of these soldiers, towards dusk on the 5th of December, 1746, were dragging through Portoria a large mortar, when the pavement gave way under the weight, and the mortar buried itself in the ground. Unable to raise it by their own efforts, the escort demanded the assistance of the neighbouring tradespeople and of the occasional passers-by, but to no purpose; seeing which the corporal had recourse to the Austrian argument, *par excellence*, the cane. Thereupon a lad of fourteen, an apprentice dyer, nicknamed Balilla, hurled a stone at the corporal's head, which knocked him over. In the scuffle that ensued one soldier was killed and seven badly wounded; the rest fled, to return backed by several hundreds of their comrades, who had, however, to beat a precipitate retreat from the stones, tiles, articles of furniture, boiling pitch and oil, thrown down upon them from the roofs and windows. This was the prologue to a fierce struggle, which extended over six days—from the 5th to the 10th of December—and which ended in the total rout and expulsion of the Austrians, with a loss of 1,000 slain and 7,000 taken prisoners. If ever there was a popular victory, this was one, fought and won as it was solely by the popular classes, who had not only a numerous, well-disciplined, well-fortified army to cope with, but the ill-will of their own Government to neutralize, a counter-government, head-quarters, leaders, arms, commissariat, &c. to improvise for themselves, and public order to maintain. To carry out this last purpose gallows were erected in the square of the Annunziata for the immediate accommodation of thieves caught *in flagranti*. And well might Giovanni Carbone, a young man of twenty-two, and one of the bravest combatants of the six days—well might he say to the

Doge and Senate, when consigning to them the rescued keys of the city, "Here are the keys which your most serene lordships yielded so easily to the enemy; take care to guard them better in future, for we have redeemed them at the cost of our blood."

They went by sea after all—between the wisdom of Horace and the pouting of a cherry lip, what man in love ever hesitated?—and a delightful passage it was: not a breath of wind, scarcely a ripple on the water. Who so happy and proud as the fair prophetess? Leghorn, after Genoa, had but little interest for our young tourists; so they pushed on to Pisa. They took only a peep of the fine old city, however, so impatient was Vincenzo to reach Florence. Rose was rather attracted by Pisa, particularly by the leaning tower; but what most tickled her fancy was a herd of camels which she saw in the environs, at the farm of San Rossore. They haunted her; she had never seen a camel before, except in a picture.

But her first impression of Florence was one of disappointment, owing partly to Vincenzo's imprudence in raising her expectations too high, and still more, perhaps, to a change of weather. Their arrival was saluted by a perfect down-pour of rain. Even the City of Flowers could not look otherwise than dingy and disconsolate under a heavy shower. It was short, as summer storms are; and, only a few hours later, when the married lovers went out for a walk, the sun shone gloriously, the birds sung merrily in the groves of Boboli, a delicious freshness pervaded the air. This magic change, however, wholly failed to dissipate the first unfavourable impression received by Vincenzo's wife. Rose was most tenacious of first impressions.

Vincenzo proceeded methodically, as his wont was—he devoted the first days to a general survey of the town, so as to make himself familiar with its configuration and distribution; he then took an Artaria, the Italian Murray, and began his rounds. We shall not follow him; the task of cicerone does not belong to our department; the description would

be tedious to those who know anything of Florence, and entirely useless for those who do not. We will only say that which will be no novelty to anybody, namely, that our young couple met at every step with memories, names, and works, the mere mention of which thrills the hearts of five-and-twenty millions of Italians with pride and grateful reverence. Out of these noble names, and memories, and works, was to be elicited the spark which was to warm Vincenzo's *Galatea* into a new being. Young Candia had chosen for head-quarters a quiet hotel not far from the church of Santa Croce, and rare was the day when, either going to or returning from his sight-seeing expeditions, he did not enter the noble pile and seek for inspirations at the tombs of Machiavelli, Galileo, Alfieri, Michael Angelo, and Dante. Vincenzo's system of tuition was simple and easy : he chose for his theme the most striking event suggested by the sights of the day—as, for instance, Pier Capponi's superb answer to Charles VIII., Ferruccio's death, the expulsion of the Duke of Athens, or such like ; gave Rose a summary of it himself, and then in the evening read her an account of the circumstance as told by Villani or Machiavelli. Or, perhaps, taking his cue from a visit to the apartment of the Priori in Palazzo Vecchio, or to the hill of San Miniato, he would impress on Rose, and illustrate by apt examples, the great love of Dante and Michael Angelo for their country. (Everybody knows that Dante, previous to his exile, was one of the *Priori* of Florence, and that the fortress of San Miniato was strengthened with new ramparts and bastions by Buonarroti himself in the year 1529). Oftener still Vincenzo contented himself with reading to her such passages of the "*Divina Commedia*," Petrarca's political "*Canzoni*," Alfieri's tragedies, or Foscolo's "*Sepolcri*," as most forcibly embodied the sentiments he wished to instil into her.

All this Vincenzo did gently, discreetly, by driblets, be it understood. Of all things, he hated pedantry ; he

knew also how much Rose was equal to ; and then he was in love—three infallible preservatives against becoming a bore. Even had he any disposition to become one, he would have lacked the time, so full was the share they took of the diversions and amusements that Florence afforded. The cool hours of the evening saw them oftener taking ices at the Cascine or at Boboli, at some of the theatres, or at a *conversazione*, than studying the history of their country, or of its great men, at home.

Rose listened to him and to his reading often with pleasure, sometimes with real interest, always with docility and an evident wish to humour him—never with an appearance of anything like a patriotic fibre vibrating within her. Far from finding fault with her for this, Vincenzo discovered plenty of reasons for her justification—her want of education, the narrow atmosphere in which she had lived, and so on—and he trusted for a change to the action of time. He felt grateful to her for the goodwill she evinced, for her invariably charming temper, for the easy way with which she put up with many little disagreeables inseparable from a stay in an hotel—grateful for the spirit of order she showed. Rose, according to the express request of her husband, was purse-bearer, cashier, accountant ; and it was a real pleasure to him to see the method, the clearness, the neatness with which she kept her accounts. On another also, and, in Vincenzo's eyes, capital point, she fully deserved, and he gave her, all praise : it was the simplicity of her attire. Rose, in spite of example, gave in to none of the eccentricities of fashion.

Late on a sultry evening they were sitting on the terrace, which was on the roof of the house. Florence, bathed in the mellow light of the moon ; had a melancholy charm of its own, which went to Vincenzo's heart, and brought unconscious tears to his eyes. And, as he looked at it, and evoked its memories, his soul overflowed with enthusiasm, and he fell to indulging in a beautiful vision of the future, which came forth clothed in words of fire. He pictured

an Italy independent, free, united—pictured the revival of its genius, its arts, its commerce, the increased splendour of its hundred cities. . . .

"With the Pope at its head," interrupted Rose, with a flash of enthusiasm quite new in her. Vincenzo looked at her, as if suddenly awakened, and knit his brows ; but there was no tinge of impatience or displeasure in his answer, "Why the Pope, dear ? Italy wants at its head some one capable and willing to draw the sword against its enemies ; and the Pope cannot. He refused, you know, to declare war to Austria."

"Yet," persisted Rose, "did not Gioberti advocate the Pope's claims to be chief in Italy ?"

"True ; but he lived long enough to see his error, and to recant it in his last work. If there is ever to be an Italy united under one king, the *Re-galantuomo* is that king by right."

"Oh ! Victor Emmanuel !" exclaimed Rose ; "how can a country ever prosper under a king who has no religion ?"

"Allow me to say, Rose dear, that your speech is uncharitable and . . . inconsiderate. How do you know, and what has Victor Emmanuel done to justify your assertion, that he has no religion ?"

"Do you ask what he has done ?" was Rose's warm rejoinder ; "have you forgotten that he has sanctioned the law against the priests ?"

"Law against the priests !" repeated Vincenzo, his eyes wide with amazement. You must have dreamed of one, assuredly, my dear Rose : there never has been a law passed against the priests, nor so much as thought of."

"You are unfair, Vincenzo ; you know very well what I mean—the Law Siccardi—the law to commemorate the passing of which a column was erected by public subscription."

"Do you know," inquired Vincenzo, "the provisions of the law you allude to ?" Rose had, apparently, her reasons for evading the question, for, instead of answering it, she said, "I know the clergy regarded it as a spoliation, and resented it as an affront."

"True ; but that only proves that they were angry, not that they were right in their appreciation of it. The clergy were not, could not be expected to be, impartial in their own cause."

"Do you mean to say that such men as Don Natale or Padre Terenziano could be influenced in what they said by mere partisanship ?"

"Most assuredly they could, and were so, though, I have no doubt, in perfect good faith. It is difficult for the best of men to have a long-possessed privilege taken from them, and not feel their withers wrung. I myself, you see, only an ex-seminarist, one who had shrunk from being a priest, felt as a partisan in this very case." And he went on to tell her of his instinctive repugnance to the bill, of his attendance in Parliament to hear it discussed, of the light that had gradually stolen upon him, and at last of his entire concurrence in the principle and dispositions of the law.

That Rose was not convinced was clearly implied by the tone in which she said : "Well, that's your way of thinking."

"It ought to be yours also, if mine is right."

"And if it is not ?" retorted Rose.

"If it is not," said Vincenzo, "convert me to yours. I ask for nothing better."

"I have no pretensions to converting you," said Rose, drily.

"Excuse me for saying that in that you are wrong, Rose. There can be but one legitimate way of thinking, as there is but one truth ; and, if you believe me to be in error, it must be your wish, as it is your duty, to put me right ; for how can we be united in the spirit, as we are in the flesh, if you do not ?"

This appeal remained unanswered. Rose became all at once aware that it was late, and that she was tired, and left the terrace. For the first time since his marriage, Vincenzo went to bed with anything but a light heart, and he spent part of the night in upbraiding himself with having been

harsh,—if not positively harsh, too stringent; at all events, he might have couched his remarks and arguments in gentler words.

On the morrow, there was a cloud on Rose's brow, the first that had overshadowed the serenity of her honeymoon. What lover worthy the name can see a cloud on the beloved features and not do his best to conjure it away? This Vincenzo did, and successfully, by redoubling all those little tendernesses and endearments, which say so point-

edly in their mute language, "All that I care for is to be at peace with you." A dangerous way of mending little splits in the present, at the expense of large ones in the future. The reconciliation, in fact, rested upon a misconception. Vincenzo had been making amends for a real or supposed want of *form* in his strictures of the night before, whereas Rose had accepted his atonement as a recantation of their *substance*.

To be continued.

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE SEA.

BY DR. T. L. PHIPSON, F.C.S. ETC.

THAT sea-water differs materially from spring-water or rain-water, on account of the number and quantity of various salts and organic substances that it contains, is well known. It has often been asked, Why do we find so much salt in the water of the sea? It might also be inquired why we find so much salt in the blood: if dried blood be calcined, the ash it leaves contains more than half its weight of sea-salt. Instead of replying to any such random queries, let us proceed to bring forward facts which will answer for themselves.

At the present day we are acquainted, more or less, with sixty-two chemical elements, or simple substances which cannot be decomposed; and of these sixty-two elements exactly one-half, or thirty-one, have been met with in sea-water. They may be enumerated as follows:—*Oxygen*; *hydrogen*; *azote* in ammonia; *carbon* in carbonic acid; *chlorine*, *bromine*, *iodine* in fuci; *fluorine* in combination with calcium; *sulphur* as sulphuric acid; *phosphorus* as phosphoric acid; *silicium* as silica; *boron* as boracic acid, discovered both in sea-water and sea-weeds; *silver* in *pocillopora alvicornis*; *copper*, very frequent in animals and plants of the sea; *lead*, very frequent in marine organisms; *zinc*, principally in sea-plants; *cobalt* and *nickel* in sea-plants; *iron*, *manganese*, *alumi-*

nium, *magnesium*, *calcium*, *strontium*, *barium*, the latter two as sulphates in fucoid plants; *sodium*, and *potassium*. These twenty-seven elements were ascertained by Dr. Forchhammer to be present in sea-water; the presence of the other four—viz. *lithium*, *cæsium*, *rubidium*, and *arsenic*—has been shown by other chemists.

Of these substances only a few occur in such quantity that their determination has any notable influence on the quantitative analysis of sea-water—namely, chlorine, sulphuric acid, magnesia, lime, potash, and soda. Many seem to be dissolved by means of carbonic acid, and are found in the residue left when sea-water is evaporated and the salts re-dissolved by water.

The saline matter of the sea occurs in pretty nearly the same proportion at whatever latitude the sample examined be taken, provided it be taken from the open ocean: it amounts to nearly 3·5 per cent. or in 100 lbs. of sea-water 3½ lbs. of saline matter, principally common salt. But the mean quantity of saline matter in the different seas varies in proximity to the coasts, or with special meteorological conditions. Thus, in the North Sea, the mean quantity of solid matter is 3·28 per cent.; in the Kattegat and Sound, 1·51; in the Baltic, 0·48, or about a half per cent.; in the

Mediterranean, 3.75; in the Black Sea, 1.58; and in the Carribean Sea, 3.61. In the equatorial regions there is a high percentage of saline matter, on account of the large quantity of water evaporated daily by the heat of the sun; thus, the mean quantity of salts at the equator is 3.62, whilst in the Polar Sea it is only 3.35.

The more salt the water contains the denser it is, and consequently a somewhat larger percentage of saline matter is found at great depths; and, where this is not the case, it proves the existence of a source of fresh water, or of a submarine current.

A pond of fresh water exists in the Gulf of Xagua, off the southern coast of Cuba: at about three miles from the coast the fresh water gurgles up in the open sea as if from a spring. This is probably well known to navigators who frequent these regions, for more than once, when a ship has passed without touching at Cuba, the crew have renewed their supply of fresh water at this wonderful fountain in the briny ocean. Something similar has been observed near Goa, on the western coast of India, and in the Mediterranean, not far distant from Marseilles, where fresh water rises out of the strata at the bottom of the sea, but does not rush up to the surface.

Interior seas, such as the Baltic, the Black Sea, Baikal Lake, &c. contain much less saline matter than the ocean, as may be seen, for the two former, in the figures given above. The Mediterranean is an exception to this rule, for not only do the hot winds from Africa cause rapid evaporation from its surface, but it receives constantly, by the straits of Gibraltar, new supplies of salt-water, which replaces that lost by evaporation. Moreover, when this sea is compared with the Baltic, we find a double current at the entrance of the Baltic as well as in the straits of Gibraltar; but it is the under current that runs out of, and the surface current that runs into, the Mediterranean, whereas the under current of the Baltic is the entering one.

The reason why many interior seas

contain less saline matter than the ocean is palpable. These seas, or inland lakes, have emissaries, or streams which flow from them, depriving them of salt-water, whilst the water lost in this way is replaced by rains or by fresh-water springs from the mountains. It is, therefore, evident that these inland seas must go on losing salts, until they arrive at the state of ordinary fresh lake-water. And such is, indeed, the case, as we have numerous examples to show. But what becomes of the plants and animals born and bred in the salt-water?—we find them flourishing in the now fresh-water lakes! This is what has happened to Baikal Lake, situated in the southern district of Siberia: the powerful stream Angara has gradually carried away its salt, and this vast area of water has become fresh. But its animals and plants remain as before: we find shoals of herrings, which are caught and salted like those of the European seas, and form an important branch of commerce there. There we have also seals exactly similar to those of the Scandinavian and Greenland seas—and which M. Babinet wishes to see brought over and reared in the Bois de Boulogne—sponges and corals of very good quality, and several other marine organisms, flourishing in the fresh water. Again, 400 miles to the east of Baikal, we find seals in the small, now fresh-water lake of Oron, which is only a few miles in circumference. The change from salt water to fresh water has been so gradual, that these marine animals do not appear to have suffered by it.

But we have now to examine also the reverse of this proposition. Here we see marine plants and animals alive and prospering, whilst the salt decreases gradually until the water becomes fresh, the phenomenon being caused by the streams or outlets which flow from the lakes. But in other inland seas the reverse of this occurs; as, for instance, Lake Asphaltites, which *receives* the waters of the Jordan, and several other streams, but which has *no outlet*; the excess of water being carried off so rapidly by evaporation, that the lake

never overflows, and the salts accumulate constantly. Here the quantity of salt accumulated is already so great (upwards of 20 per cent., or 20 lbs. in every 100 lbs. of water), that not only is the density (1.24) of the water greater than that of any other—save, perhaps, the Great Salt Lake in the Mormon district—but no plant or animal can live in or near it; hence it is sometimes known as the Dead Sea. It is peculiarly situated, being completely separated from, though so near to, the Mediterranean, by a high chain of mountains. Its surface lies one thousand three hundred and twelve feet below that of the Mediterranean; and it is, therefore, by far the deepest known fissure on the earth's surface.

In the other hemisphere we have a parallel example, in the Great Salt Lake of Upper California. This lake, like Asphaltites, has no outlet, but receives the water of a considerable river, rising in the Rocky Mountains, on its northern side, and two or more small streams from the south. Hence the water has become so salt, that no animal or plant can live in it;¹ it is also remarkable for its great transparency. It contains 27 per cent. of salt; that is, 27 lbs. of salt for every 100 lbs. of water.

The Caspian Sea, one of the greatest enigmas of physical geography, instead of an emissary like the Angara river, which flows from Baikal Lake, receives the waters of the Volga, the Ural, the Terek, the Kur, the Aras, &c.; and, though it has no apparent outlet, its waters are *less* salt than the ocean. This proves that there must exist a subterranean outlet. The waters of the Caspian are very shallow along the coast, even to the distance of several miles from the shore, where the depth is scarcely twelve feet. But towards the centre it varies from 120 feet to 300 feet, and in the middle no sounding could be taken with a line 2,800 feet long. From the uniformity of the soundings

within certain breadths, and their somewhat sudden increase, the bed of the Caspian appears to descend by terraces. And, though it appears evident that there exists no communication between the Black Sea and the Caspian, because the level of the latter is $83\frac{1}{2}$ feet below that of the former, it should be remembered that this depression is by no means constant—sometimes increasing, sometimes diminishing, fluctuating periodically and irregularly—so that there may in reality exist a subterranean channel of communication; besides, it has been asserted that barrels left floating on the Caspian were afterwards seen on the Black Sea. It is, however, quite possible that the Caspian communicates with the active volcano Demavend, which lies at a comparatively short distance to the south-west of it.

The nauseous taste of sea-water is derived from the various salts it holds in solution; but this liquid contains also myriads of animalcules and microscopic vegetable organisms. Putting aside the organic matter, an analysis of sea-water taken in the German Ocean has given for 100 lbs. of water—chloride of sodium (culinary salt), 2.66 lbs.; chloride of magnesium, 0.51, with traces of bromide of magnesium; sulphate of soda, 0.46; chloride of calcium, 0.12, with traces of iodide of potassium, silica, &c.—total, 3.76 lbs.

The specific gravity of sea-water varies of course with the proportion of salts and the degree of heat it receives from the sun, or by the intermixture of currents of various temperatures; but in our own latitudes it is about 1.028; that is, a given volume of pure distilled water weighing 1,000 grains, the same volume of sea-water weighs 1,028 grains.

Many useful substances are daily extracted from the sea for the use of man, among which we may mention pure water for the use of ships, salt, iodine, bromine, &c.

Many attempts have been made to purify sea-water in order to render it potable, not only for supplying ships, but for the use of maritime towns and villages, where pump-water is often

¹ It would be interesting to ascertain whether certain *infusoria*, or inferior *algæ*, which inhabit mineral springs, do not exist here.

brackish, and where the inhabitants are frequently obliged to have recourse to rain-water. Now, when sea-water is submitted to congelation, it abandons its salt almost completely—a fact which appears to have been discovered many years ago by Chevalier Lorgna, who found that a mixture of three parts of pounded ice and two parts of common salt produced a cold of about 4° below the zero of Fahrenheit thermometer, and that such a mixture caused sea-water to freeze rapidly. A mixture of various chemical salts in proper proportions produces a similar degree of cold. Lately the cold produced by the evaporation of ether has been proposed for the same purpose. The purification is complete if the ice thus formed be melted and frozen again. In the Polar regions the ice formed from salt-water is more or less opaque, except it be in very small pieces, when it transmits light of a blueish green shade. When melted it produces sometimes perfectly fresh water, and at other times water slightly brackish. The fresh-water ice resulting from rain or melted snow, as seen floating in the Arctic seas, is distinguished from the salt-water ice by its black appearance, especially when in small pieces, and by its transparency when removed from the water into the air. Its transparency is so great, when compared with sea-ice, that Dr. Scoresby used to amuse his sailors by cutting large lenses out of this fresh-water ice and using them as burning-glasses to light the men's pipes. Their astonishment was increased by observing that the ice did not melt, while the solar rays emerging from it were so hot that the hand could not be kept more than a second or two at the focus.

Dr. Lind, of Portsmouth, was the first to purify sea-water by simple distillation: this was about the year 1740, after many unsuccessful attempts had been made with other means. Several experimenters afterwards devised apparatus by which this distillation might be carried on economically, and the distilled water might be made to dissolve its proper quantity of atmospheric air, without which it is extremely insipid. Of the

various apparatus, that invented a few years ago by Dr. Normanby appears to have been generally adopted. An ordinary-sized apparatus furnishes about two pints of fresh aerated water per minute, and 1 lb. of coals will yield about 10 lbs. of drinking water. I once made an attempt to purify sea-water by the aid of an electric current, destined to decompose and extract the salts, the water being afterwards filtered through charcoal. By this means carbonate of soda might be procured at the same time.

Of all the products which the ocean furnishes to supply the wants of man, culinary salt (chloride of sodium) is, perhaps, the most important. Neither plants nor animals can exist if they be entirely deprived of salt, and the presence of a considerable amount of this substance as an essential constituent of the blood I have already alluded to. In almost every country there exist more or less extensive mines of salt, identical with that extracted from sea-water. In Europe, the most celebrated mines of rock-salt are those which extend from Wieliczka and Bochnia, near Cracow, away into Moldavia: they were discovered in the middle of the thirteenth century, in the reign of Boleslas V., King of Poland, and have proved a source of inexhaustible treasure ever since that period. Six hundred millions of tons of salt have been extracted from these mines since they began to be worked. In the south of France the water of the sea is conducted into quadrangular spaces called "*marais salants*," where it is submitted to evaporation, and the impure salt thus obtained sells at about $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ per 100 lbs.

We have seen above that sea-water abandons its salt whilst freezing: this phenomenon is turned to account at Bergen, above 190 miles W.N.W. of Christiania in Norway, and about the same latitude as the Shetland Isles. Taking advantage of the severe climate, they cause the sea-water to freeze, and, removing the ice, evaporate the salt liquid which remains.

In former times all the carbonate of soda used in the arts and manufactures

was obtained from the ashes of sea-weeds and plants of the sea-shore. For some years, however, this useful product has been almost exclusively obtained from sea-salt, for which purpose the latter is heated with sulphuric acid, which converts it into sulphate of soda and hydrochloric acid. The sulphate of soda is partly sold to the glass manufacturers, but the greater portion is converted into carbonate of soda, by heating it with coal and lime; whilst the hydrochloric acid is partly sold as such, and the rest converted into bleaching powder, &c. This series of operations constitutes a most important branch of chemical manufacture in the present day.

When we consider the physiological importance of salt, both for plants and animals, its various uses, and the starting-point it constitutes for innumerable chemical manufactures, we cannot help remarking that the heavy taxation imposed upon this article by the French Government is one of the greatest political blunders ever made.

The water of the evaporating spaces where sea-salt is obtained is often observed to be coloured yellowish, or oftener still of a bright red colour. The same red colouration is remarked in rock-salt obtained from mines far distant from the sea. This red colouring matter has been attentively investigated by several eminent naturalists. It is found to be owing to the presence of a vast number of microscopic plants, belonging to the genus *Protococcus*. The water of the sea is frequently seen coloured for miles and miles by the same minute beings. Whilst *Protococcus nivalis* covers here and there the snow on the Alps, and other high mountains, with a layer of brick-red organic matter, so *Protococcus atlanticus* colours the water of the Atlantic Ocean, forming red bands or zones upon the surface, which extend sometimes for several miles. These little beings are seen under the microscope as hosts of transparent spherical cells, containing a few red nuclei. On the waters of the Red Sea, another species of alga, *Trichodesmium erythraeum*, belonging to the group

Oscillariae, is found sometimes in prodigious quantities; this is also a microscopic plant, and of such a magnificent blood-colour that there can be little doubt that Herodotus gave the name of "Red Sea" to the Arabian Gulf from this circumstance. After a certain time these algae completely lose their red colour, and become green, so that the phenomenon is intermittent.

At the period when carbonate of soda was extracted entirely from the ashes of sea-plants, a very interesting discovery was made, namely, that of *iodine*. This happened in 1811. It was the custom to send the impure carbonate of soda to refiners, who purified it for the druggists, and converted it into other salts. Now, there lived in Paris a refiner named Courtois, who, after extracting as much carbonate of soda as he could by crystallizing his solutions, thought that there might still exist in the mother-liquors, from which the crystals were deposited, a certain quantity of carbonate of soda, which might be converted into sulphate of soda by the addition of sulphuric acid. Sulphuric acid was accordingly added to the liquid, and heat applied—the operation taking place in a retort; when Courtois soon perceived a magnificent violet-coloured vapour arise and fill the retort, precipitating itself upon the glass in the form of bright metallic scales of a dark colour. This curious discovery was not made known till two years later, when the chemist Clement brought it before the Academy of Sciences. Sir H. Davy, who was then in Paris, and Gay-Lussac, member of the Academy, investigated the nature of the new substance, and found it to be a simple body or element which they called iodine. And a most useful and interesting substance it has proved, not only in the laboratory, but in medicine and photography.

In a similar way the element *bromine* was, some years later, discovered in sea-water by M. Balard. This gentleman, thinking, probably, that he would obtain a certain quantity of iodine by passing a current of chlorine gas (which has the property of displacing iodine

from its combinations) through sea-water, or rather through the mother-liquor from which the sea-salt had been deposited by evaporation, displaced the element bromine at the same time. Bromine, like mercury, is a liquid element at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere; it is a dark reddish-brown, highly-corrosive, volatile liquid, extremely interesting in a chemical point of view. It is often used by photographers and in medicine.

Another curious chemical substance is connected with the history of the sea. It is *mannite*. This product, which constitutes the essential part of manna, is a kind of sugar found in the sap of ash-trees, and secreted in hot weather by the tamarix and other shrubs.

Now, mannite has been observed upon certain large sea-weeds (*fuci*), especially upon *Laminaria saccharina*, which owes its specific name "saccharina" to the fact that mannite is often observed upon this plant. I believe Dr. Stenhouse was the first to draw attention to this subject. Almost all the larger kinds of sea-weed are capable, in certain circumstances, of producing mannite. It was believed that these marine algæ produced this sweet principle in the same manner that the sugar-cane produces sugar, that is, under the influence of the vital functions; but I have shown,¹ a few years ago, that the formation of mannite does not occur during the life of the plant, and that it is only after the plant is dead and exposed to the air that mannite begins to form upon its surface, where it soon shows itself in microscopic crystalline needles, which are soluble in alcohol. It appears to be formed at the expense of the peculiar mucilage which envelops these algæ during life, and protects them from the dissolving influence of the sea.

Various means have been resorted to for protecting ships from the corrosive action of sea-water, and especially from those burrowing worms, *Teredo*, or the destructive mollusc, *Pholas*, &c. In former times minium, or red lead, was

employed as a paint, but was soon proved to be inefficacious; in fact, nothing but metal itself will resist the action of these soft, gelatinous animals. Then came the question—what metal? Iron would not answer, as it oxydates in sea-water with the greatest rapidity, and forms a layer of rust, which cements together plants, stones, shells, &c., causing these substances to adhere to the keel and impede the progress of the ship. Zinc offers the same disadvantages, though to a less extent; a layer of oxide forms upon the metal and protects it completely from any further rusting, which is not the case with iron. Therefore, zinc is sometimes used to sheathe merchant ships, but unfortunately it gives a firm hold to shells and sea-weeds, which cannot be detached without much trouble. Sheet copper is generally employed in the navy, and this metal was found, in spite of its high price, to answer better than either iron or zinc; but of late years a species of brass, containing copper, tin, zinc, lead, and iron, and known as *yellow metal*, has been almost exclusively employed on merchant ships, and is now beginning to be adopted by the navy in place of pure copper. This *yellow metal* appears to answer the purpose very well, and is found to be the most economical metal that can be employed. It oxydates much less rapidly than iron or zinc, and does not give hold to shells and sea-weeds for any length of time.

It was in analyzing this *yellow metal* that the presence of *silver* was discovered in the sea. Sheathing, which, before it was placed upon the ships, showed only the minutest trace of silver, and sometimes none at all, was found, when it had made a three or four years' voyage, to contain a notable amount of that metal. Now, silver exists in nature, here and there, as *chloride of silver*; and this compound, though insoluble in water, dissolves perfectly in a solution of salt, so that the presence of silver in the water of the ocean is easily accounted for. Delicate analysis shows its presence even in polypes (*Pocillopora*) and other marine organisms.

In proximity to active volcanoes the

¹ *Comptes-rendus de l'Acad. des Sciences. Paris. 1856.*

water of the sea is apt to become acid ; the acidity being due to considerable quantities of sulphuric and hydrochloric acids dissolved in the water. This is the case, for instance, in the bay of Vulcano, at Santorino. For some time past the waters of this little bay have been spoken of as having the property of cleaning the metallic sheathing of vessels. Ships sheathed with copper or yellow metal will do well to avoid remaining any length of time in such quarters, though the mere passage of the ships through the acid would perhaps be rather beneficial than otherwise. However, since the year 1821, the bay of Vulcano has been almost abandoned by ships. A year or two ago the *Solon*, a French screw packet-boat stationed in the Levant, had orders to remain some hours in the bay of Vulcano. Its iron keel, coated with many layers of red lead, had collected an endless number of shells, sea-weeds, zoophytes, &c. by which its course had been notably impeded. But after a short delay at Santorino, these appendages were detached with ease by the aid of a brush, and about one knot an hour was immediately gained in speed.

Volumes might be written upon the chemical changes which occur in the formation of new rocks, sedimentary strata, and by the action of sea-water upon the various coasts. Sir Charles Lyell, Beudant, and Bischoff have devoted much time to that subject. It will be easily understood that a liquid like sea-water, carrying in solution so many different ingredients, is capable of developing an endless variety of chemical reactions. Let us turn, for example, to the action of sea-water upon cast iron, which I have been lately investigating, and which is very different from the action of fresh water. Cast iron, as is well known, contains carbon, silicium, and phosphorus. Now, under the influence of sea-water it oxydises or rusts, and at the same time the phosphorus is oxydised to phosphoric acid, which, uniting with the iron, forms the beautiful blue phosphate of iron, known in mineralogy as Vivianite. The silicium

is also oxydised, and forms a green silicate of iron, whilst the carbon is mostly precipitated as graphite or plumbago. A great quantity of rust, or hydrated oxide of iron, is formed, which cements firmly together stones, shells, wood, metals, &c.

By means of the carbonic acid it contains, the water of the ocean possesses the power of corroding chalk-cliffs and dissolving the carbonate of lime which they afterwards deposit in some other quarter as tuffaceous or argillaceous limestone. Such is the rock of modern formation which develops itself upon certain coasts of the new and old continents, and which I have found forming on the coast of Flanders at the expense of the chalk-cliffs of Great Britain and France, and of which I have elsewhere given an analysis.¹ I find also that carbonate of lime deposited in this manner from the sea has the property of cementing together a little more than double its own weight of extraneous matter, such as sand and clay, which shows us how argillaceous limestones or calcareous sandstones are formed in nature.

The corals, madrepores, and mollusca withdraw from the sea the carbonate of lime of which their polypidoms and shells are principally formed. My analyses of *Madrepore muricata* of the Indian Ocean, and of the *Cardium edule*, or common cockle of our coasts, show that the polypidom of the former and the shells of the latter contain upwards of 90 per cent. of carbonate of lime. Other chemists have shown that the sea contains less lime where coral-reefs abound.

Thus, the *madrepore* of the numerous coral-reefs forms excellent lime when burnt, and is employed for that purpose in many tropical islands, where the lime thus produced is used for building.

One of the most curious, and, as it happens, most useful of marine formations, is, probably, the new rock Sombrerite, which I have recently analysed.² This rock, which consists principally of phosphate of lime and phosphate of

¹ *Comptes-rendus de l'Acad. des Sciences.* Paris. 1857 and 1860.

² *Journal of the Chemical Society.* July, 1862.

alumina, forms the greater portion of some small islands in the Antilles, especially that of Sombbrero, whence I gave it its name. It is very valuable for preparing phosphorus for lucifer-matches, and for agricultural purposes as a source of phosphate of lime.

Marine algae, sea-weeds of all sorts, are rich in nitrogen, and have been employed for many years as manure, I believe advantageously; but not only do they evolve a very noxious odour whilst undergoing putrefaction, but it is impossible that they can now compete with the artificial manures produced in such quantities at the present day; and it appears to me that it would be preferable in every respect to burn these fuci, and collect their ashes to procure iodine, as is practised on an extensive scale by the manufacturers of kelp. In the hands of Dr. Stenhouse, sea-weeds have given a peculiar product called *furfurol*, or *fucusol*, a volatile, oily substance obtained by acting upon the seaweed by sulphuric acid and distilling.¹

The sand of the sea-coast is invariably and intimately mixed with the *débris* of shells and a certain amount of organic matter, besides which it is constantly imbibed with the alkaline salts and other ingredients dissolved in the sea-water, so that it contains all the elements of fertility. The wind raises it into small hillocks called sand-hills, or *dunes*, which present the same chemical composition as the sand of the coast.

Two circumstances, however, concur to prevent these sand-hills being as fertile as they may become if we succeed in counteracting the influence of both. The first is the extreme mobility of the sand, which causes the hillocks to be constantly shifting, and to progress every year a certain distance in the direction of the predominant wind. The other circumstance is the rapidity with which the rain-water filters through the sand, leaving the hillocks in a con-

stant state of dessication, at least at the surface. In endeavouring to fertilize the sand-hills, these two influences must be combated. The former is got rid of by planting *Elymus arenarius*, *Arundo arenaria*, and other similar grasses, which prosper in the sand, and whose enormous roots (or rhizomes) ramify and penetrate the sand in every direction, holding it firmly together. The shrub *Hippophae rhamnoides* is also extremely useful in this respect. These plants not only cement the sand together, as it were, but, by their decay, furnish the hillocks with a certain amount of mould, so that in a few years their fertility is insured. The second influence is combated also, to a certain extent, by the means just alluded to, and more effectually, where it is practicable, by an admixture of clay. The constant humidity and purity of the maritime air, and the warmth of the sun on the slopes protected from the wind, constitute an admirable climate for any kind of vegetation, but more especially for annuals. The brightness of the flowers, and the abundance of essential or fragrant oils remarked in the native plants of these truly favoured districts, indicate clearly that very little trouble is required to render one slope of the *dunes* eminently fertile. Although the maritime climate is not favourable to trees, the *Pinus maritimus* flourishes on certain coasts, especially in the Landes of Gascony.

In some regions of the globe we find the ordinary siliceous sand of the coast covered with a layer of bright, black, metallic-looking sand. This is the case on some of the coasts of the Isle Bourbon, Mauritius, Australia, New Zealand, &c. Specimens of this black sand have, within the last few years, been forwarded to me for analysis from the Isle Bourbon, from Mauritius, and from different parts of Western Australia. The essential portion of this sand is the black mineral called *iserine*, not uncommon in Basaltic districts, which is composed of oxide of titanium and oxide of iron. According to my experiments, the sand is capable of furnishing about 59 per cent. of the most splendid quality

¹ This *furfurol* is easily transformed into another compound, *furfurine*, which has the properties of quinine; and nitrate of *furfurine* is actually employed in medicine to combat intermittent fever.

of iron. But innumerable grains of topaz, zircon, ruby, sapphire, and other precious stones, together with magnetic oxide of iron (loadstone), and sometimes, also, grains of oxide of tin and gold, are found mixed with this black sand. Some of the larger specimens of these black districts find their way into the jewellers' hands. In like manner the Baltic Sea throws *amber* upon the coasts of Prussia, and *bitumen* is seen floating upon the waters of the inland Asiatic seas.

I have now a few words to say upon the air of the sea. I do not allude to that portion of air which is dissolved by sea-water, and is expelled by boiling the latter, though I should, perhaps, mention that of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen (or azote), which constitute the atmosphere, oxygen is more than twice as soluble in water as nitrogen, and, therefore, the sea dissolves more of the former than of the latter. So that the air expelled from sea-water, when it is made to boil, contains a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen, which is rather different from that which constitutes atmospheric air. This excess of oxygen in sea-water goes to supply the wants of marine organisms, and contributes its part in the corrosion of the sheathing of ships.

But let us consider for a moment the air that lies on the surface of the sea and coasts, and which enters the lungs of invalids at the sea-side. All the numerous chemical researches of the present day show us that the air of the sea, except it be taken in close proximity to the water, has precisely the same composition as that of the interior of continents. And yet medical men are constantly sending their patients to the sea-side for *change of air*. Now it is true that, wherever air is analysed, either at the surface of the earth, on the summits of high mountains, at the poles or at the equator, on the coast or in the interior, it constantly contains four volumes (say pints) of nitrogen and one volume of oxygen. Whatever climate we inhabit, such is the composition of atmospheric air. But air invariably contains minute quantities of carbonic acid, generally about two

volumes on 10,000 volumes of air; it also contains traces of volatile organic matter, dust, &c., and is more or less damp according to the locality; and, though the fundamental proportions of oxygen and nitrogen remain the same everywhere, these other elements which enter into its composition as mere traces vary in proportion, and exercise such a marked influence upon our organism, in spite of their extremely small proportion, in a given volume of air, that we can only explain it by reflecting that their action is constant in a given locality, and consequently that their deleterious effects increase with the time we remain in that locality. It has been proved by Dr. Verhaeghe, of Ostend, that the carbonic acid and organic matter are less abundant in the air of the sea than in that of the interior, and, therefore, that the air of the sea is the *purer* of the two. But that is not all; there is another and very important consideration. The air on the mountains is, in some instances, even purer than that of the sea; but it does not produce that exhilarating sensation which a person who has once breathed the air of the coast rarely or ever forgets. The reason of this lies in the density of the air at the level of the sea, in comparison with its density on the mountain heights. Everyone knows that, *cæteris paribus*, the barometer stands higher at the level of the sea than in any other locality; consequently, that a pint of air weighs a little more at the sea-side than a pint of air at the mountain-top. But, as our lungs have the same capacity wherever we happen to be, it is evident that at the sea-side we breathe, in a given time, a greater *weight* of oxygen gas than anywhere else; and it is to this greater weight of oxygen introduced into the lungs at each inspiration, that we owe the exhilarating or stimulating action by which the air of the sea is pre-eminently characterised. Instead of carrying dust, the sea-breeze wafts saline particles through the air, which adhere to the plants, animals, and rocks of the coast. This accounts for the salt taste experienced by those who walk with their face towards the wind.

Verhaeghe found that, when 445 gallons of sea-air were passed through a solution of nitrate of silver, a precipitate of chloride of silver, weighing six grains, was produced; this corresponds to 2·4 grains of common salt wafted about by every 445 gallons of air.

It is to these saline particles, consisting of all the various mineral ingredients dissolved in the sea, and to minute quantities of hydrochloric acid, iodine, and organic matters, separated from the water by the mechanical action of the winds, by the vital functions of sea-weeds, mollusca, &c., and evolved by decaying fuci, that the air of the sea derives its peculiar odour. Some have attributed to this odour in the air the rareness of consumption on the sea-coast; and the eminent surgeon Laënnec had so much confidence in the effects of these saline particles on the constitution, that, when he could not send his patients to the sea-side, he procured for them, at considerable expense, masses of sea-weed, which he placed in their bedrooms, in order to form artificially, as he thought, a marine atmosphere.

The peculiar and characteristic odour of the sea to which I allude here attracted the attention of the ancients. Quintus Curtius Rufus, in his history of the reign of Alexander the Great, says that the pilots of Alexander, when on land, recognised the sea by its odour—"agnoscere se auram maris"—that is to say, that they were made aware that they were approaching the ocean by the peculiar smell wafted through the atmosphere. Whilst exploring the tertiary formations of Bruxelles, I discovered that the antediluvian seas possessed the same characteristic odour as the sea of the present day. I found that the fossil *teredos* freshly taken from the sandy strata, and scratched with a knife or broken with a hammer, emit this same odour of the sea. But the strata in which these fossils lie is known to geologists as the Middle Eocene; they have therefore retained their odour for thousands of centuries!

Of the phosphorescence, or emission of light by the sea, I have treated at

length elsewhere;¹ and will only state here that this beautiful phenomenon is owed to myriads of minute beings, which emit light like the common glow-worm. The animalcule which illuminates the waves of the North Sea is *Noctiluca miliaris*, a minute rhizopod, about the size of a pin's point. The curious *mer-de-lait*—luminous patches extending for many miles in the warmer seas—is caused by *Pyrosoma atlantica*, and various species of *Salpæ*, which swim adhering together by thousands. In the Baltic, the Adriatic, and even our own seas, numerous light-emitting *Infusoria*, *Nereids*, *Medusæ*, &c. have been found and described.

The abundance of marine animalcules, and the animal matter yielded by their rapid decomposition, and by that of sea-weeds, which vary in size from the microscopic *Fucus ferruginea* to the gigantic *Macrocystis* of many hundred feet, make sea-water a nutritive fluid for many larger animals; and it doubtless contains several well-defined organic substances, similar to those we find in springs, though no one has yet endeavoured to extract them.

It is a curious fact, discovered by Benjamin Franklin, and which attracted the attention of Sir H. Davy, that in the neighbourhood of sand-banks and shoals, where the water is shallow, the temperature of the sea is much cooler than in the adjacent deep water. This circumstance often causes mists to lie over the shoals, and defines sharply their extent. According to Davy, this cooling of the water near the sand-banks occurs thus: the heat lost by nocturnal radiation causes the colder (and consequently heavier) water to descend in the daytime, but where sand-banks exist this descent of the cooled water is impeded, and the cold water remains near the surface. By means of this knowledge Franklin may be said to have converted the thermometer into a sounding line.

I have now terminated this very incomplete sketch of what has been done concerning the *chemistry* of the sea.

¹ Phosphorescence; or, the Emission of Light by Minerals, Plants, and Animals. In 8vo. London. 1862.

Much remains yet to be done ; and we have before us an admirable example, in the researches undertaken with so much perseverance for the last twenty years, to bring the phenomena of the sea within the domain of *physical* laws. The perusal of Lieutenant Maury's interesting volume on the physical geography of the sea, and Sir William Snow Harris's admirable treatise on *magnetism*, together with General Sabine's indefatigable labours on the same subject, proves to us that, whilst studying the various currents, winds, temperatures, and depths of the different seas, we cannot bestow too much attention on the *magnetic needle*, if we wish for equally important and practical results.

In conclusion, I wish to allude to a beautiful rotation we observe in connexion with the water of the sea. Tons of water are evaporated daily from the surface of the ocean. The water that rises in this way is pure ; it constitutes clouds ; the clouds give birth to rain, which, filtering through the earth, forms sources, streams, and rivers. These rivers on their passage to the sea dissolve every soluble ingredient they meet with, and carry it to the ocean ; moreover, the sea itself corrodes the various coasts and dissolves saline matter daily. Thus the ocean is, in the case of those inland seas alluded to before, as *receiving* salts by rivers which flow into them, and have no outlet. But we have seen that such lakes finish by becoming so salt that no plants or animals can exist in them ; whereas the sea shows the same $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of

salts ever since it first began to be analysed. In the present paper I have partly hinted at the cause of this, and I will now complete the idea. The saline matter of the ocean is required by the plants and animals that inhabit it. We have seen that, in the neighbourhood of *Madrepora* reefs, the sea contains less lime, because these animals constantly subtract lime from the water. So other animals and plants subtract silica, potash, soda, sulphuric acid, &c. In the ashes of *Luminaria saccharina*, of which I have already spoken, the *carbonates* predominate ; in those of *Fucus vesiculosus*, and *F. serratus*, the *sulphates* are in excess. It is curious to note also that the salts of *potash* exist in small proportion in sea-water, whilst soda-salts are abundant, and, nevertheless, that in certain *fuci* which live in the sea we find sometimes more potash than soda. This is the case, for instance, with *Laminaria saccharina*. In other sea-weeds and plants which grow on the shore, the quantity of soda predominates ; and upon this fact was based the old method of obtaining carbonate of soda. But in many sea-weeds when they grow near the shore, we find from 5 to 8 per cent. of potash. Besides salt that is daily extracted from the sea by these plants and animals, the sea receives every year an enormous amount of pure distilled water in the shape of rain ; and these two causes united explain why the total amount of saline matter of the ocean remains constantly the same.

THE BOURNE.

UNDERNEATH the growing grass,
Underneath the living flowers,
Deeper than the sound of showers :
There we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,
Courage reckoned of no worth :
There a very little girth
Can hold round what once the earth
Seemed too narrow to contain.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE WATER-BABIES :

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

CHAPTER VIII. AND LAST.

HERE begins the never-to-be-too-much-studied account of the one nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth part of the wonderful things which Tom saw, on his journey to the Other End Of Nowhere ; which all good little children are requested to read, that, if ever they get to the Other End Of Nowhere, as they may very probably do, they may not burst out laughing, or try to run away, or do any other silly vulgar thing which may offend Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid.

Now, as soon as Tom had left Peacepool, he came to the white lap of the great sea-mother, ten thousand fathoms deep ; where she makes world-pap all day long, for the steam-giants to knead, and the fire-giants to bake, till it has risen and hardened into mountain-loaves and island-cakes.

And there Tom was very near being kneaded up in the world-pap, and turned into a fossil water-baby ; which would have astonished the Geological Society of New Zealand some hundreds of thousands of years hence.

For, as he walked along in the silence of the sea-twilight, on the soft white ocean floor, he was aware of a hissing, and a roaring, and a thumping, and a pumping, as of all the steam-engines in the world at once. And, when he came near, the water grew boiling hot ; not that that hurt him in the least : but it also grew as foul as gruel ; and every moment he stumbled over dead shells, and fish, and sharks, and seals, and whales, which had been killed by the hot water.

And at last he came to the great sea-serpent himself, lying dead at the bottom ; and, as he was too thick to scramble

over, Tom had to walk round him three-quarters of a mile and more, which put him out of his path sadly ; and, when he had got round, he came to the place called Stop. And there he stopped, and just in time.

For he was on the edge of a vast hole in the bottom of the sea, up which was rushing and roaring clear steam enough to work all the engines in the world at once ; so clear, indeed, that it was quite light at moments ; and Tom could see almost up to the top of the water above, and down below into the pit for nobody knows how far.

But, as soon as he bent his head over the edge, he got such a rap on the nose from pebbles, that he jumped back again ; for the steam, as it rushed up, rasped away the sides of the hole, and hurled it up into the sea in a shower of mud, and gravel, and ashes ; and then it spread all around, and sank again, and covered in the dead fish so fast, that, before Tom had stood there five minutes, he was buried in silt up to his ancles, and began to be afraid that he should have been buried alive.

And perhaps he would have been, but that, while he was thinking, the whole piece of ground on which he stood was torn off, and blown upwards, and away flew Tom, a mile up through the sea, wondering what was coming next.

At last he stopped—bump ! and found himself tight in the legs of the most wonderful boggy which he had ever seen.

It had I don't know how many wings, as big as the sails of a windmill, and spread out in a ring like them ; and with them it hovered over the steam which rushed up, as a ball hovers over the top of a fountain. And for every wing

above it had a leg below, with a claw like a comb at the tip, and a nostril at the root; and in the middle it had no stomach and one eye; and as for its mouth, that was all on one side, as the madreporiform tubercle in a sea-egg is. Well, it was a very strange beast; but no stranger than some dozens which you may see.

"What do you want here," it cried quite peevishly, "getting in my way?" and it tried to drop Tom; but he held on tight to its claws, thinking himself safer where he was.

So Tom told him who he was, and what his errand was. And the thing winked its one eye, and sneered:

"I am too old to be taken in in that way. You are come after gold—I know you are."

"Gold! What is gold?" And really Tom did not know; but the suspicious old boggy would not believe him.

But after a while Tom began to understand a little. For, as the vapours came up out of the hole, the boggy smelt them with his nostrils, and combed them and sorted them with his combs; and then, when they steamed up through them against his wings, they were changed into showers and streams of metal. From one wing fell gold-dust, and from another silver, and from another copper, and from another tin, and from another lead, and so on, and sank into the soft mud, into veins and cracks, and hardened there. Whereby it comes to pass that the rocks are full of metal.

But, all of a sudden, somebody shut off the steam below, and the hole was left empty in an instant: and then down rushed the water into the hole, in such a whirlpool that the boggy spun round and round as fast as a tee-totum. But that was all in his day's work, like a fair fall with the hounds; so all he did was to say to Tom—

"Now is your time, youngster, to get down, if you are in earnest, which I don't believe."

"You'll soon see," said Tom; and away he went, as bold as Baron Munchausen, and shot down the rushing cataract like a salmon at Ballisodare.

And, when he got to the bottom, he swam till he was washed on shore safe upon the Other End of Nowhere; and he found it, to his surprise (as most folks do), much more like this End of Somewhere than he had been in the habit of expecting.

And first he went through Waste-paper-land, where all the stupid books lie in heaps, up hill and down dale, like leaves in a winter wood; and there he saw people digging and grubbing among them, to make worse books out of bad ones, and thrashing chaff to save the dust of it; and a very good trade they drove thereby, especially among children.

Then he went by the sea of slops, to the mountain of messes, and the territory of tuck; where the ground was very sticky, and full of deep cracks and holes, choked with wind-fallen fruit, and green gooseberries, and sloes, and crabs, and whimberries, and hips and haws, and all the nasty things which little children will eat if they can get them. But the fairies hide them out of the way in that country as fast as they can, and very hard work they have, and of very little use it is. For, as fast as they hide away the old trash, foolish and wicked people make fresh trash, full of lime, and poisonous paints, and actually go and steal receipts out of old Madame Science's big book to invent poisons for little children, and sell them at wakes and fairs, and tuck-shops. Very well. Let them go on. Dr. Letheby and Dr. Hassall cannot catch them, though they are setting traps for them all day long. But the Fairy with the birch-rod will catch them all in time, and make them begin at one corner of their shops, and eat their way out at the other: by which time they will have got such stomach-aches as will cure them of poisoning little children.

Next he saw all the little people in the world, writing all the little books in the world, about all the other little people in the world; probably because they had no great people to write about: and the names of the books were "Squeeky," and the "Pumplighter," and the "Narrow Narrow World," and the "Hills of the Chattermuch," and the

"Children's Twaddeday." And all the rest of the little people in the world read the books, and thought themselves each as good as the President; and perhaps they were right, for every one knows his own business best. But Tom thought he would sooner have a jolly good fairy tale, about Jack the Giant-killer or Beauty and the Beast, which taught him something that he didn't know already.

And next he came to the centre of Creation (the hub, they call it there), which lies in latitude 42.21 south, and longitude 108.56 east.

And there he found all the wise people instructing mankind in the science of spirit-rapping, while their house was burning over their heads: and, when Tom told them of the fire, they held an indignation meeting forthwith, and unanimously determined to hang Tom's dog for coming into their country with gunpowder in his mouth. Tom couldn't help saying that, though they did fancy that they had carried all the wit away with them out of Lincolnshire two hundred years ago, yet if they had had one such Lincolnshire nobleman among them as good old Lord Yarborough, he would have called for the fire-engines before he hanged other people's dogs. But it was of no use, and the dog was hanged: and Tom couldn't even have his carcase; for they had abolished the have-his-carcase act in that country, for fear lest, when rogues fell out, honest men should come by their own. And so they would have succeeded perfectly, as they always do, only that (as they also always do) they failed in one little particular, viz. that the dog would not die, being a water-dog, but bit their fingers so abominably that they were forced to let him go, and Tom likewise, as British subjects. Whereon they recommenced rapping for the spirits of their fathers; and very much astonished the poor old spirits were when they came, and saw how, according to the laws of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, their descendents had weakened their constitution by hard living.

And next he came to the island of the Golden Asses, where nothing but

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thistles grow. There the people live who have turned themselves into mokes, by meddling with matters which they do not understand, as Lucius did in the story. And, like him, mokes they must remain, till, by the laws of development, the thistles develop into roses. Till then, they must comfort themselves with the thought, that the longer their ears are the thicker their hides; and so a good beating don't hurt them.

And then he came to Gotham, where the wise men live; the same who dragged the pond because the moon had fallen into it, and planted a hedge round the cuckoo, to keep spring all the year. And he found them bricking up the town gate, because it was so wide that little folks could not get through. And, when he asked why, they told him they were expanding their liturgy. So he went on; for it was no business of his: only he could not help saying that in his country, if the kitten could not get in at the same hole as the cat, she might stay outside and mew.

And next he came to Oldwivesfabledom, where the folks were all heathens, and worshipped a howling ape.

And there he found a little boy sitting in the middle of the road, and crying bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" said Tom.

"Because I am not as frightened as I could wish to be?"

"Not frightened? You are a queer little chap: but, if you want to be frightened, here goes—Boo!"

"Ah," said the little boy, "that is very kind of you; but I don't feel that it has made any impression."

Tom offered to upset him, punch him, stamp on him, fettle him over the head with a brick, or anything else whatsoever which would give him the slightest comfort.

But he only thanked Tom very civilly, in fine long words which he had heard other folk use, and which, therefore, he thought were fit and proper to use himself; and cried on till his papa and mamma came, and sent off for the Powwow man imme-

diately. And a very good-natured gentleman and lady they were, though they were heathens ; and talked quite pleasantly to Tom about his travels, till the Powwow man arrived, with his thunderbox under his arm.

And a well-fed, ill-favoured gentleman he was, as ever served her Majesty at Portland. Tom was a little frightened at first ; for he thought it was Grimes. But he soon saw his mistake : for Grimes always looked a man in the face ; and this fellow never did. And when he spoke, it was fire and smoke ; and when he sneezed, it was squibs and crackers ; and when he cried (which he did whenever it paid him), it was boiling pitch ; and some of it was sure to stick.

"Here we are again !" cried he, like the clown in a pantomime. "So you can't feel frightened, my little dear—eh ? I'll do that for you. I'll make an impression on you ! Yah ! Boo ! Whirroo ! Hullabaloo !"

And he rattled, thumped, brandished his thunderbox, yelled, shouted, raved, roared, stamped, and danced corrobory like any black fellow ; and then he touched a spring in the thunderbox, and out popped turnip-ghosts, and magic-lanterns, and pasteboard bogies, and spring-heeled Jacks, and sallabalas, with such a horrid din, clatter, clank, roll, rattle, and roar, that the little boy turned up the whites of his eyes, and fainted right away.

And at that his poor heathen papa and mamma were as much delighted as if they had found a gold mine ; and fell down upon their knees before the Powwow man, and gave him a palanquin with a pole of solid silver and curtains of cloth of gold ; and carried him about in it on their own backs, for the rest of their lives : which was a pitiable sight to see ; for the father was a very brave officer, and wore two swords and a blue button ; and the mother was as pretty a lady as ever you saw in your life.

Ah ! don't you wish that some one would go and convert those poor heathens, and teach them not to frighten their little children into fits ?

"Now, then," said the Powwow man to Tom, "wouldn't you like to be frightened, my little dear ? For I can see plainly that you are a very wicked, naughty, graceless, reprobate boy."

"You're another," quoth Tom, very sturdily. And when the man ran at him, and cried "Boo !" Tom ran at him in return, and cried "Boo !" likewise, right in his face, and set the little dog upon him ; and at his legs the dog went.

At which, if you will believe it, the fellow turned tail, thunderbox and all, with a "Woof !" like an old sow on the common ; and ran for his life, screaming, "Help ! thieves ! murder ! fire ! He is going to kill me ! I am a ruined man ! He will murder me, and break, burn, and destroy my precious and invaluable thunderbox ; and then you will have no more thunder in the land. Help ! help ! help !"

At which the papa and mamma, and all the people of Oldwivesfabledom, flew at Tom, shouting, "Oh, the wicked, impudent, hard-hearted, graceless boy ! Beat him, kick him, shoot him, drown him, hang him, burn him !" and so forth : but luckily they had nothing to shoot, hang, and burn, him with, for the fairies had hid all the killing-tackle out of the way a little while before ; so they could only pelt him with stones ; and some of the stones went clean through him, and came out the other side. But he did not mind that a bit ; for the holes closed up again as fast as they were made, because he was a water-baby. However, he was very glad when he was safe out of the country, for the noise there made him all but deaf.

And then he came to a very quiet place, called Leaveheavenalone. And there the sun was drawing water out of the sea to make steam-threads, and the wind was twisting them up to make cloud-patterns, till they had worked between them the loveliest wedding veil of Chantilly lace, and hung it up in their own Crystal Palace, for any one to buy who could afford it. And the good old sea never grudged ; for she knew they would pay her back honestly. So the

sun span, and the wind wove, and all went well with the great steam-loom, as is likely, considering—and considering—and considering—

And at last, after innumerable adventures, each more wonderful than the last, he saw before him a huge building, much bigger, and—what is most surprising—a little uglier than a certain new lunatic asylum, but not built quite of the same materials. None of it, at least—or, indeed, for aught that I ever saw, any part of any other building whatsoever—is cased with nine-inch brick inside and out, and filled up with rubble between the walls, in order that any gentleman who has been confined during her Majesty's pleasure may be unconfin'd during his own pleasure; and take a walk in the neighbouring park to improve his spirits, after an hour's light and wholesome labour with his dinner-fork, or one of the legs of his iron bedstead. No. The walls of this building were built on an entirely different principle, which need not be described, as it has not yet been discovered.

Tom walked towards this great building, wondering what it was, and having a strange fancy that he might find Mr. Grimes inside it, till he saw running toward him, and shouting "Stop!" three or four people, who, when they came nearer, were nothing else than policemen's truncheons, running along without legs or arms.

Tom was not astonished. He was long past that. Besides, he had seen the naviculæ in the water move nobody knows how, a hundred times, without arms, or legs, or anything to stand in their stead. Neither was he frightened; for he had been doing no harm.

So he stopped; and, when the foremost truncheon came up and asked his business, he showed Mother Carey's pass, and the truncheon looked at it in the oddest fashion; for he had one eye in the middle of his upper end, so that when he looked at anything, being quite stiff, he had to slope himself, and poke himself, till it was a wonder why he did not tumble over; but, being quite full of the spirit of justice (as all policemen,

and their truncheons, ought to be), he was always in a position of stable equilibrium, whichever way he put himself.

"All right—pass on," said he at last. And then he added: "I had better go with you, young man." And Tom had no objection, for such company was both respectable and safe; so the truncheon coiled its thong neatly round its handle, to prevent tripping itself up—for the thong had got loose in running—and marched on by Tom's side.

"Why have you no policeman to carry you?" asked Tom, after a while.

"Because we are not like those clumsy-made truncheons in the land-world, which cannot go without having a whole man to carry them about. We do our own work for ourselves; and do it very well, though I say it who should not."

"Then, why have you a thong to your handle?" asked Tom.

"To hang ourselves up by, of course, when we are off duty."

Tom had got his answer, and had no more to say, till they came up to the great iron door of the prison. And there the truncheon knocked twice, with its own head.

A wicket in the door opened, and out looked a tremendous old brass blunderbuss, charged up to the muzzle with slugs, who was the porter, and Tom started back a little at the sight of him.

"What case is this?" he asked in a deep voice, out of his broad bell-mouth.

"If you please, sir, it is no case; only a young gentleman from her ladyship, who wants to see Grimes the master-sweep."

"Grimes?" said the blunderbuss. And he pulled in his muzzle, perhaps to look over his prison-lists.

"Grimes is up chimney No. 345," he said from inside. "So the young gentleman had better go on to the roof."

Tom looked up at the enormous wall, which seemed at least ninety miles high, and wondered how he should ever get up: but, when he hinted that to the truncheon, it settled the matter

in a moment. For it whisked round, and gave him such a shove behind, as sent him up to the roof in no time, with his little dog under his arm.

And there he walked along the leads, till he met another truncheon, and told him his errand.

"Very good," it said. "Come along: but it will be of no use. He is the most unremorseful, hard-hearted, foul-mouthed fellow I have in charge; and thinks about nothing but beer and pipes, which are not allowed here, of course."

So they walked along over the leads, and very sooty they were, and Tom thought the chimneys must want sweeping very much. But he was surprised to see that the soot did not stick to his feet, or dirty them in the least. Neither did the live coals, which were lying about in plenty, burn him; for, being a water-baby, his radical humours were of a moist and cold nature, as you may read at large in Lemnius, Cardan, Van Helmont, and other gentlemen, who knew as much as they could, and no man can know more.

And at last they came to chimney No. 345. Out of the top of it, his head and shoulders just showing, stuck poor Mr. Grimes; so sooty, and bleared, and ugly, that Tom could hardly bear to look at him. And in his mouth was a pipe—but it was not a-light; though he was pulling at it with all his might.

"Attention, Mr. Grimes," said the truncheon; "here is a gentleman come to see you."

But Mr. Grimes only said bad words; and kept grumbling, "My pipe won't draw! My pipe won't draw!"

"Keep a civil tongue, and attend!" said the truncheon; and popped up just like Punch, hitting Grimes such a crack over the head with itself, that his brains rattled inside like a dried walnut in its shell. He tried to get his hands out, and rub the place: but he could not, for they were stuck fast in the chimney.

Now he was forced to attend.

"Hey!" he said, "why, it's Tom! I suppose you have come here to laugh at me, you spiteful little atomy?"

Tom assured him he had not, but only wanted to help him.

"I don't want anything, except beer, and that I can't get; and a light to this bothering pipe, and that I can't get either."

"I'll get you one," said Tom; "and he took up a live coal (there were plenty lying about) and put it to Grimes's pipe, but it went out instantly.

"It's no use," said the truncheon, leaning itself up against the chimney, and looking on.

"I tell you, it is no use. His heart is so cold that it freezes everything that comes near him. You will see that presently, plain enough."

"Oh, of course, it's my fault. Everything's always my fault," said Grimes. "Now don't go to hit me again (for the truncheon started upright, and looked very wicked); you know, if my arms were only free, you daren't hit me then."

The truncheon leant back against the chimney, and took no notice of the personal insult, like a well-trained policeman as it was, though he was ready enough to avenge any transgression against morality or order.

"But can't I help you in any other way? Can't I help you to get out of this chimney?" said Tom.

"No," interposed the truncheon; "he has come to the place where everybody must help themselves; and he will find it out, I hope, before he is done with me."

"Oh, yes," said Grimes, "of course it's me. Did I ask to be brought here into the prison? Did I ask to be set to sweep your foul chimneys? Did I ask to have lighted straw put under me to make me go up? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chimney, of all, because it was so shamefully clogged up with soot? Did I ask to stay here—I do know how long—a hundred years, I do believe, and never get my pipe, nor my beer, nor nothing fit for a beast, let alone a man."

"No," answered a solemn voice behind. "No more did Tom, when you behaved to him in the very same way."

It was Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid. And, when the truncheon saw her, it started bolt upright—Attention!—and made such a low bow, that, if it had not been full of the spirit of justice, it must have tumbled on its end, and probably hurt its one eye. And Tom made his bow too.

"Oh, ma'am," he said, "don't think about me; that's all past and gone, and good times and bad times and all times pass over. But may not I help poor Mr. Grimes? Mayn't I try and get some of these bricks away, that he may move his arms?"

"You may try, of course," she said.

So Tom pulled and tugged at the bricks: but he could not move one. And then he tried to wipe Mr. Grimes's face: but the soot would not come off.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "I have come all this way, through all these terrible places, to help you, and now I am of no use after all."

"You had best leave me alone," said Grimes; "you are a good-natured forgiving little chap, and that's truth; but you'd best be off. The hail's coming on soon, and it will beat the eyes out of your little head."

"What hail?"

"Why hail that falls every evening here; and, till it comes close to me, it's like so much warm rain: but then it turns to hail over my head, and knocks me about like small shot."

"That hail will never come any more," said the strange lady. "I have told you before what it was. It was your mother's tears; those which she shed when she prayed for you by her bedside; but your cold heart froze it into hail. But she is gone to heaven now, and will weep no more for her graceless son."

Then Grimes was silent a while; and then he looked very sad.

"So my old mother's gone, and I never there to speak to her! Ah! a good woman she was, and might have been a happy one, in her little school there in Vendale, if it hadn't been for me and my bad ways."

"Did she keep the school in Vendale?" asked Tom. And then he told

Grimes all the story of his going to her house, and how she could not abide the sight of a chimney-sweep, and then how kind she was, and how he turned into a water-baby.

"Ah!" said Grimes, "good reason she had to hate the sight of a chimney-sweep. I ran away from her and took up with the sweeps, and never let her know where I was, nor sent her a penny to help her, and now it's too late—too late!" said Mr. Grimes.

And he began crying and blubbering like a great baby, till his pipe dropped out of his mouth, and broke all to bits.

"Oh dear! if I was but a little chap in Vendale again, to see the clear beck, and the apple orchard, and the yew hedge, how different I would go on! But it's too late now. So you go along, you kind little chap, and don't stand to look at a man crying, that's old enough to be your father, and never feared the face of man, or horse neither. But I'm beat now, and beat I must be. I've made my bed, and I must lie on it. It's all my own fault; but it's too late." And he cried so bitterly that Tom began crying too.

"Never too late," said the fairy, in such a strange soft new voice that Tom looked up at her; and she was so beautiful for the moment, that Tom half fancied she was her sister.

And no more it was too late. For, as poor Grimes cried and blubbered on, his own tears did what his mother's could not do, and Tom's could not do, and nobody's on earth could do for him; for they washed the soot off his face and off his clothes; and then they washed the mortar away from between the bricks, and the chimney crumbled down, and Grimes began to get out of it.

Up jumped the truncheon, and was going to hit him on the crown a tremendous thump, and drive him down again like a cork into a bottle. But the strange lady put it aside.

"Will you obey me if I give you a chance?"

"As you please, ma'am. You're stronger than me, that I know too well, and wiser than me, I know too well

also. And, as for being my own master, I've fared ill enough with that as yet. So whatever your ladyship pleased to order me, for I'm beat, and that's the truth."

"Be it so then—you may come out. But remember, disobey me again, and into a worse place still you go."

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but I never disobeyed you that I know of. I never had the honour of setting eyes upon you till I came to these ugly quarters."

"Every bad word that you said—every cruel and mean thing that you did—every time that you got tipsy—every day that you went dirty—you were disobeying me, whether you knew it or not."

"If I'd only known, ma'am—"

"You knew well enough that you were disobeying something, though you did not know it was me. But come out and take your chance. Perhaps it may be your last."

So Grimes stept out of the chimney, and, really, if it had not been for the scars on his face, he looked as clean and respectable as a master-sweep need look.

"Take him away," said she to the truncheon, "and give him his ticket-of-leave."

"And what is he to do, ma'am?"

"Get him to sweep out the crater of Etna; he will find some very steady men working out their time there, who will teach him his business: but mind, if that crater gets choked again, and there is an earthquake in consequence, bring them all to me, and I shall investigate the case very severely."

So the truncheon marched off Mr. Grimes, looking as meek as a drowned worm.

And for aught I know, or do not know, he is sweeping the crater of Etna to this very day.

"And now," said the fairy to Tom, "your work here is done. You may as well go back again."

"I should be glad enough to go," said Tom, "but how am I to get up that great hole again, now the steam has stopped blowing?"

"I will take you up the backstairs:

but I must bandage your eyes first; for I never allow anybody to see those backstairs of mine."

"I am sure I shall not tell anybody about them, ma'am, if you bid me not."

"Aha! So you think, my little man. But you would soon forget your promise if you got back into the land-world. For, if people only once found out that you had been up my backstairs, you would have all the fine ladies kneeling to you, and the rich men emptying their purses before you, and statesmen offering you place and power; and young and old, rich and poor, crying to you, 'Only tell us the great backstairs secret, and we will be your slaves; we will make you lord, king, emperor, bishop, archbishop, pope, if you like—only tell us the secret of the backstairs. For thousands of years we have been paying, and petting, and obeying, and worshipping quacks who told us they had the key of the backstairs, and could smuggle us up them; and in spite of all our disappointments, we will honour, and glorify, and adore, and beatify, and translate, and apotheotize you likewise, on the chance of your knowing something about the backstairs, that we may all go on pilgrimage to it, and, even if we cannot get up it, lie at the foot of it, and cry—

'Oh backstairs,
precious backstairs,
invaluable b.
requisite b.
necessary b.
good-natured b.
cosmopolitan b.
comprehensive b.
accommodating b.
well-bred b.
comfortable b.
humane b.
reasonable b.
long-sought b.
coveted b.

aristocratic b.
respectable b.
gentlemanlike b.
ladylike b.
commercial b.
economical b.
practical b.
logical b.
deductive b.
orthodox b.
probable b.
credible b.
demonstrable b.
irrefragable b.

potent b.

all-but-omnipotent b.

&c.

Save us from the consequences of our own actions, and the cruel fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid! Do not you think

that you would be a little tempted then to tell what you know, laddie?"

Tom thought so certainly. "But why do they want so to know about the backstairs?" asked he, being a little frightened at the long words, and not understanding them the least; as, indeed, he was not meant to do, or you either.

"That I shall not tell you. I never put things into little folks' heads which are but too likely to come there of themselves. So come—now I must bandage your eyes." So she tied the bandage on his eyes with one hand, and with the other she took it off.

"Now," she said, "you are safe up the stairs." Tom opened his eyes very wide, and his mouth too; for he had not, as he thought, moved a single step. But, when he looked round him, there could be no doubt that he was safe up the backstairs, whatsoever they may be, which no man is going to tell you, for the plain reason that no man knows.

The first thing which Tom saw was the black cedars, high and sharp against the rosy dawn; and St. Brandon's Isle reflected double in the still, broad, silver sea. The wind sang softly in the cedars, and the water sang among the caves; the sea-birds sang as they streamed out into the ocean, and the land-birds as they built among the boughs; and the air was so full of song that it stirred St. Brandon and his hermits, as they slumbered in the shade; and they moved their good old lips, and sang their morning hymn amid their dreams. But among all the songs one came across the water more sweet and clear than all; for it was the song of a young girl's voice.

And, as Tom neared the island, there sat upon a rock the most graceful creature that ever was seen, looking down, with her chin upon her hand, and paddling with her feet in the water. And when they came to her she looked up, and behold it was Ellie.

"Oh, Miss Ellie," said he, "how you are grown!"

"Oh, Tom," said she, "how you are grown, too!"

And no wonder; they were both

quite grown up—he into a tall man, and she into a beautiful woman.

"Perhaps I may be grown," she said. "I have had time enough; for I have been sitting here waiting for you many a hundred years, till I thought you were never coming."

"Many a hundred years!" thought Tom; but he had seen so much in his travels that he had quite given up being astonished; and, indeed, he could think of nothing but Ellie. So he stood and looked at Ellie, and Ellie looked at him; and they liked the employment so much that they stood and looked for seven years more, and neither spoke or stirred.

At last they heard the fairy say: "Attention, children! Are you never going to look at me again?"

"We have been looking at you all this while," they said. And so they thought they had been.

"Then look at me once more," said she.

They looked—and both of them cried out at once, "Oh, who are you, after all?"

"You are our dear Mrs. Doasyou-wouldbedoneby."

"No, you are good Mrs. Bedonebyas-youid; but you are grown quite beautiful now!"

"To you," said the fairy. "But look again."

"You are Mother Carey," said Tom, in a very low, solemn voice; for he had found out something which made him very happy, and yet frightened him more than all that he had ever seen.

"But you are grown quite young again."

"To you," said the fairy. "Look again."

And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once.

"My name is written in my eyes, if you have eyes to see it there."

And they looked into her great, deep, soft eyes, and they changed again and again into every hue, as the light changes in a diamond.

"Now read my name," said she, at last.

And her eyes flashed, for one moment, clear, white, blazing light; but the

children could not read her name ; for they were dazzled, and hid their faces in their hands.

"Not yet, young things, not yet," said she, smiling ; and then she turned to Ellie.

"You may take him home with you now on Sundays, Ellie ; he has won his spurs in the great battle, and become fit to go with you, and be a man ; because he has done the thing he did not like."

So Tom went home with Ellie on Sundays, and sometimes on week-days, too ; and he is now a great man of science, and can plan railroads, and steam-engines, and electric telegraphs, and rifled guns, and so forth ; and knows everything about everything, except why a hen's egg don't turn into a crocodile, and two or three other little things which no one will know till the coming of the Cocqigrués. And all this from what he learnt when he was a water-baby, underneath the sea.

"And of course Tom married Ellie ?"

My dear child, what a silly notion ! Don't you know that no one ever marries in a fairy tale under the rank of a prince or a princess ?

"And Tom's dog ?"

Oh, you may see him any clear night in July ; for the old dog-star was so worn out by the last three hot summers that there have been no dog-days since ; so that they had to take him down and put Tom's dog up in his place. Therefore, as new brooms sweep clean, we may hope for some decently warm weather this year. And that is the end of my story.

MORAL

And now, my dear little man, what should we learn from this parable ?

We should learn thirty-seven or thirty-nine things, I am not exactly sure which ; but one thing, at least, we may learn, and that is this—when we see efts in the ponds, never to throw stones at them, or catch them with crooked pins, or put them into vivariums with sticklebacks, that the sticklebacks may prick them in their poor little stomachs, and make them jump out of the glass into

somebody's workbox, and so come to a bad end. For these efts are nothing else but the water-babies who are stupid and dirty, and will not learn their lessons and keep themselves clean ; and, therefore (as comparative anatomists will tell you fifty years hence, though they are not learned enough to tell you now), their skulls grow flat, and their jaws grow out, and their brains grow small, and their tails grow long, and they lose all their ribs (which I am sure you would not like to do), and their skins grow dirty and spotted, and they never get into the clear rivers, much less into the great wide sea, but hang about in dirty ponds, and live in the mud, and eat worms, as they deserve to do.

But that is no reason why you should ill-use them : but only why you should pity them, and be kind to them, and hope that some day they will wake up, and be ashamed of their nasty, dirty, lazy, stupid life, and repent, and try to amend, and become something better once more. For, perhaps, if they do so, then after 379,423 years, nine months, thirteen days, two hours, and twenty-one minutes, as far as I can calculate, if they work very hard, and wash very hard all that time, their brains may grow bigger, and their jaws grow smaller, and their ribs come back, and their tails wither off, and they will turn into water-babies again, and, perhaps, after that into land-babies ; and after that, perhaps, into grown men.

You know they won't ? Very well then, be it so ; it is their concern, and not ours. We did not make them, and we are not responsible for them.

Meanwhile, do you learn your lessons, and thank God that you have plenty of cold water to wash in ; and wash in it too, like a true English man. And then, if my story is not true, something better is ; and if I am quite right, you will be, as long as you stick to hard work and cold water.

But remember always, as I told you at first, that this is all a fairy tale, and only fun and pretence ; and, therefore, you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true.

THE RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRESS.

FROM the establishment of the first printing-press in Russia under Ivan IV. in 1564, down to very nearly the present day, printing has been under the immediate control of the Government or Tsar as head of the Church and State. For two centuries it produced nothing but imperial decrees and ecclesiastical *brochures*. The first sheet which came out in the form of a newspaper was the *Moscow Gazette*, during the reign of Peter the Great, in 1703. It was printed in the old Cyrillic character, and did not adopt the new alphabet until 1711. Like the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, which began to appear in 1711, it was published only at irregular intervals. In 1728, however, the *St. Petersburg Gazette* came out regularly twice a week. But this was by no means a newspaper according to our interpretation of the term. It contented itself with the reproduction of ukases headed by all the ponderous and imposing titles of the Tsar—to question or omit any of which was felony—and of long lists of the appointments and promotions of civil and military dignitaries.

In the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, in 1745, a monthly literary review appeared, and about the same time, a literary and scientific journal was started at Moscow, under the auspices of the University in that city. Other new journals were started from time to time; but, although supported by the writings of some of the most celebrated Russian authors—such as Karamzin, Krilof, Derjavine, and the most eminent Professors of the Universities—they had, for the most part, but a sickly time of it.

Things remained much in this state till the irresponsibility of autocracy reached its culminating point in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas. Nevertheless, a revolution was going on beneath the surface, silently and imperceptibly, but surely.

The tyranny and abuses of the Government had completely sapped that respect for the Administration which had so long been held as a sacred article of Russian faith. The superstitious reverence of ages had by degrees given place to sarcasm, mockery, and a thorough distrust of the system, its measures, and its men. The late Tsar knew this, and thought that increased severity and unyielding rigour were the proper remedies for such a state of affairs. Nevertheless, thought was busy and opinions were fermenting in many individual minds. Despite the obstacles that were thrown in the way of foreign travel, men penetrated into Western Europe from time to time, and returned, bringing with them the thoughts and ideas naturally suggested by contact with a more advanced civilization. Despite the care which was taken to fill the minds of the people with visions of foreign conquest and territorial aggrandisement, doubts sprang up here and there as to whether military glory were really the be-all and end-all of national greatness. These doubts received strong confirmation from the events of the Crimean War.

With the death of the Emperor Nicholas a new era dawned upon Russia. The multiplied restrictions of the last reign were removed with a liberal hand. Under the reign of Nicholas the price of a foreign passport had been 500 roubles, or 75*l.*, a sum which amounted to a prohibition. Alexander II. reduced this to five roubles, or fifteen shillings; and in the very first year more than 50,000 persons availed themselves of the opportunity for foreign travel. The Emperor Nicholas had been very chary in allowing new journals to appear during his reign; but when his successor began his reign, the censorship was relaxed, and Russia was inundated with a flood of newspapers and periodicals. In fact, as the editor

of a Russian journal once said to the writer of these lines, "There are more journals in Russia than men capable of conducting them." Be that as it may, the Press now forms a real power in Russia.

The chief strength of the Russian Press does not lie in newspapers, as we understand the term. The number of the daily journals is not very great, but there is a superabundance of periodicals, weekly, fortnightly, and monthly, more nearly resembling what we call Reviews. The Russian journals are also obliged to be very circumspect in their phraseology whenever they desire to call in question any acts of the Government, to criticize any individual minister, or even to canvass the foreign political affairs of the nation. But all this they contrive to do without rendering themselves amenable to censure or punishment. Whenever they wish to urge any reform, they find a parallel case in the history of England or France, or some other country enjoying, in comparison with themselves, the blessings of freedom. Whenever they wish to animadvert upon the evils of despotic authority and imperialism, Austria is generally selected as the object of attack. The reader finds no difficulty in substituting the one double-headed eagle for the other, and thus the lesson which the journalist meant to convey does not fail to produce the intended effect. So skilful have the Russian writers become in this particular kind of *double entendre*, that the censors are completely baffled and outwitted. When some member of the Administration, or other public functionary, is to be held up to public censure, some little story is produced, apparently a fiction, but in which everything is true except the names of the personages. Thus the writer's arrow reaches its mark, while the censor is defied with impunity. The affairs of foreign nations are freely and fully discussed. The progress of Italy was hailed long before the Government acknowledged the new kingdom as an accomplished fact. Austria meets with but little favour, and many a kind word and

encouragement is bestowed upon Hungary. Thanks to the discussions upon England, the Russian is thoroughly acquainted with the advantages of her free institutions and constitutional government. A large space is devoted to literary reviews, and critiques on music and the stage, as well as to sketches of the country, and national manners and customs; while most of the journals are furnished with a *feuilleton* in the shape of a romance, either original, or translated from some celebrated foreign author. France was formerly the source from whence these last were derived; but of late England has superseded her, and in this form many of the works of our best novelists have been circulated in Russia. Much space is also devoted to controversy, which is conducted with great acrimony. This is not confined to hostile parties or rival journals only, but often takes the form of a literary duel between individuals, who abuse each other roundly, and are not squeamish in the choice of their phraseology.

It has been already stated that, at the accession of the present Emperor, the rigours of the censorship were mitigated. Afterwards, however, much of its former power was re-established. Courtiers, ministers, and functionaries had become exasperated at the systematic manner in which their peccadilloes were exposed by the journalists, whose extreme license, they persuaded the Emperor, would end in revolution. The new regulations of the censorship placed the Minister of the Interior at the head of it, with directions to see that (1) those articles which might be of a special or technical character, and freed from the operation of the general censorship, should be submitted to the authorities of those departments under whose cognisance the subjects which they might happen to treat naturally came; (2) those articles which fell under the general censorship should be submitted to the Minister of Public Instruction; (3) those having reference to ecclesiastical topics should be submitted to the head official of the Synod; (4) those having reference to the em-

peror and the members of the imperial family should be submitted to the Chamberlain of the Imperial Household. All the committees of censorship in the large towns, and the various censors elsewhere, were placed under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, who was directed to consult the other administrative departments in whatever he might consider doubtful cases. All the publications of the various governmental institutions—naval, military, topographical, &c.—were exempted from the general censorship; but the heads of those departments were directed to choose certain persons as censors, who, in doubtful cases only, may consult the Minister of Public Instruction. Count Putiatin, the then Minister of Public Instruction, who does not appear to have benefited much by his long sojourn in England, endeavoured to carry the reaction still farther, but, fortunately, received no encouragement. The Government have, however, another hold upon the old-established journals, for they are farmed, *i. e.* rented direct from the Government, for certain fixed periods. The reason for this is that the offices, printing-presses, in fact, the whole “plant,” is the property of Government—all these journals having originally been started under imperial auspices, although subsequently handed over to private management.

The two leading daily papers are the *Moscow Gazette* and the *Petersburgh Gazette*, which enjoy severally a larger circulation than any other daily journal in the empire, and count upwards of 9,000 subscribers each. The *Petersburgh Gazette* enjoys pre-eminent privileges, almost amounting to a monopoly, in the insertion of political intelligence and matter relating to State affairs. With the new year it has passed into other hands; and the new editor has just returned from an extended foreign tour, having concluded engagements with able correspondents in the principal European cities, as well as at New York and even Peking. The paper is also greatly enlarged in size, and now takes up a decided position in politics, strenuously

advocating a constitutional Government. Its old rival, the *Moscow Gazette*, however, has also changed hands—having passed into those of the proprietors of the *Russian Messenger* (a paper to be spoken of presently), who are devoting all their energies to making it the leading Russian journal. It has hitherto been the Moscow University paper, opening its columns impartially to the mutual attacks of opposed social and political parties, without itself commenting on them. The rent paid to Government for each of these journals amounts to about 10,000*l.* per annum, while the revenue they derive from advertisements amounts to about three-fourths of that sum.

The next journal in importance is the *Northern Bee*, which was formerly distinguished as a strict conservative organ, and edited by the virulent anti-Anglican Bulgarin, but is now the most cleverly conducted radical newspaper in the empire. It has a circulation of upwards of 5,000.

The *Invalide* was once a semi-official organ, but under its present management it adopts no particular political opinions, although much of its space is devoted to wordy war, and is filled with the grossest personalities. Fortunately for this journal, the Government, in its wisdom, compels the officers of its legions to subscribe to certain scientific military and naval journals, and amongst the journals thus enforced upon the military is the *Invalide*. It boasts in consequence a much larger circulation (*viz.* 2,000) than it would otherwise enjoy.

The *Northern Post* is the organ of the Minister of the Interior.* Yet, though it was founded with the intention of being a Government paper, it but seldom indulges in political articles of an official character. It is very carefully conducted, and has several sub-editors, who are responsible to the chief. Official intelligence appears in it a day or so earlier than in any other paper. Its circulation is 4,000. The *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, published in French for the convenience of foreigners, naturalized subjects, and, it may be, Russian polite

society in general, is the organ of the Foreign Office. It is chiefly remarkable for its unswerving hostility to England. But the bitterness of the editor is far outdone by his London correspondent, who occupies himself in gratifying the very essence of national antipathy to us. On the whole, however, this journal is conducted with great ability, although, in many respects, it is far from being impartial, even in its treatment of national subjects. Its circulation is limited to the metropolis, and does not penetrate into the interior, although its great foreign connexion brings it up to 8,000.

There is a daily sheet published in St. Petersburg called the *Police News*. It is devoted to events in the city—accidents and crimes, official and general advertisements; chronicling, moreover, fashionable arrivals and departures—which form an important portion of the police intelligence, inasmuch as every one, before leaving the city for a foreign country, is obliged to advertise his approaching departure.

The only provincial paper worth mentioning is the *Odessa Messenger*, which is very popular amongst the Russian nobility and gentry removed from the circle of the metropolitan papers. It is neither absolutist nor democrat, and, while carefully steering a middle course, wins the sympathy of its subscribers by the accuracy of its information and the soundness of its criticism. The other provincial journals may be passed over. It is sufficient to inform the reader that the more humble dwellers in provincial towns do print and read, and that, failing better materials, they console themselves with the scandal—official and private—of the district, public notices, criminal cases, and legal proceedings generally. This state of things is chiefly owing to the censorship, which crushes enterprise, and forbids ambition from entering the field of local literary distinction.

Paper and labour are very much dearer in Russia than with us; yet the cost of annual subscription to the daily journals of Moscow and St. Petersburg does not

exceed 2*l.* 10*s.* of our money, or less than 2*d.* a day. The daily sheet, however, is only half the size of our own. All the journals are supported by annual subscriptions. The experiment of newsboys to sell the journals in the streets was tried some time ago, but failed.

The principal periodicals in Russia, not newspapers (and not purely scientific or professional), are the *Russian Messenger*, the *Contemporary*, the *National Notes*, *Our Time*, and the *Day*. These periodicals are the mouthpieces of various classes, respectively representing Absolutists and Radicals, Constitutionalists and Anti-Constitutionalists, Conservatives and Abolitionists. This is truly a conflicting variety of parties, but the fact is, that in Russia society is not yet formed: there is nothing but a chaos, in which many distinctions are drawn, though convictions are not yet matured. The great Russian nation, which the patriots delight in comparing to a waking giant, is stretching its powerful muscles and testing its strength, on the eve of a great combat.

The Russian Messenger is by far the best of these periodicals; of some it is, after the fashion of planets, the parent; for more than one secession has at different times taken place from its ranks, and resulted in the appearance of a new luminary in the literary heaven. The politics of this journal are liberal; with a tinge of English conservatism; and it possesses in its chief editor, Mr. Katkof, one of the most accomplished scholars and journalists in the country. It has, for a long time, devoted its energies to setting England and English institutions in a true light before the Russian world. This claims the respect of the majority of the reading classes, and *The Messenger* enjoys an excellent reputation, while its circulation is upwards of 9,000. The adherents to this periodical base their ideas on English principles, so far as they can be made applicable to Russian life, and are therefore termed by their opponents "Westerns." They advocate a development in their commerce amounting

to free-trade, trial by jury, and an extension of constitutional rights to all classes, from the peasant to the noble. When the present Emperor entered upon his magnificent project of the emancipation of the serfs, a certain amount of freedom was permitted to the newspapers in discussing the question, such as was never granted in other affairs of the nation; and *The Messenger* did very great service to the cause by its able articles on the subject. *The Messenger* used to appear in two forms: as a monthly magazine, containing literary, philosophical, and social matter; and as a weekly journal, in the shape of our *Athenæum*, containing political and other leading articles, general news, criticisms on literature, science, and art, and letters from foreign correspondents in London, Paris, Turin, &c. The best way, perhaps, to convey to the reader an idea of the style of *The Messenger*, is to give one or two quotations from a leading article in that journal, which was called forth by repeated scoffs at its "Anglomanian tendencies:"—
 "Our journal has more than once had "accusations of Anglomanian tendencies "brought against it, which have been "expressed thus: '*The Russian Messenger* wishes to transform our landed "proprietors into lords. *The Russian "Messenger* extols everything English "without sense or discrimination; it "advocates reforms in our universities "on English principles; defends the "privileges of the English aristocracy; "sees safety for Russia in 'Parliamentarianism' alone.' We shall "commence with the last more definite and tangible charge. We most "positively assert that on no occasion "have we ever upheld 'Parliamentarianism' as the sole panacea for all "public and social inconveniences, past, "present, and to come. The parliamentary form of discussing legislative measures is only one of many "means for giving vent to public "opinion. It degenerates into an "empty, and sometimes dangerous, formality, when other expedients for "expressing the views of the commu-

nity at large are not sufficiently "developed, and particularly when such "views do not exist, owing to the indifference of society for all public "matters. The contradictory and partial "judgment of distinct individuals, as "well as the opinions or wishes of "the different classes of society—even "though not necessarily split into hostile "camps—may supply the material itself "for the formation of public opinion; "but this material must yet pass the "ordeal of a free and open discussion "of arguments, *pro* and *con*, before it "obtains the character of a public "opinion based on lucid and firm conviction. There can be no public "opinion without private conviction "preceding it. . . . It is imperative "upon us, to place the citizen so as "to give him the liberty of disclosing "his thoughts without being obliged "to utter sentiments which he does "not entertain. In England, more "than elsewhere, this requirement finds "satisfaction; and it is owing to this "that we are ever inclined to say a good "word in her favour, and on every "suitable opportunity to draw the attention of our readers to her shores." With the commencement of the present year the weekly sheet of the *Messenger* has been discontinued, in consequence of its editors having undertaken the *Moscow Gazette*.

The *Contemporary* is, strictly speaking, rather a literary publication than a political mouthpiece. It is conducted with great ability, and is remarkable for the clever and biting satire with which it attacks its opponents, and especially the *Messenger*, of which it is the acknowledged adversary. It altogether dissents from the faith of the "doctrinaires" of that periodical, and has no kind words for Great Britain; but, on the contrary, invariably expresses the greatest distrust of what it terms "the selfish mercantile policy" of that country. The *Contemporary* takes little pains to conceal its opinions, in which it is thoroughly sincere and consistent. It scoffs at constitutional government, and looks with favour upon democratic impe-

rialism based on universal suffrage. It unceasingly declaims against the aristocracy and the inequality of classes, and is the staunch upholder of communistic and socialistic theories. Many of its articles advocate these tendencies openly enough, despite the censorship—a fact which would seem to show that the Government fears the advocacy of such opinions less than the promulgation of constitutional aspirations. One thing is certain, that the censorship has always shown itself much more severe towards moderate liberal journals than towards the organs of the most advanced radicalism. The *Contemporary* has recently sustained a very severe loss in the secession from its ranks of M. Turgenev, one of its ablest contributors, and a writer of European fame, who has gone back to the *Messenger*. It has a circulation of 7,500.

Our Time is a staunch upholder of the Government. Centralization appears to be the watchword of its policy. It loses no opportunity of lauding French institutions and the policy of the Emperor Napoleon, and as constantly inveighs against England and the English tendencies of the liberal party in Russia. It is a bitter enemy of the *Messenger*, with which it is ever at war. It is also a great foe of the Panslavists, and unremittingly attacks the present state of Russian society, asserting that, while the Government keeps pace with the age, society has not advanced beyond the sixteenth century. Its tone is, however, on the whole, mild, and a large party attaches to it, numbering more than 4,000 subscribers.

The *National Notes* is one of the oldest journals in Russia. It scarcely deserves to be ranked amongst political organs, but it is a much-respected literary periodical, and always contains matter greedily devoured by the intellectual and the learned. Young and old, of both sexes, alike find food and improvement for the mind in its clever and well-digested articles, which embrace every topic in literature, art, and moral and metaphysical science. It is constant to nothing except its hatred of the *Contemporary*, which originated in a seces-

sion from its own ranks in 1847. It has a circulation of 3,000.

The *Day* is by no means the least important of the Russian periodicals. It is the organ of the Panslavists, and counts about 3,000 subscribers. The grand principle of this journal is the supremacy of Russia in a general union of the Slavonic races. The question what form this supremacy ought to assume causes a division in the ranks of the party, who may therefore be divided into the Monarchical and the Federative Panslavists. But they are, with this exception, unanimous in their predominant idea of a Slavonian civilization supreme in Eastern Europe, with Russia at its head, which shall swallow up Austria and Turkey. They exhibit great animosity against the Poles, because they prejudice the sympathy of the Slavonic races towards Russia, by standing between the latter and the Western Slavonians, and because, like the inhabitants of Little Russia, they desire a total severance. They hate Prussia, because she seeks to Germanize Posen; and Austria is the object of their especial aversion. They consider the civilization of Western Europe to be in a state of decrepitude and decay, with the exception of England, to which, however, they are not very friendly, on account of the protection she extends to Turkey. Owing to their great enmity towards Western civilization, there has been a great *rapprochement* between the Panslavists and the Radical Socialists of the Continent. They will, however, always be distinguished from the latter, because one of the chief articles of their faith is the supremacy of the Eastern Church, which they consider the purest representative of Christianity in the world. They desire the entire abolition of the nobility as a separate class, and wish to merge them in the people, among the lower classes of whom, they contend, pure nationality is alone to be found. They object to the modern style of education in Russia, by which French, German, and English influence is brought to bear upon society; and they are altogether

opposed to free trade, as they think it will operate as a check to native industry. As might be expected, they ostentatiously parade their adoption of the old national dress and their adherence to old national customs. They have, moreover, a committee which watches over the interests of orthodoxy and Panslavism by promoting the rebuilding of churches, and the education of the young in their own tenets, for which purpose large sums are subscribed. The Panslavists are just now somewhat on the decline, partly because several of their most eminent literary champions have recently died; but they still number amongst their supporters many of the most intellectual as well as many of the wealthiest men in the country.

Any sketch of the Russian Press would be incomplete without a notice of what is called the Foreign Russian Press. The centres of its activity are London, Berlin, and Leipsic. Its most famous organ is the *Kolokol*, or *Bell*, published in London, and of which M. Herten is the editor. This terrible journal is the dread of all the Russian functionaries. It is more feared by the ministers and courtiers at the present day than was ever the formidable "dubina" (cudgel) of Peter the Great. No peccadillo—and with Russian officials these are neither few nor far between—escapes the iron tongue of the *Kolokol*. Freed from the operation of the censorship, it exposes all official shortcomings, corruption, and tyranny, with remorseless vigour; and it is well known that many a contemplated act of wickedness has been abandoned, through fear of the immortal infamy certain to be conferred in its pages. No police ever organized by Fouché or Orloff have been so thoroughly informed of what was going on around them as the staff of the *Kolokol*. Secret circulars, despatched in the most confidential manner by the heads of departments to some of their subordinates, for their private guidance and instruction, have obtained a publicity never contemplated by their authors, through the instrumentality of this journal. It is, of

course, prohibited in Russia; but, nevertheless, finds its way to that country, and is universally distributed in the same mysterious manner in which its information is supplied in the first place. Spies and police-agents have been repeatedly sent to London from Russia for the purpose of finding out, if possible, M. Herten's channels of intelligence; but he has always known of their coming, and consequently their mission has failed. The Emperor Alexander, for many years, used to read the *Kolokol* regularly, though he has of late ceased to do so. On one occasion, this journal exposed a scandalous job, in which a certain very high officer, in close attendance upon the Emperor, was seriously implicated. The "exalted personage" in question obtained a sight of the number, in which he was himself held up to public opprobrium, before his Imperial Master; but how to prevent that Imperial Master from seeing it? To suppress it altogether would never answer, for the Emperor would be certain to call for his favourite(?) newspaper. Suddenly, a bright thought occurred to him—the difficulty was solved. He caused the number to be reprinted with the obnoxious article omitted, and in this state laid it before his sovereign. Fortune favoured his ingenuity so far, but played him a scurvy trick in the end. The Grand Duke Constantine was at that time in Italy, and a copy of the identical number of the ubiquitous *Kolokol* fell into his hands. He was much struck with the particular article in question, and, sealing it up in an envelope, at once despatched it to his brother. The royal seal must be respected: the envelope reached the Emperor's hands unopened, and the ingenious "exalted personage" was checkmated after all. M. Herten has always been the staunch friend of serf-emancipation and other salutary reforms, and, however much one may differ from some of his views, he must always meet with that sympathy and respect which every one thoroughly in earnest in a good cause is certain to obtain among liberal and enlightened men.

There is a reproduction of the principal articles in the *Kolokol*, published at Brussels, under the name of *La Cloche*. Berlin and Leipsic content themselves principally with the production of pamphlets, satirical poems, and other fugitive *brochures*. At the latter place is published the "Truth-teller" of Prince Dolgoroukow at irregular intervals. This nobleman was formerly a great friend of the Emperor, but, for some reason or other, he chose to leave his country, and has ever since declined to return. He now amuses himself by disclosures of many things that took place during his intimacy at court, which in no way call for publication, and which are often not of the most delicate nature possible.

There is in St. Petersburg itself a *secret press*, which all the efforts of the police have as yet been unable to discover. It is devoted to the propagation of revolutionary ideas, and especially takes advantage of any times of popular commotion, to print and distribute enormous quantities of pamphlets and proclamations. These *brochures* are of a highly inflammatory character, are most extensively circulated, and eagerly perused. Its principal organ is termed the *Welikorus*, which only appears at irregular intervals, when an extra demonstration is deemed desirable. It advocates the most decided socialistic doctrines, and incessantly calls upon the Government for reforms. It is a very small thin sheet, and is circulated gratis in large quantities by means of the post.

One of these flying-sheets, which has been reproduced in the *Kolokol*, is addressed "to the enlightened classes." It asserts that the early promise of the new reign has all faded away, and that the same tyranny which characterised the reign of Nicholas is again in full vigour in that of his son. It asserts that the Government are making a systematic attempt to crush and destroy the enlightened classes, but at the same time declares that the Government are, by their own acts, preparing their own downfall, "the presentiment of which has rendered it mad." It calls upon "the enlightened classes" to decide be-

tween the country and the Government, and tells them that if they do not abandon the Government it will drag them with it in its fall. "We, who are your brothers, we cannot be against you; but, if you range yourselves on the side of the Government, the people, whose terrible uprising cannot long be delayed, will be against you, and against us, who have neither the right nor the desire to abandon the people in the hour of the fateful struggle."

The reader will be surprised at the activity of the press of a country which dates its intellectual resurrection only from the accession of the present Emperor. But, while periodicals form the chief employment of Russian writers, the more enduring forms of literature are not neglected. In addition to original works, many standard English authors have been translated and have had a large sale, such as Macaulay's "History of England," Buckle's "History of Civilization," Sir John Herschel's "Astronomy," and John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy." English works of fiction are also in great demand. Nearly all the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, Miss Evans, &c., are as familiar to Russians as they are to Englishmen; and, whenever a story is coming out in the serial form by any of these authors, its conclusion is most impatiently waited for. We have no copyright treaty with Russia. France has, to this extent, that French works are not allowed to be reproduced in that language in Russia; translations, however, without the author's permission, are allowed. The French author cannot, therefore, benefit much by this treaty pecuniarily; and the English author must content himself with the honour and glory to be derived from the spread of his thoughts and ideas throughout this vast empire. English newspapers, too, are very freely admitted into Russia, much more freely than they are into France; and, though occasionally some article, or passage in an article, is painted out by the brush of the censor, yet the journal thus "illustrated" generally finds its way to its destination.

OYSTERS:

A GOSSIP ABOUT THEIR NATURAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY.

THE animals that inhabit the sea have hitherto fared very badly at the hands of naturalists. If we except the salmon, which has been much observed, because of its being a migratory animal of great individual value, little or no reliable information exists as to how fish live and grow. We have recently, it is true, after much investigation, and a controversy spread over two hundred years, determined the parr question. But who can tell whether or no the sprat, be the young of the herring, or answer precisely the very old question, "What is an eel?" Simple people, no doubt, suppose that an eel is a fish, and that a sprat is a sprat; but many clever observers think a sprat to be a young herring, and we have been recently informed, by a wonderful naturalist, that eels, which used, by eccentric boys, to be thought the produce of horse hairs placed in water, are the product of a beetle.¹ We have, likewise, had some very curious controversies as to the growth and changes of some of our crustaceans, such as crabs and lobsters.

Our subject, however, is the Oyster. It is curious, considering how familiar is the sight of this mollusc, that so little is known concerning its natural history. It is not yet settled, for example, how it reproduces itself—whether it be a hermaphrodite, or if there be

males and¹ females. Having devoted some little time to a consideration of the question, we incline, ourselves, to the latter hypothesis; but this is not the proper place for a discussion of that part of the question. Again, people have asserted that the oyster can reproduce its kind in twenty weeks, and that in ten months it is full grown! Both of these assertions are pure nonsense. At the age of four months an oyster is not much bigger than a pea, and the age at which reproduction begins has not been accurately ascertained, but is thought to be three years. Oysters are usually four years old before they are sent to the London market. At the age of five years the oyster is, we think, in its prime; and some of our most intelligent fishermen think their average duration of life to be ten years.

Another point on which naturalists differ is as to the quantity of spawn from each oyster. Some enumerate the young by thousands, others by millions. It is certain enough, that the number of young is prodigious—so great, in fact, as to prevent their all being contained in the parent shell at one time, and that the process of spawning is not, as is generally supposed, instantaneous, but occupies a long time. Indeed, a particular animal will remain sick for two or three weeks, and during that period will be constantly throwing out its spawn, or *spat*, as it is usually named. By many observers, however, the spat is looked upon as a more developed stage of the spawn; and the young animal is thought to be distinctly formed, shell and all, before it leaves the protecting folds of the parent's mantle. We have often examined oyster spawn brought direct from the bed by means of a powerful microscope, and find it to be a liquid of some little consistency, in which the young oysters,

¹ The sprat controversy is likely to prove as interesting as the parr dispute. The present writer has reason to believe the sprat to be a young herring. The fact of sprats being occasionally found with roe proves nothing. The same argument was used in the parr dispute; but, for all its having roe, the parr has been proved to be the young of the salmon. The latest work on the eel is a curiosity, and details, with great circumstantiality, how that fish is born of a beetle, and how the author has seen the birth take place with his own eyes. The author's name is David Cairncross, and his publisher is G. Shield, 30, Lower Sloane Street.

like the points of a hair, swim actively about, in great numbers, as many as a couple of thousand having been counted in a very small globule of spat. The spawn, as found floating on the water, is greenish in appearance, and each little splash may be likened to an oyster nebula, which resolves, when examined by a powerful glass, into a thousand distinct animals.

Immense quantities of this spawn of oysters is annually devoured by other molluscs, and by fish and crustaceans of various sizes; it is well, therefore, that it is so bountifully supplied. On occasions of visiting the beds we have seen the dredge covered with this spawn; and no pen could number the thousands of millions of oysters thus prevented from ripening into life. Economists ought to note this fact with respect to fish generally, for the destruction of spawn of all kinds, by means of the trawl and otherwise, is so enormous, as to exercise a very serious influence on our fish supplies.

As is well known, there is a period every year during which the oyster is not fished; and the reason why our English oyster-beds have not been ruined or exhausted by over-fishing arises, among other causes, from this fact of there being a definite close-time assigned to the breeding of the mollusc. It would be well if other varieties of sea produce were equally well protected; for it is sickening to observe the countless quantities of unseasonable fish that are, from time to time, brought to Billingsgate and other markets, and greedily purchased. The fact that oysters are supplied only during certain months in the year, and that the public have a general corresponding notion that they are totally unfit for wholesome eating during May, June, July, and August (those four wretched months which have not the letter "r" in their names), has been greatly in their favour; so that, whilst the supplies of salmon, or other kinds of sea or river food, has been fluctuating or steadily declining, the supply of oysters, to the London market at least, has been comparatively steady

and abundant. But, in future, if English growers are shrewd enough to profit by example, the only limit that there need be to the supplies will be the limit of cultivation. It is interesting to know, indeed, that for many years past oysters have been cultivated in this country with great assiduity—not, however, from the beginning or the spawn, as in France. Our English oyster-growers commence by collecting the brood wherever they can find it, whereas the French, as will by-and-by be shown, grow their own spat.

Oysters begin to sicken about the end of April, so that it is well that their grand rest commences in May. The shedding of the spawn continues during the whole of the hot months—not but that during that period there may be found supplies of healthy oysters, but that, as a general rule, it is better that there should be a total cessation of the trade in this season, because, were the beds disturbed by a search for the healthy oysters, the spawn would be disturbed and destroyed.

The grand secret of growing oysters, as has been demonstrated by the success of the artificial beds in France, is to afford the young animal a fixed *home*, or *holding-on place*. This is the foundation of oyster-culture, into which the French people have entered with great enthusiasm, guided by Professor Coste and the engineers acting under his instructions. The fisheries of France in general, and particularly the oyster fisheries of that country, had become exhausted, chiefly from over-fishing, as is likely enough soon to be the fate of our own general fisheries, if remedial measures be not speedily adopted. The accidental re-discovery, however, of the ancient art of pisciculture¹ by two fishermen of the Vosges, soon led to a magical change in the fish supplies of our continental neighbours. River fish were at once,

¹ *Fish Culture*, by Francis Francis, is the latest—indeed, the only complete—English work on the subject; but there are a great many French books on it, such as *Multipliation Artificielle des Poissons*, par J. P. J. Koltz.

on the promulgation of the discovery, extensively operated upon, and the supplies of trout, perch, and other denizens of the fresh-water streams at once augmented through the system of artificial spawning. The domains of the sea were then entered, and some of the more accessible kinds of salt-water fish were also largely cultivated. Lobsters and other crustaceans have now been taken in hand; and, as for oysters, they are grown in millions, extensive portions of the French shores being taken up with "parcs" devoted to their culture.

The secret of there being only a holding-on place required for the spat to ensure an immensely increased supply having been penetrated by the French people—and, no doubt, they are in some degree indebted to our oyster-beds on the Colne and at Whitstable for their idea—the rest was all easy enough. Strong pillars of wood were driven into the mud and sand; arms were added; the whole was interlaced with branches of trees; and various boughs besides were hung over the beds on ropes and chains, whilst others were sunk in the water and kept down by a weight. A few boat-loads of oysters being laid down, the spat had no distance to travel in search of a home, but found a resting-place almost at the moment of being exuded; and, as the fairy legends say, "it grew and it grew," till, in the process of time, it became a marketable commodity.

To show the value of oyster-culture, it may be stated that, through over-fishing, and ignorance of the natural history of this mollusc, the fishery for oysters in the Bay of St. Brieuc, in Brittany, which at one time was very profitable, employing 200 boats and 1,400 men, became so much reduced, that 20 boats were found to be amply sufficient for the trade, twelve of the oyster banks having been thoroughly exhausted. But, under the guidance of M. Coste, who has projected, and is now carrying out, a chain of oyster beds round the French coast, the beds of St. Brieuc have been re-peopled, or rather a series of new banks have been formed which have

already become richly productive—a census of one bed giving the astonishing number of 17,000,000 of good-sized natives of St. Brieuc, besides a large quantity greatly smaller. On the borders of the Mediterranean, as well as in the Bay of Biscay, extensive beds have likewise been formed. M. Coste has himself given, in a paper recently communicated to the French Academy, some interesting particulars regarding his artificial oyster beds on the western coast of France. At the Island of Rhé, in the Bay of Biscay, great preparations have been made during the last four years to institute oyster-culture. With this project in view, the inhabitants of the island have been engaged in cleansing their muddy coast of the sediment which prevented the place being eligible for the nurture of the best kinds. As the work advanced, seed or brood was wafted to the spot from various oyster localities; but, in order to be certain of an oyster population, it was necessary to have the beds in a state of reproduction as speedily as possible. This was accomplished in the usual way in good time; and the beds, which amount to 1,500 in number, and cover 630,000 square metres of surface, now produce a very large annual return, their present crop being valued at from six to eight millions of francs.

We glean from these proceedings of the French pisciculturists the most valuable lessons for the improvement and conduct of our English oyster parks. If, as is pretty certain, each matured oyster yields about two millions of young per annum, and if the greater proportion of these can be saved by being afforded a permanent resting place, it is clear that, by laying down a few thousand breeders, we may, in the course of a year or two, have a large and reproductive farm. With reference to the question of growth, Coste tells us that stakes, which had been fixed for a period of thirty months in the lake of Fusaro, were quite loaded with oysters when they came to be removed. These were found to embrace a growth of three years. Those of the first year's spawning were ready for the market; the second

year's brood were a good deal smaller; whilst the remainder were not larger than a lentil. To attain miraculous crops similar to those achieved in the Bay of St. Brieuc, or at the Isle of Rhé, little more is required than to lay down the spawn in a nice rocky bay, or in a place paved for the purpose, and having as little mud about it as possible. We should desire a place that had a good stream of water flowing into it, so that the flock might procure food of a varied and nutritious kind. A couple of hundred stakes driven into the soft places of the shore, between high and low water-mark, and these well supplied with branches, held together by galvanized iron wire (common rope would soon become rotten) would, in conjunction with the rocky ground, afford capital holding-on places, so that any quantity of spawn might, in time, be developed into fine "natives," or "whiskered pandores." There are hundreds of places on the English and Irish coasts where such farms could be advantageously laid. Indeed, in Ireland, the system of laying down oyster broods already prevails to a large extent, and licences are freely given to those likely to carry on their operations in a spirited manner. The far-famed Scottish oysters obtained at Edinburgh, and once so cheap, are becoming scarce and dear, and the scalps or beds are being so rapidly overfished that, in a short time, if the devastation be not at once stopped, the Pandore and Newhaven oysters will soon be but names. Some of the greediest of the dredgermen, we are told, actually capture the brood and, barrelling it up, send it away to Holland and other places, to supply the artificial beds now being constructed off that coast. English buyers also come and pick up all they can procure for the Manchester and other markets. Thus, there is an inducement, in the shape of a good price, to the Newhaven men to spoliage the beds—another illustration of "killing the goose for the golden egg." The growth of the railway system has also extended the Newhaven men's market. Before the railway period very few boats went out at the same time to dredge; then

oysters were very plentiful—so plentiful, in fact, that three men in a boat could, with ease, procure 3,000 oysters in a couple of hours; but now, so great is the change in the productiveness of the scalps, that three men consider it an excellent day's work to procure about the fifth part of that quantity. The Newhaven oyster beds, we believe, belong to the city of Edinburgh, and were given in charge to the free fishermen of that village, on certain conditions, which are at present systematically disregarded. The proprietor of the most popular Edinburgh tavern experiences the greatest difficulty in obtaining oysters; and we take this opportunity of informing the Lord Provost of that city that, in the course of a year or two, "Auld Reekie" will, most probably, unless the authorities bestir themselves in the matter, have to obtain her oysters from Colchester or Whitstable. This, surely, is a state of things dreadful for Scotchmen to contemplate. In former and more energetic times, the municipal authorities of the modern Athens used to venture on a voyage of exploration to view their scalps, and afterwards hold a feast of shells, as they do yet at *some* oyster towns on the annual opening of the fishery.

A large oyster farm requires a great deal of careful attention, and several people are necessary to keep it in order. If the farm be planted in a bay, where the water is very shallow, there is great danger of the stock suffering from frost; and again, if the brood be laid down in very deep water, the oysters do not fatten or grow rapidly enough for profit. In dredging, the whole of the oysters, as they are hauled on board, should be carefully examined and picked; all below a certain size ought to be returned to the water till their beards have grown large enough. In winter, if the beds be in shallow water, the tender brood must be placed in a pit for protection from the frost; which of course takes up a great deal of time. Dead oysters ought to be carefully removed from the beds. The proprietors of private "layings" are generally careful on this point, and put

themselves to great trouble every spring to lift or overhaul all their oysters in order to remove the dead or diseased. Mussels must be carefully rooted out from the beds; otherwise they would in a short time render them valueless. The layings, for example, of Mr. David Plunkett, in Killery Bay, for which he had a licence from the Irish Board of Fisheries, were overrun by mussels, and so rendered almost valueless.

The weeding and tending of an oyster bed requires, therefore, much labour, and involves either a partnership of several people—which is usual enough, as at Whitstable—or at least the employment of several dredgers and labourers. But, for all that, an oyster farm may be made a most lucrative concern. As a guide to the working of a large oyster farm—say a concern of 70,000*l.* a-year or thereabout—we have the data of the Whitstable Free Dredgers' Company. The free oyster dredgers of that town form a kind of rude joint-stock company, and have among them a fleet of eighty oyster smacks for fishing and dredging, and fourteen carrying boats or hoys to take the produce to Billingsgate. They dredge for the market for a few hours on three days of the week, according to what may be the demand from their salesmen at Billingsgate; and the other three days are devoted to the arranging, cleaning, and cultivation of the beds. The banks fished by the Whitstable men are in East Swale Bay; they are the private property of the company, and are carefully divided into compartments, according to the age and quality of the oysters.

As regards the oyster cultivation of the river Colne, some interesting rearing statistics have been recently made public at Colchester by Councillor Hawkins. That gentleman tells us that oyster brood increases fourfold in three years. The quantity of oysters in a London bushel is as follows: first year, *spat*, number not ascertainable; second year, *brood*, 6,400; third year, *ware*, 2,400; fourth year, *oysters*, 1,600; therefore, four wash of brood (*i.e.* four pecks), purchased at, say, 5*s.* per wash, increases by growth and corresponding value to 42*s.* per

bushel, or a sum of eight guineas. The Whitstable dredgers, it is said, drew 60,000*l.* for their oysters in 1860, viz. 10,000*l.* for “commons,” and 50,000*l.* for “natives;” but out of this sum they had of course to pay for “brood.” The gross amount received by the Colne Fishery Company for oysters sold during the last ten years, ending at July, 1862, appears by the treasurer's account to have been 83,000*l.*; the average annual produce of the Colne Fishery Company having been 4,374 bushels for that period. However, the quantity obtained from the river Colne by the company bears but a small proportion to the yield from private layings, which are in general only a few acres in extent. “The private layings,” however, we are told, “cannot fairly be made the measure of “productiveness for a large fishery; as “they may be compared to a garden in “a high state of cultivation, while the “fishery generally is better represented “by a large tract of land but partially “reclaimed from a state of nature.” The difference in cost of working the big fishery and a little one seems to be great. One of the owners of a private laying states that, when the expense of dredging or lifting the oysters exceeded 4*s.* per bushel, he gave up working, while in the Colne fishery dredgers are never paid less than 12*s.*, and sometimes as high as 40*s.* a bushel.

As showing the productiveness of some of the French oyster-beds, it may be stated that 350,000 oysters were obtained in the space of an hour from the Plessix bed, which is half a mile from the port of Auray; and, within a month or two after the opening of those beds, upwards of twenty millions were brought into port, giving employment to 1,200 fishermen. In a recent piscicultural report which we have consulted we find the following figures: “The total cost “of forming an oyster bank was 221 “francs; and, if the 300 fascines laid “down upon it be multiplied by 20,000, “the number of oysters each fascine “contains, 6,000,000 will be obtained, “which, if sold at 20 francs a thousand, “will produce 120,000 francs. If, how-

"ever, the number of oysters were to be reckoned at only 10,000, the sum of 60,000 francs would be received; which, for an expenditure of only 221 francs, would yield a larger profit than any other branch of industry." The annual income derived from the artificial beds at the Lake of Fusaro amounts to thirteen hundred pounds; and the green oyster beds of Marennes furnish annually 5,000,000 of oysters. The price varies from one to six francs per hundred, but the average price may be reckoned at half-a-crown, and the annual revenue is upwards of 83,000*l.* Dr. Kemmerer, of St. Martin's, says that his artificial beds afford the immense profit of a thousand to one! May these facts take root, and induce a still larger oyster culture in this country than that which is now being carried on!

The demand for native and other oysters by the Londoners alone is something wonderful, and constitutes of itself a large branch of commerce—as the numerous gaily-lit shell-fish shops of the Strand and Haymarket will testify. These emporiums for the sale of oysters and stout are mostly fed through Billingsgate, which is the chief piscatorial bourse of the great metropolis. It is not easy to arrive at correct statistics of what London requires in the way of oysters; but, if we set the number down as being nearly eight hundred millions, we shall not be very far wrong. To provide these, the dredgermen, or fisher people at Colchester, and other places on the Essex and Kent coasts, prowl about the sea-shore, and pick up all the little oysters they can find—these ranging from the size of a threepenny-piece to a shilling—and persons having private "layings" purchase them to be nursed and fattened for the table. At other places the spawn itself is collected, by picking it from the pieces of stone, or the old oyster-shells to which it may have adhered, and it is nourished in pits, as at Burnham, for the purpose of being sold to the Whitstable people, who carefully lay their brood in their grounds. A good idea of the oyster traffic may be obtained from the fact

that, in some years, the Whitstable men paid a sum of 30,000*l.* for brood, in order to keep up the stock of their famed oysters. Mr. Hawkins says that he knows a man who is proprietor of only three acres of oyster layings, and yet from that confined area he annually sells from 1,500 to 2,000 wash, *i.e.* *pecks*, of the best native oysters.

The London oyster season begins about the middle of August. Citizens are never allowed to forget it, as the pleasant little beggars, with their happy "chaff" of "please to mind the grotto," keep the event green in their memory. Vessels make their appearance every day at Billingsgate during the season, with large supplies of all the different kinds required for the metropolitan consumption. These—and we regret to say it, for there is nothing finer than a genuine oyster—are sophisticated in the cellars of the buyers, by being stuffed with oatmeal till the flavour is all but lost in the fat. The flavour of oysters—like the flavour of all other animals—depends on their feeding. The fine *gout* of the Preston Pans oysters—"the whiskered pandore"—is said to be derived from the fact of their feeding on the refuse liquor which flows from the salt pans of that neighbourhood. We have eaten of fine oysters taken from a bank that was visited by a rather questionable stream of water; they were very large, fat, and of exquisite flavour. The harbour of Kinsale used to be remarkable for the size and flavour of its oysters. The beds occupied the whole harbour, and the oysters there were at one time very plentiful, and far exceeded the Cork oysters in fame (and they have long been famous); but they were so over-fished as to be long since used up, much to the loss of the Irish people, who are particularly fond of oysters, and delight in their "Pooldoodies" and "Red-banks" as much as the English and Scotch do in their "Natives" and "Pandores." Then there are the exquisite green oysters of Marennes, and the Ostend oysters. The latter are taken as brood from England, and then grown, for the Parisian and other continental

markets, at Ostend. The green oyster is not, as is often supposed, fed on matter that is coppery. At Marennes they are laid out in *claires*, in order to acquire this colour, and are not kept, as other oysters are, constantly submerged in water by the full tide (which is walled out), but are only allowed to be covered at springtides. The brood is collected and deposited in these beds when it is about six or eight months old, and it must remain three years at least before it acquires the green hue of perfection. The colouring property of these beds has been ascribed to an insect, to a disease which the animal contracts, and also to the nature of the mud of the river. M. Coste has analysed this mud, and believes, from its containing a slight excess in sulphate of iron and chloride of sodium, that it is the cause of particular beds growing a green oyster.

But Oysters have a social as well as natural and economic history. The name of the courageous individual who ate the first oyster has not been recorded, but there is a legend concerning him to the following effect: Once upon a time—it must be a prodigiously long time ago, however—a man of melancholy mood, who was walking by the shores of a picturesque estuary, listening to the sad sea-waves, espied a very old and ugly oyster, all coated over with parasites and seaweeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, and the animal, astonished at such rudeness on its own domain, gaped wide with indignation. Seeing the beautiful cream-coloured layers that shone within the shelly covering, and thinking the interior of the shell itself to be beautiful, he lifted up the aged “native” for further examination, inserting his finger and thumb between the shells. The irate mollusc, thinking no doubt that this was meant as a further insult, snapt his pearly door close upon the finger of the intruder, causing him some little pain. After releasing his wounded digit, the inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it in his mouth. “Delightful!” exclaimed he, opening wide

his eyes. “What is this?” and again he sucked his thumb. Then the truth flashed upon him. He had accidentally achieved the most important discovery ever made up to that date! Taking up a stone, he forced open the doors of the oyster, and gingerly tried a piece of the mollusc itself. Delicious was the result; and so, there and then, that solitary anonymous man inaugurated the oyster banquet.

Ever since the apocryphal period of this legend, men have gone on eating oysters. Princes, poets, pontiffs, orators, statesmen, and wits have gluttonized over the oyster-board. Oysters were at one time, it is true, in danger of being forgotten. From the fourth century to about the fifteenth they were not much in use; but from that date to the present time the demand has never slackened. Going back to the times which we now regard as classic, we are told that we owe the original idea of pisciculture to a certain Sergius Orata, who invented an oyster-pond in which to breed oysters, not for his own table, but for profit. He erected artificial rocks and surrounded them with wooden stakes, much as M. Coste carries on his operations in the present day; indeed, Coste’s plans are founded, in a great measure, on those of the ancient Italians. The scene of the first process of oyster-culture was on the shores of the Bay of Naples, in Lake Lucrinus, now known as Lake Fusaro; and the process of artificial breeding is still carried on pretty extensively at that place. We have all read of the feasts and fish-dinners of the classic Italians. These were on a scale far surpassing our modern banquets. Lucullus had seawater brought to his villa in canals from the coast of Campania, in which he bred fishes in such abundance for the use of his guests that not less than twenty-five thousand pounds worth were sold at his death. Vitellius ate oysters all day long, and some people insinuate that he could eat as many as a thousand at a sitting—happiness too great for belief! Callisthenes, the philosopher of Olynthus, was also a passionate oyster-

eater, and so was Caligula, the Roman tyrant. The wise Seneca dallied over his few hundreds every week, and the great Cicero nourished his eloquence with the dainty. The Latin poets sang the praises of the oyster, and the fast men of Ancient Rome enjoyed the poetry during their carouse, just as modern fellows, not at all classic, enjoy a song over their oysters in the parlour of a London or provincial tavern.

In all countries there are records of the necessary fondness of great men for oysters. Cervantes was an oyster-lover, and he satirized with his pen the oyster-dealers of Spain. Louis XI., careful lest scholarship should become deficient in France, feasted the learned doctors of the Sorbonne, once a year, on oysters; and another Louis invested his cook with an order of nobility, as a reward for his oyster-cookery. Napoleon, also, was an oyster-lover: so was Rousseau. Invitations to a dish of oysters were common in the literary and artistic circles of Paris at the latter end of last century. The Encyclopedists were particularly fond of oysters. Helvetius, Diderot, the Abbé Raynal, Voltaire, and others were confirmed oyster-men. Before the Revolution, the violent politicians were in the habit of constantly frequenting the Parisian oyster-shops; and Danton, Robespierre, and others, were fond of the oyster in their days of innocence. The great Napoleon, on the eve of his battles, used to partake of the bivalve; and Cambaceres was famous for his shellfish banquets. Even at this day, the consumption of oysters in Paris is enormous, as may be judged from the statistics we have given of the produce of the artificial beds of France.

Among our British celebrities, Alexander Pope was an oyster-eater of taste: so was Thomson of the Seasons, who knew all good things. The learned Dr. Richard Bentley could never pass an oyster-shop without having a few; and there have been hundreds of subsequent Englishmen who, without coming up to

Bentley in other respects, have resembled him in this. The Scottish philosophers, too, of the last century—Hume, Dugald Stewart, Cullen, &c.—used frequently to indulge in the “whiskered pandores” of their day and generation. “Oyster ploys,” as they were called, were frequently held in the quaint and dirty taverns of the old town of Edinburgh. These Edinburgh oyster-taverns of the olden time were usually situated underground, in the cellar-floor; and, in the course of the long winter evenings, the carriages of the quality folks would be found rattling up, and setting down fashionable ladies, to partake of oysters and porter, plenteously but rudely served. What oysters have been to the intellect of Edinburgh in later times, who needs to be told that has heard of Christopher North, and read the “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*?”

The Americans become still more social over their oysters than we do, and their extensive seaboard affords them a very large supply; although we regret to learn that, in consequence of over-fishing and of the carrying away of the fish at improper seasons, the oyster-banks of that great country are in danger of becoming exhausted. In City Island the whole population participates in the oyster-trade, and there is an oyster-bed in Long Island Sound which is 115 miles long.

The oyster can be cooked in all kinds of ways, but the pure animal is the best of all, and gulping him up in his own juice is the best way to eat him. The oyster, we maintain, may be eaten raw, day by day, every day of the 214 days that it is in season, and never do hurt. It never produces indigestion—never does the flavour pall. The man who ends his day with an oyster in his mouth, rises with a clean tongue in the morning, and a clear head as well. Raw oysters, too, are said to be highly efficacious in certain cases of illness, and we know of instances in point; but we must leave this part of our subject to be developed by others.

SERMONS AND PREACHING.

BY THE REV. CANON ROBINSON, YORK.

To the average Englishman the sermon is a matter of course, a periodical process that somehow does him good, a time-honoured institution to which he is attached by habit, and the merits or defects of which he does not feel himself called upon to criticise. Some however, there are to whom preaching is a matter of much more interest and importance. They believe in it with all their hearts; they look upon it as the great end of church-going, and they indicate this by their very modes and forms of speech. They go to *hear* Mr. A; they *sit under* Mr. B; they *attend the ministry* of the Rev. Dr. C. To such persons, religious truths digested into a regular sermon, based on a selected text, and delivered from a pulpit by a minister in gown and bands, appear to have a mystic virtue and force, which the same truths spoken by the same minister during a pastoral visit, or read in the closet from a printed book, would not have. Hence, though sufficiently critical, they are not easily wearied of their favourite ordinance. As Horace's avaricious man must have money, by fair means or foul, so they must have sermons—good ones if possible, but, at all events, sermons.

After all, however, it may be doubted whether the fervent lovers of sermons in the abstract, are numerous. The class is certainly said to be decreasing; and smart and sarcastic Reviewers insinuate that it consists chiefly of elderly ladies and substantial shopkeepers with puritanical leanings. There is a third party which, just now at all events, is more prominent, and has lately been exciting a good deal more attention. It consists of those who conceive themselves to have a mission to denounce ecclesiastical abuses and clerical shortcomings, and who accordingly have, for some time, been crying aloud, and

not sparing, in reference to sermons and preaching. How people came suddenly to wake up to the lamentable deficiencies of the pulpit, or who is entitled to the credit of having unearthed the pungent grievance, I cannot tell. The nuisance, if it be one, is of old standing, though it has been left for modern critics to make so much of it. The substance of the *gravamina* alleged by these persons is very much as follows: Sermons are generally very dull; made up of dry doctrinal commonplaces and trivial moral apophthegms; often, diluted into vague generalities; seldom coming very directly home to men's business and bosoms; apt sometimes to stretch themselves beyond reasonable limits of time; for the most part heavily and awkwardly delivered, without any of the graces of oratory, and too often without any of the outward signs of earnestness.

Such and so serious are the counts of the indictment against the modern pulpit. And must we suffer judgment to go by default? It may, perhaps, be permitted to one of the Minor Prophets, without assuming the right to put himself forward as the representative of his order, simply to discuss the question, and offer for the consideration of the candid reader a few facts and suggestions concerning it.

In the first place, then, something must be conceded to our censors. Sermons are not, as a rule, remarkably original in thought, eloquent in style, or impressive in delivery. Very few of the clergy of the Church of England cultivate preaching as an art. Candidates for Orders, generally, have no specific training for the pulpit whatever. They do not profess to study rhetoric; they take no particular pains to learn the art of managing the voice; they make no account of that "action," or rather "delivery," which Demos-

thenes regarded as the first, second, and third condition of success in oratory. They simply enter the pulpit and place themselves in any attitude that may happen, and read off their written discourses as well as their natural gifts and aptitudes will allow. The consequence is what might be expected.

So much being conceded, it may yet be well to point out the mistake of supposing that modern preachers have degenerated from the higher standard of an elder time. In the Augustan age of preaching—if ever there was such an age—the orators of the pulpit were, as they now are, the exception. Addison in the *Spectator* complains, as energetically as the latest correspondent of the *Times*, of sound and well-composed discourses marred in the delivery; of the sleepy tones and motionless posture of learned and orthodox divines of great name and figure while proclaiming to their congregations the sublimest and most awful mysteries of life and death. Sanderson and Hooker owed nothing to the arts of the rhetorician; and the appearance of Barrow, when on one occasion he took his place in the pulpit of St. Lawrence-Jewry, was so uncouth that the greater part of the congregation scampered out of the church, and left him to preach his sermon to a forlorn hope of some half-dozen people. We can readily imagine what must have been the character of the discourses of the great Parson Trulliber; and probably the homilies of Mr. Abraham Adams himself, learned and sententious as they doubtless were, would not be very agreeable to the taste of a modern congregation. Never was preaching more accounted of than in the sixteenth century. But even at that time great preachers were not numerous. The bulk of the clergy, indeed, were not licensed to preach at all; and it seems that many of them had not that very moderate amount of fitness for their work indicated by the ability to deliver decently a discourse composed for them; for we are told that the "Homilies" were often so read as to be utterly unintelligible to the hearers.

How is it, then, that there is such a tendency at present to disparage preaching? It arises, no doubt, from many causes. In the first place, the age is emphatically a critical one, and few things escape without questioning. Literary taste and mental culture are widely spread amongst the laity; and in these respects the clergy have no advantage over others of their own social rank. There are few congregations, in more populous places at least, in which there are not hearers at least as well read, as competent to judge of the merits and defects of a composition, as quick to detect false reasoning and shallow thoughts, as any average clergyman. The clergy, no doubt, are in advance of their brethren of former days; but the laity of to-day are still more in advance of the laity of a corresponding period. Hence the interval between the teacher and the taught is narrower than it was, and the young church-going disciple in many cases soon discovers that he is not sitting at the feet of a Gamaliel when he is listening to the instructions of his parish minister.

But, again, if sermons are less esteemed, it is because they occupy, relatively, a much less important position than they once did. Formerly the sermon had no rivals as an instrument of public instruction; now it is in many respects supplanted by a great number. Formerly it was the medium through which information of almost all kinds was, directly or indirectly, conveyed to the people. It was sermon, lecture, newspaper, political harangue—all in one. Now its range is very much circumscribed, and it has been relegated to its original purpose of setting forth the truths of religion and the lessons of morality. In old times the Sunday sermon was the only bit of intellectual excitement or literary culture within the reach of the majority. No daily papers, with their vigorous and pointed leaders and their stores of varied news, came to impart tidings of the world without, and to tell men how it fared with their friends or foes in Church and

State. No serials poured out their many-coloured treasures at the feet of expectant readers, and no public lecturers, or heralds of the platform, popularized literature and science, or told of the apostolic devotion and marvellous triumphs of missionaries, or preached the gospel of sanitary and social reform in every village and town. The pulpit, therefore, had things all its own way, and took all these topics more or less under its patronage. The very speeches of the Bishops in the House of Lords were, according to Burnet, at one time sermons; for, instead of speaking directly to the question before the House, the right-reverend debaters used deliberately to give out a text and discourse upon it. Was a statesman to be attacked or defended, a policy to be commended to popular sympathy, a war to be justified or reprobated, the pulpit was the ordinary channel, and the preachers the accredited agents whereby the object was achieved.

An examination of some of the sermons of other days will bear out the view here given of their character and importance. Take, for instance, the discourses of good old Latimer. They are a repertory of all kinds of gossip and chit-chat, where current intelligence, personal allusions, amusing anecdotes, and political innuendoes are mixed in a curious farrago with theological argument and earnest exhortation. Or turn to the pages of Jeremy Taylor. They fairly bristle with the horrent arms of classical scholarship. The imperial fancy of the preacher seems to have laid the whole world of ancient literature under tribute. The most recondite mythological allusions, and the most varied historical incidents, are used to illustrate a position in theology, or to point a moral in practice. The fairest flowers of heathen poetry are pricked in to embellish the lessons of revelation, and Pan seems literally to have made a present to Moses of "his Pagan horn," filled to overflowing with the fruits of ancient dream and vision. How such sermons could ever have commended themselves to ordinary congregations must, no doubt, be a marvel to us

moderns. We cannot but suppose that they must have been "caviare to the general." But, indeed, it was not altogether so. As the preacher, from want of any other vent for his learning, turned the whole tide of it into his discourses, so the congregations of the seventeenth century, having no other intellectual stimulant, not only acquiesced in but exacted this copious irrigation of scholarship. This, strange to say, is equally true of rustic as of educated hearers. In those days a preacher had small chance of being popular if he confined himself to plain teaching in the vulgar tongue, and did not season his addresses with a certain proportion of what was above the vulgar comprehension. "A good sort of man but no Latiner," was the disparaging criticism of erudite farmers and peasants on any clergyman who tried to be simply useful, and to adapt his sermons to the supposed level of their bucolical understandings. This judgment was actually passed on the celebrated Pococke by some of his congregation before the Commonwealth Triers at Abingdon; and, if Owen had not interfered and obtained Cromwell's order to stop proceedings, the greatest scholar and linguist of the time would have been sequestered for insufficiency, on the representation of the sages of a Berkshire village.

It must have been the fact of sermons having the monopoly referred to which made the hearers of those days tolerant of what we should consider their extravagant length. Certainly, that impatience of anything over half-an-hour which, more or less, characterises the modern congregation, was a feeling with which our ancestors had no sympathy. It is difficult to say what they would have called a long sermon. Cranmer, on one occasion, cautioned Latimer "not to stand longer in the pulpit than *an hour and a half*." Hooker, again, in his debate with the Puritans, as to the length of the church-service, incidentally names "an hour" as the average time that may fairly be allotted to the sermon. Donne also, in one of his discourses, while deprecating the expres-

sions of approval to which congregations in those days sometimes gave utterance, complains of them as swallowing up one quarter of the preacher's "hour." But, indeed, if some of the great sermons of the great preachers were delivered as they have come down to us, a single hour cannot have sufficed to see the end of them; and we are gravely assured that, when Barrow preached a spital-sermon before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, he occupied three hours and a half in its delivery, thus cruelly trying the patience and endangering the digestion of that worshipful body.

There is one evidence of the greater importance and authority of sermons in former times which deserves to be noticed. It is the prominent place they occupy in our standard national literature of the seventeenth century. Not only has a great deal of our Anglican theology taken the form of sermons, but sermons furnish some of the best specimens of the English prose of the period. Who needs to be reminded of the sententiousness of Hall, the English Seneca; of the redundant eloquence of Taylor, and the strong, full, nervous, practical style of South? Who has not heard that Dryden, a master of composition, attributed his proficiency in that grand art to a nightly and daily turning of the pages of Tillotson, and that the "Great Commoner" of a later age did not hesitate to avow that the study of Barrow's Sermons had made him an orator?

From what has been said it is obvious that, at the very outset, the modern preacher finds himself, in many respects, at a considerable disadvantage in comparison with the preachers of other days. He has, by no means so clear a stage on which to expatiate; he has lost his former monopoly of the public ear; and yet he has to submit to the ordeal of a far more general and searching criticism.

But other difficulties and embarrassments attend his position. If the length of sermons has been happily curtailed, their number has been painfully in-

creased. An ordinary clergyman, in his normal condition of ministerial efficiency, is expected to preach at least two sermons weekly; and, if he wishes to be regarded as "making full proof of his ministry" he must, at all events, add to his programme one weekday service with its inevitable lecture. Now, it is probable that very few persons ever set themselves to ascertain what amount of thought and labour the composition of two or three sermons weekly involves. The occasional recurrence of such a responsibility would be found arduous enough; but, when the process has to be repeated week after week, and year after year, it is too much for the readiest and fullest of men, and must be too often done in a haphazard, superficial, and perfunctory fashion.

Besides, while nobody becomes a writer for the press, or, at least, continues very long to fill that position, without some aptitude for the work, the task of sermon-writing is necessarily imposed on many who, though perhaps otherwise efficient in their calling, have no power at all of original composition. It is, indeed, one of the singular and seemingly irremediable anomalies of the Church of England, that there is no classification of her ministers, and no division of labour in her communion. Every clergyman is expected to put his hand to every sort of work. There is a most serene disregard of individual aptitudes—a studied practical denial of the apostolic assertion that "there are diversities of gifts." Hence, if you take your seat in one of our churches, you are as likely to be advised in the conduct of your life, or instructed in the mysteries of religion, by a new-fledged curate, in the verdure of his fifth lustrum, as by a venerable priest, grey with the experience of time, and stored with the lucubrations of twenty years. The necessary consequence of this is, a constantly recurring series of examples illustrative of the "foolishness of preaching." And, assuredly, the preachers are least of all to blame for this. Anyhow, they must provide their "tale of bricks,"—their indispensable batch of sermons.

If they are conscious of their own want of experience, imperfection of knowledge, or deficiency in literary power, they have one, and only one, resource: they can preach other people's sermons. And it must be admitted that this resource is sufficiently understood and appreciated. The only question is, how far it can be justified by other pleas than that tyrannical one of necessity.

The appropriation of other men's thoughts without acknowledgment looks very like a breach of the Eighth Commandment;—we are almost tempted to exclaim, with Dogberry, "It is flat burglary as ever was committed." And yet, after all, there is much to be said for it. Indeed, if preachers will eschew all surreptitiousness in the matter, and do the thing openly and avowedly, it is perhaps, under existing circumstances, the very best thing that some of them can do. There is, at all events, ancient and time-honoured precedent for the practice. It was—if we may believe St. Jerome and other Fathers—an occasional usage of the Primitive Church. Addison has endorsed it with the stamp of his approbation. After mentioning that it was the custom of Sir Roger de Coverley's venerable chaplain to treat his congregation to a succession of sermons by great divines, he adds the following observation: "I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits on laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people." It deserves to be considered whether—as Addison here suggests—it would not be a positive gain to the sermon-hearing public if "readings from standard Divines" were occasionally delivered from our pulpits, and allowed to alternate with original discourses. The Church of England can boast of a long list of learned and eloquent writers in theology. Of these the laity, as a rule, know nothing except,

perhaps, the names; nor is it likely that their works will ever be much read except by professional students. But these works are the common heritage of the nation; and, as they deal with great questions in a thoughtful and comprehensive spirit, and are fitted, whether in any case we accept the opinions they express or not, to teach us how to form our own, the diffusion of a more general acquaintance with them would be a wholesome medicine for some of the religious maladies of these times.

While vindicating the clergy from much of the blame that might seem to attach to them on account of the declining popularity and influence of sermons, and endeavouring to show that the fact, if it be one, arises in some degree from circumstances over which they have no control, it must still be conceded that they do not, as a body, give as much time and attention to preparation for the pulpit as they might do. The excuse is multiplicity of engagements—overwhelming pressure of other duties. But many of these engagements and duties are of secondary importance, and some are decidedly *secular* in character. In fact, addiction to the service of tables is a clerical failing of the present day. It is a seductive one, too, for there is a charm for many men in being busy and bustling, serving on committees, travelling on deputations, getting up meetings, canvassing for subscriptions, running to and fro on the earth, *multum agendo nihil denique agentes*.

But, after all, it would be interesting to know what suggestions those have to make who are loudest in their complaints about the decadence of preaching, what remedies they are prepared with for the grievance which they so pitifully bemoan.

They would not—we may fairly conclude—recommend amputation pure and simple. They are not prepared to echo, in regard to sermons, St. Paul's wish with reference to certain obnoxious preachers, "I would they were even cut off that trouble you!" But, if the sermon cannot be altogether got rid of, what can be done with it? It can, of course, be shortened. And, indeed, under the pressure exercised by the complainants,

this process is already going on in many quarters, so that there is some prospect of the standard length being ere long reduced from half an hour to a quarter, and the preacher may ultimately be so restricted in time that his discourse will necessarily appear in a disembowelled state, consisting merely of exordium and peroration.

Again, it has been suggested that the nuisance complained of would be sufficiently abated if the whole congregation, or any of them, could, if they thought fit, leave the church before the preacher begins his discourse. This would, no doubt, be a certain way of escape from the dreaded ordeal, and might also serve as a wholesome stimulus on the clergyman's powers of composition and delivery. But, setting aside the apparent discourtesy and irreverence of such a proceeding, there is nothing to hinder any one from having recourse to it whenever he pleases. If this be all that is necessary to relieve the sufferers, we simply say, *Solvitur ambulando*.

After all, however, though it may be granted that the state of the modern pulpit is not altogether satisfactory, we cannot admit that the evil is to be cured by treating with disparagement and contempt the ordinance of Preaching itself. By the power of the living voice man has always acted upon and won influence over man. By the living voice Christianity was first published to the world. Through all ages of the Church preaching has been regarded as an important function of the Christian priesthood, and a regular feature of public worship. At first, no doubt, its style was simple and unpretending enough. A few earnest and affectionate words of practical admonition, an unadorned exposition of some portion of Scripture just read, or a devout enforcement of the lesson it conveyed, made up the sermon of a primitive Bishop or Presbyter, an Ignatius, a Papias, or a Polycarp. But, when the Church was more fully developed, and learning had become the handmaid of religion, preaching assumed more of the character of an art. Grecian rhetoric was employed to set forth the truths of the Gospel, till Basil

and Gregory almost rivalled the orators of a more classic age, and John Chrysostom poured out his fervent periods, and scattered his lavish illustrations amidst murmurs of applause that echoed strangely through the solemn aisles of the consecrated temple. With the dark ages the lustre of the pulpit also became dim, till sermons grew few and far between, and, when preached, conveyed no better moral than the enforcement of a superstitious usage, and told no diviner tale than the lying legends of a spurious saint, or the ribald jests of a vagrant friar. But then came the great awakening of the Reformation, and with it—as has been noticed—a wide-spread and most potent revival of preaching, till the pulpit rose to something of the importance of a "Fourth Estate," and the voice of "prophesying" shook throne and mitre to the ground.

Surely, then, in this nineteenth century also, there is some work left for the pulpit to do, some way open whereby preaching may retrieve itself, and be once more a great moral power in the country.

It would be useless, no doubt, to hint at the expediency of materially reducing—with a view to *quality*—the *quantity* of sermons preached in our fifteen or twenty thousand churches. And yet, if the public insist upon *quantity*, they must not be fastidious about *quality*. The fact is, that people generally have, in some degree, lost sight of the original object of church-going. They do not seem to feel that the chief reason for assembling together, Sunday after Sunday, is to realize their Christian fellowship and to worship God in common. With very many the sermon is the great business of the day, the chief feature of the service. Hence they would scarcely consider that they had properly discharged their religious responsibilities unless they had listened to a couple of set discourses, though it is quite possible that they may neither have been awakened thereby to any deeper earnestness of life, nor have learnt anything that they did not know before.

Then, again, the sermon itself is

somehow embedded like a fossil in the stratification of the service, so that its delivery seems a matter of course, and it comes, too, after the congregation have been already occupied for an hour and a half in prayer, praise, and the hearing of Scripture. It is, therefore, from its very position at a serious disadvantage. But is this association of sermon and liturgy so inviolable that they cannot occasionally be separated? Why should not sermons be sometimes preached without the long preliminary service of worship, this being duly provided for at some other period of the day? There are, moreover, occasions when an active clergyman might very properly collect in his church a class of people to whom devotion is a thing so untried and unknown that for them the form of joining in any outward service of prayer would be an unreality. In such a case the sermon by itself might, from the lips of an earnest and eloquent man, go forth with a power like that which characterized the discourse of Paul in the synagogue of the Pisidian Antioch. Besides, the occasional prominence thus given to the sermon would lead preachers to spend more time in preparing their discourses, and would tend to a more thorough elaboration both of matter and manner.

And this suggests the remark that, if sermons do not produce the effect they should do, one cause, undoubtedly, is their vague, discursive, unsystematic character. Seldom, indeed, are our pulpits the scene of any methodical or consecutive course of religious instruction. A text suggests itself or is suggested by chance, or by some passing event, or by some turn of the preacher's studies. This is taken and preached upon as an isolated proposition, while the truth enforced and illustrated on one Sunday is not in any way deduced from or linked with the truth enforced and illustrated on another. The textual system, if I may call it so, has, in fact, in many ways done no small damage to theology. It has tended to establish a persuasion that Christian doctrines can be unanswerably proved by detached quotations from Scripture, and that an opponent in controversy can

be silenced and refuted by a brisk fire of texts discharged at him like a succession of shots from a ten-barrelled revolver. It has likewise fostered a style of preaching which—however practically edifying it may sometimes be—is not well suited to give the hearers very clear or connected views of Christianity as a grand religious system. We need not insist that sermons shall be absolute scientific lectures; but it would nevertheless be well if they were more generally made the vehicles for communicating to the people some systematic knowledge of the sublime science of theology.

The practice of expository preaching, again, if sometimes adopted, and really well done, would probably do much to retrieve the reputation and increase the usefulness of the pulpit. The people of this country are justly tenacious of their right to read and interpret the Bible for themselves. But it is by no means certain that they have generally a very intimate knowledge of the Bible, or a very intelligent appreciation of its contents. How many of the middle-class laity, for instance, can enter into the arguments, or understand the allusions and figures, in St. Paul's Epistles? What a work would be achieved if the clergy would set themselves thoroughly and lucidly to expound some of these sublime and difficult compositions to their flocks! What a sight it would be to see a congregation, instead of languidly settling themselves to be talked to or read to for half an hour, take their Bibles in hand and prepare to follow the argument as traced out by their instructor, and make a real intelligent *study* of the subject. One important collateral advantage, too, would follow from the adoption of expository preaching. It would compel the clergy to make themselves more than superficially acquainted with their Bibles. If an exposition is to be anything better than a feeble paraphrase, or a weak and twaddling dilution of the original text, he who expounds must have prepared himself for his work by painful study, must have pondered long over his subject, and searched far and wide for the materials of a thorough exegesis.

What is called extemporaneous preaching is strongly advocated by many as best adapted to interest and amuse the hearers. And the notion is not unreasonable. Whatever of clearness, accuracy, and order is secured by the written discourse, there is a counterbalancing loss of warmth and reality. The manuscript is only a moderate conductor of enthusiasm. "What" (says Sydney Smith) "can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervour of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardour of his mind; and so affected at a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further?" At the same time we must say of extempore preaching, *non cuius homini contingit*—it is not every one who is master of this particular art; and the stammering tongue, the disjointed sentences, and the entangled thoughts of an unskilful pretender are at least as ludicrous as the stale emotion and ready-made rhetoric described by the witty Canon of St. Paul's. Still it must be allowed that the unwritten address is the proper and normal kind of preaching, and, indeed, of all oral instruction; and the clergy of the Church of England would be material gainers by more generally cultivating the art of extempore speaking, while it is certain that a large proportion of them might, with some little patience and perseverance, attain a very fair degree of efficiency in it.

It would be easy to multiply suggestions for increasing the power and the popularity of the pulpit. The recommendation of a more thorough and special training for the clerical calling has so often been made, and seems so unlikely, for some time, at least, to be carried out, that it is superfluous to make it again. The attempt to utilize, as far as possible, the preaching power which is actually to be found in the Church, by instituting an accredited order of preachers, would, perhaps, be

thought to involve interference with the vested interests of clergymen in their own parishes, and would certainly be met by the embarrassments and jealousies of opposite theological parties.

But, whatever can or cannot be done, it behoves the clergy, at all events, to set distinctly before their minds the fact that they are, in this matter of preaching, subject to a strict, vigilant, and often unsparing censorship. We can stand up in our pulpits and compel the passive acquiescence, if not the active attention, of all within hearing of us. We are free to state our views, and to support them by what arguments we please. We cannot be answered. But we can be judged; and, in this matter, it is not for our sakes, or for the sake of the Church, a *small* thing that we "be judged by any man's judgment."

Only this may be observed in conclusion. The results of sermons are probably small, and, could they be ascertained statistically, would be sufficiently disheartening. But the preacher is often more than his discourse. Men will listen to commonplaces, when he who utters them does so as if they were the true convictions of his heart. A very plain exhortation, if it is earnest and heartfelt, and backed by the testimony of a consistent life, will have its effect on the most critical and accomplished, as well as on the simplest and most unsophisticated hearer. If the preacher aims at higher things, if he wishes not only to *edify* but to *teach*, he must not grudge time, and labour, and thought. Above all, he must take a flight above the dull region of technicalities and forms. He must not be content with reiterating the stereotyped phraseology of the pulpit, but must seek to give utterance to the impressions made on his own soul by the living truths of Christianity. He need not affect mere novelties, or indulge in bold incursions across the frontiers of heresy, but he must know how to deal with God's great revelation, as a record of the immutable ways of Providence, as a philosophy and a law of life.

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VINCENZO ; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OMENS.

"WHEN are we to go back?" asked Rose of Vincenzo, one day.

"Not before we have seen all the marvels of this enchanting city," was the answer.

"I should have thought we had nearly exhausted the catalogue of its sights," said Rose.

"Well, certainly, we have had a bird's-eye view of most of the wonders. Now we ought to try to make ourselves acquainted with details."

"Have you any idea of how long we have been here already, Vincenzo? One-and-twenty whole days."

"Very true; yet not one too many to enable us to acquire a knowledge of the riches of art contained in the gallery of the Palazzo Pitti alone."

"If we are to go on at that rate," quoth Rose, "our sight-seeing will never come to an end."

"Why, surely, my dear Rose, you have not the bad taste to be tired of Florence?"

"Oh! not tired of Florence," said Rose, with a little blush. "Only I do so long to be with papa again."

"That is quite a natural wish in one so affectionate as you are, dearest," Vincenzo paused a second—then added—"My dear little wife, you have not forgotten, have you, that I warned you

that our marriage would, of necessity, entail a separation from your dear father? I had hoped that the noble objects of interest in this privileged centre of art would have made your first weaning from home gentle, and less trying. If time hangs heavy on your hands here, what will it be when you are compelled to live, as no doubt will be the case at no distant day, in some provincial town of Piedmont?"

"In any town of Piedmont I shall feel more at home than I do in Florence. Here I have the feeling of being among foreigners."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Vincenzo. "In justice, Rose, we Piedmontese ought rather to consider ourselves the foreigners in Florence. Could there be any distinction drawn between sons of the same land, the Tuscans are best entitled to be called Italians; for they alone have always guarded inviolate the deposit of the national language, that great living sign of our nationality."

This dialogue took place on their way home, late at night, from a large party. Onofrio had procured letters of introduction for Vincenzo and his bride, not only to the Sardinian Legation, but also to several distinguished Florentine families, whose reception of the newly-married pair had been courtesy itself. Rose, however, could not bear these parties; she took no interest either in politics or in literature—the two topics most commonly discussed—nor had the

local news any piquancy for her ; neither had she any natural or acquired taste for lengthy lucubrations about laces and silks. Moreover, the *dolce parlar Toscano* made her feel her own accent a sore humiliation.

From that moment Rose gave up any allusion as to the time of their return home ; in fact, she became less talkative on any subject, often falling into long fits of meditation—a habit quite foreign to her nature. There was evidently a damp on her spirits. Well as Vincenzo knew in what direction her thoughts lay, and much as he felt for her, he chose not to take notice of the change. After what he had said to her on the vexed question of leaving Florence, after his explanations as to the impossibility of their remaining permanently at the Palace, what could a fresh discussion lead to but a fresh expression of useless regrets. In order, however, that she might not misconstrue his silence on this one matter into any want of sympathy, or into anything approaching to displeasure, he made it his study to be more *aux petits soins* than ever.

One morning when their usual hour for going out had come, Signora Candia announced her determination of staying at home.

"Stay at home ? Why ? Do you feel ill, my darling ?"

"Not exactly ill—in fact, not ill at all," answered Rose, "only not disposed to walk. You go out alone, and—enjoy yourself, Vincenzo."

"No such thing," said Vincenzo, taking off his hat and sitting down. "How do you think I am to enjoy myself without you ?"

"You take more interest in these sights than I do, and I cannot see any reason against your going without me."

"The reason is that I should have no enjoyment in any of what you call sights without you. I had rather stay with you. Won't you let me do so, dear ?"

"Not at the cost of such a sacrifice," said Rose, hastily leaving the room. In a minute or two she came back with her bonnet on, saying, "I am ready."

"My dear girl, you told me you were

not inclined to go out to-day," objected Vincenzo.

"I have changed my mind," said she. "Let us go."

"Stop a little—not yet," entreated Vincenzo ; "not before we have cleared away this misunderstanding. What do you really wish to do ?—stay at home or go out ? Tell me frankly, Rose."

The appeal was so feelingly and tenderly made that Rose softened.

"Frankly, then, I tell you," she said, "that I should enjoy a walk very much. It is that perpetual wandering through close galleries, and staring at all sorts of things, that so tires and bewilders me."

"Then," answered Vincenzo, gently, but with a sigh, which he vainly tried to suppress—"then we will walk or drive about, and have done with sight-seeing."

"Not so—not so, indeed," exclaimed Rose. "I will not be the means of depriving you of seeing what you so greatly admire. I am ready to go with you wherever you like, only don't let it last for ever and ever."

"It shall not last an hour longer than you choose," said Vincenzo. "Come, what time will you fix for our leaving this ?"

"You must decide that yourself, Vincenzo."

"Shall we say within a fortnight ?"

"I should be better pleased if you said within a week," returned Rose.

"So be it," assented Vincenzo—"one more week, and then *en route*."

Rose sprang forward and gave her husband a hearty kiss.

Her step had never been so elastic, her humour so charming, as it was that day. They drove to Villa Albizzi, immortalized by Galileo's sojourn there ; and, on their return home, Rose insisted on their entering the church of Santa Croce. Indeed, she it was who took the initiative as to all their visits to galleries or public buildings during the remainder of their stay in Florence. Rose's good humour did not forsake her for a moment ; even the many disagreeables of their journey back by Vetturino,

the stifling dust of the road, or sudden storms delaying their progress, found her equally placid and cheerful. Vincenzo was too happy to feel any very deep regrets. His cup of bliss was so full, that the drop of gall left in it by the failure of his educational scheme for Rose was drowned in its sweetness. Vincenzo, in short, enjoyed the present, and hoped the best for the future."

Stopping nowhere, except for a few hours in Turin, just long enough to allow of Vincenzo's paying a hasty visit to Onofrio and having a short audience of the Minister, they reached the Palace in the beginning of the last week of July. Thus, the wedding tour had not lasted more than seven weeks.

We leave it to the reader to picture to himself the warmth of welcome which awaited the young couple on all sides. As for the Signor Avvocato, he was never tired of admiring his daughter, or of making discoveries of improvement in her manners and appearance. Vincenzo also came in for a good share of compliments and congratulations on his looks. "How strong and manly the boy had grown—and so bronzed." This fact put the Signor Avvocato in mind of the young rogue's campaign with the hoe. "Ha! ha! ha!" and the old gentleman laughed till his sides ached. Barnaby, in a state of delighted distraction, kept bouncing in and out of the room, and pitching into everybody and everything, bull-like.

An influx of visitors soon arrived from Rumelli, but, alas! Don Natale was no longer at their head, as of yore. Don Natale was past walking up the hill now—it was all that Don Natale, in a state bordering on dotage, could do to walk at all, supported on each side, to the end and back again of the small garden attached to the Rectory. He was, indeed, still Rector, though only nominally so, of Rumelli. The effective duties of his office were discharged by a young priest, specially appointed for that purpose by the Bishop of Ibella.

At length the crowd of visitors took their departure, and afforded Vincenzo the desired opportunity of acquainting

his father-in-law with the result of his morning's interview with the Minister. He was to be appointed Honorary Councillor of the Intendenza at Chambery, and his official nomination would be forwarded to him within a few days. For the present no emolument was attached to the office—he would receive nothing, in short, but a sum of money sufficient to cover his travelling expenses, and those attendant on his installation. He was to find himself at his post on the 1st of September. The Signor Avvocato was greatly elated by this intelligence; his pride and vanity were tickled, and, in the height of his delight, he bestowed a congratulatory hug on the new Consigliere. It was a good start in life—a better start than many even of the highest functionaries had had. Chambery was a clean, nay, a charming town; agreeably situated, and possessing a most pleasant society. The Signor Avvocato knew Chambery; he had passed through it both in going to and returning from Geneva—how many years ago? full thirty-three years. Ah! a long time that—thirty-three years! and he remembered liking the place very much.

The Signor Avvocato was in a vein of optimism, and went on long in the same strain. Rose said nothing; just as she had said nothing when her husband had first broken the news to her. At last her father turned to her, and, with the undisguised intention of investigating her feelings on the subject, said, "And so, when I see you again, I may expect to find you become half a Frenchwoman, and able to speak French better than papa."

"A superiority, I wish I was not to have any opportunity of acquiring," replied Rose, rather drily.

"Bah!" retorted papa, "you will soon grow fond of the language, and the country too."

"Everything is possible," said Rose; "but suppose we speak of something more agreeable, and let Chambery alone until we are obliged to talk about it; we needn't utter the name before the end of August."

Accordingly the subject was dropped.

The bride's first visit was to Don Natale. The good old priest recognised both her and Vincenzo perfectly well; he laughed and wept in the same breath, talking fast, but incoherently, about old times. There was much of the look and the fugitiveness of impressions of a child about the old man. He manifested, however, one strong abiding feeling, and that was an undisguised horror of the new curate then present. This latter endeavoured to counteract the impression which this evident repulsion might produce on the visitors, by making the warmest protestations of his filial attachment to his venerable superior, as he termed Don Natale, backed by a notable display of affectionate attentions.

But neither the warmth of his protestations, nor his show of devotion, succeeded in impressing Vincenzo favourably; for he observed to Rose as they were leaving the parsonage—"I fear that young priest treats our poor old friend harshly."

"What can make you think so? I should say quite the contrary," replied Rose. "It was impossible to speak more feelingly about the dear old man."

"Speaking and acting are two thoroughly distinct things, my dear Rose. Don Natale's aversion testifies strongly against his curate. Old men in their dotage closely resemble children; and children instinctively know and love those who are kind to them, as they know and hate those who are not so."

Rose contented herself with intimating her dissent from her husband's opinion by a little expressive shrug of her shoulders, and Vincenzo politely abstained from pushing the discussion further.

The abrupt disappearance of the young couple on their wedding day, by no means usual in Italy, had necessarily delayed, till their return, the receiving and paying of the visits which custom has elevated into a duty on such occasions. Ibella and its vicinity now came to call on the bride and bride-

groom, and the bride and bridegroom went to call on Ibella and its vicinity; and then a string of dinners and entertainments given and received became the order of the day during the next fortnight. Save when the subject of the internal policy of the country was broached, the doing of which inevitably made the Signor Avvocato fall foul of Cavour and his free trade—for he abominated alike the measure and its promoter—save on these rare occasions, we say, the master of the Palace was in the best of humours and spirits: so were both Rose and Vincenzo, and, in fact, everybody. Rose, playing the part of mistress of the house, was quite in her native element; admirable the clearheadedness and easy graceful self-possession with which she did the honours of the Palace. Vincenzo was not a little proud of his young wife, and in the fervour of his admiration registered a vow, that, as soon as they were at Chambery, she should have a charming home over which to preside and shine.

There was only one note on which the married lovers did not sweetly chime. They could not agree in their appreciation of Don Natale's curate. Every fresh meeting increased Vincenzo's antipathy, and Rose's sympathy, for the man. Besides dining at the Palace every Sunday, as Don Natale used to do, he came almost daily to bring news, as he phrased it, of "our dear and venerable friend." The unctuous voice in which he said the words alone sufficed to put Vincenzo out of patience. That the fellow was clever and had a clear insight into the different characters he had to deal with, was evident by the distinct methods he used with father and daughter. Deferential without servility towards the Signor Avvocato, to the Signora he was condescendingly paternal and yet authoritative. It was certainly from no neglect on his part that he failed to ingratiate himself with Vincenzo. At their very first interview he had claimed the privileges of an old school companion, mentioning what Vincenzo very well recollected, that they had once worn

similar robes and had lived for three years under the same roof—the first three years that Vincenzo had passed in the seminary. The curate was, however, some six or seven years Vincenzo's senior.

The last week of August had begun. Three weeks previously Vincenzo's official nomination as Consigliere had reached the Palace. The document and its big seals were objects of special admiration and interest to the Signor Avvocato ; but, as for Rose, she deigned to take no notice of their visible proof of her husband's success in his profession, turning a deaf ear to all her father's endless comments and oracular speeches upon the subject. Nor, though the last days of August were at hand, the period to which she had herself adjourned all mention of any change—did she drop a word, or give the slightest hint as to the impending move ; nor was she busying herself, at least so far as Vincenzo could see, in any preparations for her journey. Vincenzo felt rather cross at her obliging him to be the first to re-open the disagreeable discussion. There was, however, no help for it, and so he made his approaches cautiously and gently, by saying one morning, "Do you know, my dearest, that our time for going away is close at hand ?"

"Already ?" exclaimed Rose. "Dear me ! it seems as if we had only just arrived."

"Nevertheless, we have been here a full month," observed Vincenzo ; "and I warned you, my darling, that I was to be at my post on the 1st of September."

"Oh ! that's impossible," said Rose ; "I have quantities of things yet to do, and which cannot be done in a hurry."

"Well, if it is really impossible that you should be ready, so as to let us be at Chambery by the first, let us fix the second or third. I dare say the Minister will not mind my being a day or two behind time."

"Must we, then, really and truly go ?" asked Rose, after a moment's consideration.

"Of course we must ; the matter was settled long ago. Your father has quite made up his mind to our going away."

"Oh ! Vincenzo, pray, pray do let us stay here," exclaimed Rose, with a piteous look.

"Why do you ask what you know I cannot grant ?" answered Vincenzo.

"And why not ? we are so happy here," pleaded she.

"Let us hope we shall be happy elsewhere also," returned Vincenzo.

"Oh ! nowhere so happy as here—nowhere, nowhere," cried Rose, passionately.

"So long as we love each other as we do now, we shall be happy anywhere, be sure of that. Those who love carry their paradise with them."

"If you loved me truly," said Rose, "you could not find in your heart to thwart me so."

"I might retort your argument," said Vincenzo, "but I will not. It is exactly because I do love you dearly and truly that I oppose you on this one point."

"But we cannot leave papa alone."

"Your father does not remain alone, dear. He is surrounded by attached dependents ; he has a large circle of friends here and at Ibella, who will keep him company and cheer him. The separation must naturally cost him pain, as it does us ; but he is ready to sacrifice his pleasure for our good."

"For our good ! Not for mine, I protest," exclaimed Rose. "There is nothing but misery for me in this separation."

"I would urge that it is for *my* good," said Vincenzo, "but that all our interests are in common ; are they not ?"

"I should like you to explain to me what good you expect from scouring through the country at the bidding of the first man in office you chance to come across."

"I expect to secure my own esteem and that of all honest men," returned Vincenzo.

"Really, Vincenzo, it's a mystery to me why you should not attain such ends without making yourself into a Government official."

"On the contrary, the course I adopt seems to me the only one within my reach by which I can make myself useful and respected. Show me any other

which holds out the same promise, and I will accept it."

"I have already told you that you could be of use here in many ways, and highly respected as well."

"And on the occasion you allude to I gave you my reasons for thinking the contrary. What I want is real work, and not a mere sham. Listen to me, dear;" and the poor young man went on to repeat all the arguments he had brought forward when they had previously discussed the same matter. He spoke earnestly on the duty incumbent on all men not to leave unproductive the capital of talents and energies bestowed on them by the Creator; the claims a country has on all its citizens; the special obligation devolving upon him, sprung from so low, to make an honoured name for himself, and thereby justify her father's favours and disarm calumny. He pleaded all this, and much more to no purpose; his passionate eloquence fell dead against what her father, in an angry moment, had once styled her quiet impermeability to reason. Rose was neither touched nor convinced; she said so distinctly in so many words.

"I am sorry for it," was Vincenzo's answer. "All I have to add is, that by the beginning of September I must be at my post at Chabery; otherwise I should lose the appointment."

Vincenzo had needed all his self-control not to say something much more severe. He felt cruelly disappointed and something angry. Was it a perverse pre-determination on Rose's part, or was it some peculiar deficiency of judgment, which thus closed her mind to the most obvious and unanswerable truths? He ruminated long on this unpleasant alternative, while instinctively seeking in rapid motion a sedative for his mental disquiet. After rambling far and wide he returned home, softened and tranquillised.

It was five minutes past the dinner hour, and the Signor Avvocato and Rose had already sat down to table.

"At last!" exclaimed the father-in-law. "I began to think that you did not mean to dine with us to-day."

"I beg your pardon," said Vincenzo. "I took a long walk and forgot myself."

"You must not forget yourself," said the Signor Avvocato. The words were emphasized too pointedly for any one to suppose they only referred to the want of punctuality of which Vincenzo had been guilty.

The young man glanced at the speaker, and perceived an awful frown on his brow. He looked at Rose; her eyes were red. The silence during the rest of the meal was unbroken, save by some trivial remark of the father to the daughter, or of the daughter to the father. Neither the one nor the other ever addressed a word to Vincenzo. At dessert, after the servants had left the room, the Signor Avvocato turned to Vincenzo and said, in his severest and most distant manner, "I have arranged with Rose as to the day of your departure. You will start on the 2d of September—that will be quite soon enough. Rose is too sensible a girl not to submit to the conditions agreed upon between us at the time of her marriage. Any little demur she may have made was natural, and does credit to her heart. You had neither right nor reason on your side for treating her harshly."

"Was I harsh to her!" asked Vincenzo. "Does she accuse me of being so?"

"Your business is at this moment with me, and not with her," interrupted the Signor Avvocato, angrily. "Listen to me. When I say you were harsh to her, I affirm what I know to be a fact. Young ladies—women, I mean—do not cry their eyes out because they have been too much petted and humoured. I repeat it. You were very wrong to make her cry; let it be the last time. Remember our agreement—if you should ever cost her a tear—"

"But," here broke in Vincenzo.

"I will hear of no *buts*, sir. I gave you my daughter in order that you should make her happy, and not that you might worry her life out. It seems to me that she and I put ourselves to inconvenience enough for your sake to give us a right to some return. If you

have any observations to make," added the old gentleman, rising with difficulty, "I beg you will wait for some other opportunity. I must avoid all emotions after dinner ; any agitation interferes with my digestion."

"God is my witness that I have done nothing to deserve your reproaches. That is the only observation I have to make," said Vincenzo, also rising, and following the father and daughter out of the room.

This little domestic *fracas* cut Vincenzo to the heart ; he keenly resented the injustice of his wife's complaints of him to her father, and almost as keenly the injustice of the father's lending so willing an ear to those complaints.

There was something besides his sense of the injustice of the accusation which jarred the young husband's feelings ; it was that the Signor Avvocato had adopted a tone and manner, both in his reproofs and in his settling the question of their departure, which was not suitable between equal and equal. This misunderstanding threw a shade of coldness over the few remaining days the trio had to spend together, and, contrary to his usual kindly spirit, Vincenzo made no effort to banish this discomfort. But when the actual moment of separation came, when he saw the twist of pain in the old familiar face, and hot tears rolling over his wife's cheeks, his heart melted, and he cast from it the last bitter drop of resentment.

CHAPTER XXX.

PITCHING A TENT.

VINCENZO had taken the precaution of writing beforehand to secure places in the mail, which at that time ran daily between Turin and Chambéry. This mode of conveyance, besides being the quickest and safest, had another advantage highly prized by newly married couples ; as there were only seats for two inside, they could enjoy each other's society *tête-à-tête*. But there was also a drawback ; the mail starting late in the evening crossed the mountain during the

night, and, supposing there was no moon, the traveller saw nothing of all the grandeur of the Alpine scenery through which he was passing. As ill luck would have it, Vincenzo and Rose had bad weather for their journey. The sky was as black as pitch, the wind blew chilly and fierce—so tempestuous was it, that it was all the mules, dragging the coach up the ascent, and the men at their heads, could do to stand against the irate gusts which swept along, hissing like so many vipers.

In spite of shawls, and cloaks, and wrappers, Rose complained bitterly of the cold—her feet felt like two balls of ice. Vincenzo, though quite in the same plight, did his best to comfort her, by a promise of procuring some hot water-bottles at Lanslebourg. But he had reckoned without the guard, who, being already behind his time, would not hear of stopping longer than was strictly necessary for changing horses. Nevertheless, Vincenzo made a struggle for the bottles, but all he got for his pains was a thorough wetting, and a threat of being left behind. The rain was falling in torrents as they passed through Lanslebourg. It was by that time broad day, a bleak, lurid day. The Maurienne does not look gay even in the best of weathers, but seen through thick sheets of rain, it is a picture of desolation. Rose felt too intensely miserable even to be out of humour. Shivering and groaning she closed her eyes to shut out the dreary sight. Vincenzo's state of wretchedness was akin to despair. He had no longer enough of courage left to allow of his attempting to cheer her by anticipations of future comfort ; the only mark of sympathy he ventured to show was that of silently wrapping about her the shawls and wrappers whenever they slipped off. He had literally the feelings of a criminal—exactly as if all the damp, and dreariness, and forlornness of the situation ought to be laid to his charge. And yet his eyes followed with a sort of automatic interest the mad doings of the waters of the Arc, boiling, tearing, bounding, rushing along by the side of

the road, like a troop of wild horses struggling in deadly contest. In fact, his state of mind resembled that of the culprits of whom we read that they speculated upon the cost of the judge's dress-wig, or counted with stolid attention the iron spikes of the rails of the dock, while sentence of death was being passed upon them.

After a time, the aspect of the country improved ; not so the weather. The rain was falling faster than ever when the mail stopped before the Hotel de l'Europe, at Chambéry. The landlord and his family fully justified the high character which Onofrio had given of them, when he recommended the house to Vincenzo. The benumbed Signora Candia was carried, rather than shown, to a bedroom on the first floor. As speedily as possible she was put into a comfortably-warmed bed, was persuaded to take something hot, and then left to rest. Madame Ferrollet, the mistress of the hotel, saw herself to all the arrangements for the young couple's comfort.

Every five minutes during the next two hours, Vincenzo went on tiptoe to listen at his wife's door. Auguring at last, from the uninterrupted quietness within, that Rose must be fairly asleep, and unwilling to run any risk of disturbing her, he had a bed made up for himself on a sofa in the salon adjoining her bedroom. No sooner had his head touched the pillow than he fell into a deep slumber, nor did he awake till early dawn. He rose at once, and went to the window. Alas ! no change in the weather—it was pouring as obstinately as it had done the day before. Rather depressed, he stole quietly to Rose's bedside. Her eyes were wide open ; she declared that the noise of carriages and carts in the streets had prevented her having a wink of sleep. She had a splitting head-ache ; she was thoroughly unhappy ; her room must be changed, or she must give up all hope of ever sleeping again. Vincenzo assured her that she should either have another room, or else they would go to another hotel, though he hoped there

would be no occasion to resort to this last measure, for there was little chance of their meeting such kind people as these Ferrollets were. Did not Rose agree with him in thinking them unusually obliging ?

"They seem good-natured enough," said Rose ; "but, after all, I am no judge, for not a syllable of their gibberish can I understand—it is dreadfully disagreeable, I assure you—when they speak to me, I feel as if I had grown deaf and dumb."

"It is a trial," replied the husband ; "but, at the same time, the evil is one that will soon be cured ; you'll see that you will learn French in no time."

"Oh ! never, never," sighed the wife.

"Oh ! yes, yes," said Vincenzo, trying to speak cheerfully ; "but first we must try and secure you a good night's rest, and then, when the weather clears, we will hunt out some nice, pretty apartments for you. Once you begin to keep house, you'll soon learn the language."

Rose shook her head in a most disconsolate way, and said, "I wonder if it is ever fine here."

Vincenzo sought out the kind landlady, and told her of Rose's sleepless night, petitioning for another bedroom less exposed to the noise of the streets. Madame Ferrollet's large eyes grew considerably larger as she listened to this request. She was sorry, doubly sorry that the signora was uncomfortable, because she could see no remedy. The hotel was full from top to bottom. She might, to be sure, inquire if the occupiers of Nos. 27 and 28 (they seemed very good-natured, obliging persons) would object to change rooms with Signora Candia. As soon as she knew that they were up, she would go and ask them. Luckily the negotiation succeeded, and the exchange of rooms was effected.

The second night at the hotel Rose slept like a top ; and, when she awoke, the sun was shining as brightly as it had ever done at Rumelli, and the mercury of her spirits rose several degrees. But, alas ! rooms No. 27 and 28 were not without their drawback, as

became too evident in the course of the day. They overlooked the court-yard, and, consequently, were in the close vicinity of the stables, and Rose complained of the unsavoury proximity. Her sensitiveness on this point was that of one who, up to the age of twenty, had passed three-fourths of the year in the pure bracing air of a hill country.

"Reason the more," observed Vincenzo, "for beginning at once to look for apartments;" and so out they sallied in quest of lodgings.

Rose was not so intense a pessimist as she had been the day before; she allowed that Chambery was a pleasant-looking place—she even deigned to approve of its castle, its fountain of "the elephants," its arcades, its well-shaded public walks, and of the vine-covered heights which overhung the little town. The vineyards, arcades, and shaded walls were all familiar objects to Rose, but the Dent de Nivolet and Mont Grenier made scarcely any impression on her.

Few and far between were the notices of apartments to let which they discovered; and, of the three or four sets of rooms they looked at, none were suitable, or even approaching to suitable. Disappointed in their search, they at last thought of applying for advice to the Ferrollets themselves. These good people left no stone unturned to help the young couple, and Vincenzo spent the whole of the following day in going to all the houses they recommended, without, however, finding anything that answered. One suite of rooms, convenient, of a good size, tolerably well-furnished, seemed just what was required; but Rose, on inspection, discovered that there was no view from the window. This was an insuperable objection. She remained at the hotel, and continued to complain of the stables.

This question of a lodging threatened to become a thorny one. However, whatever its importance, it had to be set aside for the time being. On the morrow, that is, on the fourth day since

their reaching Chambery, Vincenzo felt that he neither ought, nor could any longer delay presenting himself at the Intendenza; and, after promising Rose to be back as soon as possible, thither he went. The Intendente had just gone out, but was expected to return every moment. Vincenzo had no choice—he must wait; and so he did—for a whole hour. His interview with his chief, and then the ceremony of his introduction to all the *personnel* of the Intendenza, took up another hour. When he returned to the hotel, Rose exclaimed, "How long you have been; I thought you never intended to come back."

"I am delighted to hear you say so; it proves that you have missed me. At the same time, I cannot help hoping that my little wife will try and accustom herself to my being absent for some hours every day, and, that she may feel her loneliness less, that she will learn to create some occupation for herself at home."

"You should add, when she has a home. I begin to doubt if we ever shall have one as long as we are here," replied Rose. "Other people's troubles are easy to bear, but I can assure you, it is not at all amusing to spend hour after hour alone in this disagreeable atmosphere without the power of interchanging a word with any living soul. Oh! dear, if I had only Marianna here, it would be something."

Marianna was a young peasant-girl, actually one of the housemaids at the Palace, and a great favourite with Rose.

Vincenzo said nothing, but thought to himself that the wish was quite natural in a girl suddenly separated from all she had been used to, and thrown among strangers speaking an unknown language. The more he reflected, the more he became convinced that Marianna would be of infinite comfort to his wife, particularly during the time she was learning French. He wrote at once to the Signor Avvocato, telling him how much it would gratify and console Rose to have Marianna with her. Vincenzo begged his father-in-law not to write to Rose on the sub-

ject, for two reasons—to spare her a disappointment should Marianna not be willing to come to Chambery, or, in the event of her agreeing to do so, to leave him, the writer, the merit and pleasure of giving his wife an agreeable surprise.

The Intendente had kindly dispensed with Vincenzo's entering on the duties of his office until he had found himself a lodging. Yet, sadly harassed as he was by his daily unsuccessful hunt, Vincenzo was too conscientious not to show himself at the Intendenza for an hour or two every morning. On the third day of his attendance there, who should come in search of him, but a tall, handsome non-commissioned officer, in whom he instantly recognized Ambrogio, the mayor's son, his companion in his famous expedition to Novara? Ambrogio had seen Vincenzo's appointment and arrival at Chambery mentioned in one of the local papers, and had hastened to find him out. Hearty were the greetings of the two young men, and very complimentary the remarks they made on the changes time had wrought in each other's appearance.

"How tall and strong and martial-looking you have grown, old fellow," said Vincenzo, to his friend who towered above him by half a head.

"You knew me again instantly in spite of my height?" said Ambrogio.

"I should have picked you out among ten thousand," said Vincenzo. "We little dreamed, when we lost sight of each other, six years ago, that our next meeting would be at Chambery—you a sergeant in . . ."

"And you an *Avvocato*, and a *Consigliere d'Intendenza*," interrupted Ambrogio.

"Yes, and more than that, a married man," laughed Vincenzo; "and the happiest and proudest of husbands. Quite a romance, my dear friend. You must come and be introduced to my wife. Will you dine with us to-day, at six o'clock? We are staying at the *Hotel de l'Europe*. But tell me, how is your father?"

"Strong and hale as ever, thank God," returned Ambrogio; "and, more-

over, as well-satisfied as ever with his scapegrace of a son. True to his word, when my time for the conscription came, he left me free to become a soldier, if I chose. I did so, and I don't regret it. The day I win my epaulets—and, if we have a war, as rumour says we shall shortly, win them I shall, or die—the day I get them, and turn my back on this place, I shall have nothing left to wish for."

Vincenzo, surprised by the last remark, said, "I thought Chambery was reckoned one of the pleasantest garrison towns."

"Frenchmen might think so, I dare say," answered Ambrogio, "but not any true Piedmontese. The townsfolk look on all who come from the other side of the mountain, and especially on us soldiers, much as we Italians do on the Austrians. Those who are not Codini—these are the majority—are red Republicans; and the sympathies of both are bestowed on France."

"Well, we cannot much wonder at that, when we remember their geographical position and their language," observed Vincenzo; "nevertheless, I hope there is some exaggeration in your statement."

"You say now exactly what I said when I arrived here a year and a half since. After you have been here twelve months, mark my words, you will sing the same song as I do now."

Signora Candia's reception of Ambrogio was courteous if not cordial. His uniform, and the recollection of how and why he and her husband had become such fast friends, were no great recommendations to her favour. Still, in her present isolation, it was an undeniable consolation to meet with one of her own countrymen, and a spirited, well-informed, obliging man into the bargain. No sooner was Ambrogio told of the dilemma as to lodgings, than he offered his services to the lady, though, as he added, with very faint hopes of being able to find what would please her. A furnished apartment of the style and in the situation she wished, would be almost as difficult to light upon as a

prize in the lottery. It was the demand which created the supply, and at Chambery there was no demand for such. Tourists rarely made any lengthened stay at Chambery, and, when they did, always lived at one or other of the hotels. The only persons who ever wanted lodgings were Piedmontese officers and *employés*, and, they had to be satisfied with far inferior accommodation to that which the Signora wished for. Of small cheap lodgings there was no lack.

Ambrogio's prognostications were only too soon verified. At the end of forty-eight hours he went to Vincenzo's office and confessed his failure. "My dear fellow," he concluded, "you must either abate much of your requirements, or give up all idea of living in the town. And, now that I think of it, since your wife makes such a point of having fresh air and a fine view, why not try to find a house somewhere in the outskirts?"

"You are right," said Vincenzo; "that's a capital idea of yours."

"There's a tolerable sprinkling of cozy little country houses all round Chambery," went on Ambrogio; "I saw several to let on the road to 'Les Charmettes.'"

"Les Charmettes—Jean Jacques—delightful!" exclaimed Vincenzo.

"You must take into account, however, that winter is not far off," remarked Ambrogio; "still October and November are beautiful months here, and even in winter there's but a very slight difference of temperature between town and country. The discomfort will be all yours—for you will have to come to your office in all weathers; luckily you are young and strong, and can besides keep a gig if you choose."

"That is—my wife can," said Vincenzo; "let us go and hear what she says to your plan."

Rose caught at Ambrogio's proposal with childlike eagerness; she had a real love for the country.

"Well, then," said Ambrogio, "the sooner we begin the better; my advice is, to hire a carriage and set off instantly on our journey of discovery."

So said, so done; a carriage was easily procured, and away went the trio. The environs of Chambery are always beautiful; they are doubly so, when decked, as was now the case, in the rich tints of autumn. Our party had a charming drive. Rose recovered her happy smile and bird-like chirp. Vincenzo had neither seen the one nor heard the other since their arrival at Chambery. Three or four houses, including the "Charmettes," were examined, all equally tempting. Rose's choice at last fell on one, which had in addition to all the advantages it possessed in common with the others, that of being nearest to the new, pretty little parish church—in fact, within a quarter of a mile. The house itself was a mere band-box of two stories; but it had room enough and to spare for the young couple and for the number of servants they would need; it was simply and freshly furnished and had altogether an inviting air of neatness both inside and out. As to its position, nothing could be more agreeable. It stood on high ground, looking over glorious woods of chesnut and walnut, across an extensive and fertile valley, closed in by the mountains of Dauphiné.

There was also a good-sized garden and orchard, bounded on the side abutting on the road by a high wall; and on the other by a vineyard which sloped down to the woods. The only drawback was the want of a coach-house and stables—but this deficiency was easily to be remedied. The man who showed the house assured Vincenzo that a farmer, living within a stone's throw, would willingly take charge of a horse and gig, besides supplying the family with the best of milk, eggs and poultry. Satisfied with these points, the next thing to do was to drive back to Chambery. Having left Signora Candia at the hotel, the two friends went at once to the owner of the villa; and, as he would not let it for any shorter term, Vincenzo had to agree to take it for six months. This settled, they returned to the hotel, and had a merry dinner with an extra bottle of

champagne in honour of Rose's Bower, as Vincenzo named their new residence.

As early as seven of the following morning, Orestes and Pylades were at Rose's Bower. Ambrogio superintended the scrubbing and cleaning of the rooms, saw to the airing of pillows and mattresses, to the trimming of the flower borders, and to the reparations necessary in the tiny greenhouse. Meanwhile Vincenzo was busy taking an exact inventory of the bed and table linen, crockery, china, glass, plate, kitchen utensils ; even of the brooms and broomsticks left in the house. Fabulous the amount of what is required to render a house fit to be inhabited. This was the reflection which passed through Vincenzo's mind as he finished the inventory. When, however, he showed it to Rose, she, with that perspicuity in all pertaining to household matters, which was one of her characteristics, at a glance perceived that whole series of articles of plate and china were wanting, and that, in fact, there was not enough of anything for comfort. Fortunately, she had also the talent of discovering how best to supply the deficiencies. The good folks of the hotel promised to find her a good plain woman cook, who would be willing to assist in the general work of the house, and a man, who should unite the offices of groom, coachman, and gardener. They also undertook the purchase of a gig and horse, if none could be found to hire ; but to do either the one or the other would necessarily take a little time. Nor did their active obligingness stop at doing what they were requested to do : innumerable were the little unasked-for services they rendered to the young couple. To quote only one instance ; it was through them that Vincenzo heard of an excellent piano, the owner of which, being about to make a long journey, was inclined to hire it out, could he only be sure of his instrument being in good hands. Vincenzo did his utmost so to arrange the interior of the Bower, that Rose should miss, at least, as few as possible of the familiar objects by which she had been

surrounded in the Palace ; and not a little time and ingenuity did he spend in hunting after some particular sort of work-table and chair to match, and cushions, footstools, and bookstands, such as might remind her in some degree of those she had left behind her. Rose was fond of birds, and had had an aviary at the Palace. Too straitened by time to have one in readiness for her arrival at the Bower, Vincenzo bethought him of a substitute, and, by dint of searching, lighted on a large and elegant cage, in shape like a pagoda ; and this he filled with every kind of tame bird which money could procure. Thanks to the Ferrolliets and Ambrogio's indefatigable exertions, a few days sufficed to put Rose's Bower in a fit condition to receive its new inmates ; and, in less than a week from their first sight of it, Signor and Signora Candia were installed there. Rose expressed her satisfaction with all the arrangements ; and, as she stood in the little balcony, gazing upon the purple-tinted woods (trees were the features in a landscape Rose most admired), she exclaimed—

"Oh ! what a relief to rest one's eyes on something else than the walls of houses, and to have some other perfume than that of a stable yard. It is like passing from purgatory to paradise—a comparative paradise, I mean."

"Let us hope that time may change it from comparative to positive," said Vincenzo ; "a transformation, believe me, dear, which goodwill can do much to effect."

Vincenzo, it must be owned, had reckoned a little on some acknowledgment, if not on some compliments, on his considerate choice of the several pieces of furniture which he intended should remind her of former familiar objects, and which he hoped might, to a certain extent, console her for the strangeness of a new home—expectations, however, doomed to be disappointed. Rose, indeed, noticed the pretty cage full of birds, and seemed highly pleased with it, but without any more idea of attributing the merit of

its being there to any living soul, than if it had fallen from the clouds. So Vincenzo had to rest contented with virtue as its own reward.

Not so, though, when, a few days later, he ushered Marianna into his wife's presence. Rose well remembered having expressed a wish for her favourite maid, and easily traced the link between the utterance of the wish and its accomplishment. Accordingly, she did say on this occasion, "How good Vincenzo was," and actually spontaneously kissed him, and fondly too. Vincenzo felt lifted into the seventh heaven; he had learned to be grateful for the least caress. Rose in her softest mood was chary of such, even of words of endearment. To the best of her husband's recollection, never had she been so demonstrative since the day of his consenting to leave Florence at her request.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PROMISING PROSPECTS.

ON the whole things went on better at Rose's Bower than Vincenzo had anticipated. Rose was daily becoming more accustomed, and also more reconciled to the new life which the requirements of her husband's professional career had imposed on her. Besides, it could not be denied, that she found in her present residence many of the same interests and pleasures which she had had at Rumelli. There was plenty of fresh air, a rich vegetation, fine prospects; here as there she had her birds and flowers. She was at liberty to stroll about when and how she liked in the garden or the surrounding vineyards; she had ample leisure for chit-chats with Marianna; her days were undisturbed by sight-seeing; and, to crown all, she had all the delights of housekeeping. The uncontrolled management devolved on her; and, owing to the distance from Chambery, there was just sufficient difficulty in obtaining provisions and other necessities, to excite all the young matron's energy, and to tickle her sense

of self-importance. Rose was very proud of her management of domestic affairs—and, with reason, for she did it to perfection.

On the day following the Sunday on which Signora Candia had made her first appearance at the neat parish church, the curé called at the Bower. He could speak Italian tolerably, and nothing could be more flattering than his self-gratulations on the acquisition of his new parishioners; he added, how happy his mother would be to make the acquaintance of so charming a neighbour as the Signora. Rose immediately volunteered the first visit, was much prepossessed by the old lady's manner, and, from that moment, a pleasant intercourse was established between the Parsonage and the Bower. This was, indeed, but the beginning of a series of agreeable acquaintances; for Rose, as a matter of course, met at the curé's house the ladies, of the principal parishioners—of a country squire, a retired captain, an architect, and a government official. People who live in the country are in general inclined to be sociable, more especially at the approach of winter. Thus it came about that visits were very soon exchanged between the old settlers and the new arrivals. At first the pleasure of these visits had its drop of gall for Rose. There was the difficulty of understanding and being understood; but this inconvenience gradually diminished, and, before the end of the month, Rose knew enough of French to understand all that was said, and to make herself understood, but in so odd a way of her own, that it often severely taxed the politeness of her visitors to suppress a laugh at her expense. Rose was quite conscious of her deficiency; indeed, she made it a plea for positively declining to accompany her husband in any of his town calls. Yet she would take no pains to improve herself. Vincenzo did what he could for her, by reading French aloud every evening, translating as he read; at her own request, he taught her the names of articles in daily use, but to this was limited all her

study of the language. She would not hear of learning any rules of grammar, or of reading to herself; in fact, Rose seldom opened a book, and, if urged by her husband to do so, would ask, What was the use? Almost all the books she had ever looked into were dull—and, as for newspapers, it was sheer loss of time to read them, for there was no believing one word in them.

"But, my dear girl," Vincenzo had answered, "among much that may be false, I assure you that, even in the poorest daily paper, you will always find a fund of information; at all events, a French journal would be most valuable to you, as it contains just the phrases which are commonly used in conversation."

Rose tried one, was disgusted by the first difficulty, the first necessity for a dictionary, and never again took up another.

Signora Candia, not having confessed for two months, stood in need of a confessor and spiritual director; she, as was natural, requested that the curé would accept her as one of his penitents. The curé demurred—alleging, as the cause of his hesitation, his doubt whether he should be the right man for that office; accustomed as he was to deal with rustics, he feared he might be too rough a hand for her. He ended by saying,

"I wish you would talk this matter over with my mother. She has a good deal of experience, and a sort of intuition on these subjects. She will single out at a glance the confessor most suitable for you; if she decides on me, I shall be most willing to undertake your spiritual direction."

The old lady, however, judged that her son would not do. The man for Signora Candia, was Père Zacharie, the confessor of the nuns of the *Sacré Cœur*. He certainly had more to do already than he could well manage; but she would speak to him, and, perhaps, her recommendation might induce him to receive Signora Candia as one of his penitents. Père Zacharie was a Capuchin monk, highly and deservedly renowned for learning, eloquence, and piety; he

had the greatest veneration for the mother of the curé, and, out of regard for her, came on certain great occasions to preach in the neat little church. His being a Capuchin was a winning card. If the reader recollects, Rose's first spiritual director, the late Father Terenziano, had been a Capuchin. And then, a confessor chosen by Madame (as the curé's mother was called by Antonomasia)—that is, by a venerable woman whom Rose considered as a saint—could not be otherwise than accepted as a saint.

Rose's natural interest in the doings of the little church and parish waxed warmer and warmer the more she was initiated into the wants of both. The parish church was poor, the curé's salary very small, the services of the church performed in a very modest manner. Seeing this, Rose asked as a favour to be allowed to make some donations which might in some slight degree contribute to the splendour of the display on fête days; for instance, might she present a new stole or cope, an altar cover, or some tall tapers. The permission given, she used it largely. Every Sunday, she regularly sent fresh flowers to adorn the chapel of the Holy Virgin, and on certain Church festivals provided the *pain bénî* distributed on such occasions among the congregation. It soon came to be acknowledged throughout the parish that Signora Candia's flowers were the freshest and rarest ever bestowed on the church, her *pain bénî* the largest and best made. Competition gave these little triumphs a zest, such as Rose had never known, and could never have known, at Rumelli, where no one ever so much as dreamed of vying with her. Madame openly spoke of her as a benefactress of the church, and, when a few days of biting cold made charitably-inclined people turn their thoughts to the rigours of impending winter, and to the consequent wants of the poor, Madame had her young Italian friend, as she called her, made a member of a local committee of ladies, established for the purpose of supplying food, clothes, and fuel, to the sick and indigent of the vicinity. Signora Candia going on

her rounds of charity was a pleasant sight to see—tripping along with blooming cheeks and eyes bright with earnest good-will, from cottage to cottage, into the poorest huts and hovels, making herself acquainted with the necessities of the occupants with the view of having their names put down on the lists for relief. Such was the proud position to which, in scarcely more than two months, our Chatelaine of Rumelli had, through her own merits, attained ; a position so satisfactory to her that it prompted the answer she made to Vincenzo, who, as December drew near, asked whether she would not prefer to pass the cold months in Chambéry. “No ; she preferred remaining where she was unless he found it too inconvenient for his affairs.”

Vincenzo was not likely to see any shadow of a shade of inconvenience to himself where his wife's wishes were concerned, and so it was agreed between them that they should spend the winter in their present quarters. Vincenzo would, to say all the truth, have willingly walked through wind and rain all the winters of his life if by so doing he could have secured the continuation of Rose's present happy mood. After the difficulty he had had to separate her from Rumelli, after all the qualms of doubt and despair he had endured during the week of their sojourn at Chambéry, to have chanced upon this quiet haven, and to see his wife accommodate herself to the change of home so easily and gracefully, was a piece of good luck for which he could never be thankful enough. He believed that now at last the main obstruction in the road of his future career was definitively removed. Independently of this great benefit, and of the mutual good understanding springing from it, Rose's success in the circle in which she was moving flattered Vincenzo both as a lover and a fervently admiring husband. Not that he nursed the least illusion as to the nature of the influences which were likely to be brought to bear on her. Vincenzo was by this time sufficiently acquainted with the *carte du pays* to be aware that the wind which blew from the Parsonage and

the surrounding villas—and he might even add from the houses in Chambéry where he visited—was not loaded with over friendly messages to the country from which he came, or to the Government he served. The walls of the little drawing-room of Rose's Bower had too often rung with the wrongs and grievances of Savoy, all imputed to Piedmont, to permit of his ignoring the political bias of his wife's friends. The curé complained that the Government was systematically hostile to religion and its ministers ; the half-pay officer loudly asserted that Savoyard blood and money went to further objects antagonistic to Savoyard interests ; the country gentleman declared that the weight of taxation had become unbearable, in fact, swallowed up all the rent of the land ; the *employé* affirmed that all good places in the Administration were bestowed on Piedmontese ; the engineer, that in so poor a country as Savoy the public works ought to be on a large scale, in order to provide work for the labouring classes. What did it matter to Savoyards whether the Austrians were at Milan or not ? That which did matter to them was that bread should be cheap ! The variety and comprehensiveness of these strictures excuse us from entering into their refutation. None but a blindly insane Government could act in a way to deserve them. Yet that such opinions should be commonly held goes far to prove the breadth and depth of the split between the two countries. It was not any special act or series of acts which was blamed and opposed, but the whole system of government. Nor did this opposition come from the aristocracy or clergy alone—it was pretty general in all classes ; nor did it date from yesterday—it was of the same age as the Statuto ; at least it found utterance at the birth of the liberty of the press guaranteed by the Statuto.

Savoy, ever since 1848, had been a clog on the wheels of constitutional Piedmont. In spite of the strenuous efforts of a liberal minority, Savoy had sent to Turin, with a few brilliant exceptions, a compact phalanx of ultracon-

servative deputies—all of them clever, accomplished men, some even unusually gifted with eloquence, but far less solicitous for the interests of liberty than for the privileges of the nuns of the *Sacré Cœur* and those of the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, far less anxious for Italian independence than for economy, far more indifferent to the present than to the past. For this divergence between the aims and feelings of the two countries, many good reasons could be assigned. We prefer to mention only one, which to us appears to comprise them all; and that is, the difference of nationality and, consequently, of centre of attraction. It was in the nature of things that, the more Piedmont gravitated towards Italy—which, ever since 1848 she had been doing with accelerated speed—the more would Savoy incline towards France. How was it possible that the two countries, pulling in contrary directions, should draw the ear of Government well together?

All this Vincenzo knew, and much more, which we leave untold; for, together with his public appointment, he had received from his patron, the Minister, a confidential mission. This was to study the state of Savoy, to trace the causes of dissatisfaction to their origin, and, having gained this insight, to propose such remedies as he might deem efficacious, making the whole the subject of a confidential report. To facilitate this task, which he carefully fulfilled, Vincenzo had been furnished with letters of introduction to many notable citizens of all ranks and of every political hue. On these persons we know that he called alone—his wife declining any acquaintances, save those which could not possibly be avoided, on the plea of her ignorance of the French language. The growing disaffection of Savoy was, indeed, one of the most serious pre-occupations of the Turin Cabinet.

Well, then, knowing the ground and its dangers, as he did, Vincenzo could yet do little, in fact, next to nothing, to protect Rose against them. Could he interfere with her choice of a confessor? or could he lay any embargo on her

pleasant intercourse with the inmates of the Parsonage? Even had he possessed the right and the power so to do—and he did not feel that he had either—he would assuredly have lacked the inclination for any such interference. After all, this hornet's nest was not of her seeking but of his; and how could he grudge her anything that mitigated a situation which in itself involved a daily self-sacrifice on her part? All that he could or would do, was to place the antidote by the side of the poison, and that he did by invariably upholding what he believed to be the right cause stoutly and fearlessly, whenever it was attacked in Rose's presence. Bearing in mind the intense anti-Piedmontese hue of the opinions of most of the visitors at Rose's Bower, opportunities for Vincenzo's championship were not rare—but latterly, unless forced to do so, he seldom spoke on politics; never *ex professo*, when *tête-à-tête* with his wife, as he had done during the honeymoon.

Under the pressure of what subtle agencies had he thus renounced his first plan of active propagandism with Rose, and adopted a merely defensive line of tactics? This was more than he himself could have explained—he was probably scarcely aware of so complete a change. Men are apt to receive impressions and unconsciously to modify their views accordingly, without being exactly sensible of the fact. It is besides not improbable that a clever fellow like Vincenzo might have come to feel, after six months of marriage, the imperviousness of Rose's mind to any new ideas, and that he should instinctively recoil from perilling a situation, happy beyond all hope, by intruding any such upon her. Add to this, that his leisure for giving private instruction was much circumscribed; he saw much less of his wife now than he had done at any previous time. From ten in the morning till four in the afternoon he was at his office; and in the evening they had often visitors, and, when that was not the case, he had the materials for his private report to arrange. Whatever the cause or causes at work, what is sure

is, that Vincenzo no longer practically pursued the project he had once so warmly cherished, of creating between himself and his wife a community of views upon certain cardinal points.

Perhaps also regret upon this head was somewhat neutralised by another disappointment ; this was a conviction he could no longer resist of the singular absence of all passion in his wife's nature. That she loved him as much as she was capable of loving, he had not the least doubt ; but that *much* was too little for the cravings of his ardent soul. The same smooth brow and placid smile welcomed his return at their usual dinner hour, or at midnight, when he had been detained in town hours later than she had any reason to expect. Rose never showed any of those childlike impatiences or anxieties—shall we venture further ?—never had any of those delightfully absurd fits of jealousy without any cause, which will now and then seize on the heart of a newly-married young woman. She never felt the want of those gently-whispered effusions of the soul, which hallow the twilight, nor of those still more expressive silences to which lovers are prone, as, hand clasped in hand, they watch the moon climbing the heavens. Not that she did not accommodate herself to her husband's moods and whims very graciously. He had only to say, "Come here, my little treasure, and let us have a talk," and she would at once sit down by his side, put her hand in his, and listen by the hour to the oft-repeated tale of the mingled joy and terror which had nearly choked him, when, by a well-meant indiscretion of Barnaby's, he first discovered that he was over head and ears in love with her, or of the agony of despair with which, after confessing his passion to her father, he had turned his back, as he thought, for ever, on the Palace ; she would also readily saunter with him on a moonlight evening in the garden, echo his admiration of the gentle luminary, humouring his poetic enthusiasm to the best of her power ; but no soul-stirring emotion heaved her bosom, moistened her eyelids, or trembled in her voice.

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This want of responsive feeling in one so beloved, the severance from love's exalted joys which it entailed upon him, could not but clip Vincenzo's happiness, though without reaching its root. Vincenzo possessed one of those buoyant natures which hope against hope, and it was long ere he could or would admit to himself that the case was a desperate one. Rose, he argued, might have within her a mine of passion, which only needed the right circumstance to reveal its riches. He had read of positive wonders worked by a very natural crisis in the lives of young married women. And he already had visions of Rose, the same and yet transformed, Rose bending over a rosy thing in a cozy cradle, looking from the child to the father with eyes full of newly awakened passionate earnestness.

And, even should this picture of the future never be realized, Vincenzo had no lack of arguments wherewith fairly to reconcile himself to his lot, such as it was. Taken altogether, it was surely an enviable one. Was not a calm, steady, always equable affection, better calculated to secure a man's happiness, especially if that man's life was one of study and labour, than the fits and starts of passion ? Such were the reasons for contentment with which young Candia's elastic spirits long furnished him. Nature willed it so, that he might the better accomplish the task for which he was destined. It is rarely found that Nature does not force all other claims to yield to the ruling tendency of the individual character. Now, Study had become Vincenzo's ruling tendency, and Politics his favourite study—not politics in their abstract, but in their practical application. His inclination had always pointed that way, though never so decidedly as of late. The ease with which he had mastered the question entrusted to him to elucidate, the keen interest, nay, positive delight with which he worked at it, the ready solutions which seemed to crowd upon him, had given the young Consigliere a revelation of his peculiar and decided aptitude for this branch of study. The sense of his own

powers in this respect had awakened a corresponding feeling of self-reliance, heightening his honest ambition to prove of use to his country. Perhaps the ardour of his nature, having been partly checked in love, had turned with redoubled intensity into this other channel.

Piedmont was just emerging from a period of patient preparation and incubation into one of activity. The master-mind of Cavour, which was now presiding over its destinies, had pretty nearly succeeded in inaugurating that policy of action and progress—as he designated it—the aim of which was to win for the little sub-Alpine State the sympathies and confidence of all Italy. The great statesman was now engaged laying the foundations of those foreign alliances without which the achievement of Italian independence was all but hopeless. Two of the Government's boldest measures were yet to come—the one for the suppression of a certain number of convents, and the better distribution by the State of the revenues of the clergy; the second for a treaty of alliance with the Western Powers, and the active participation of Sardinia in the war in the East. To both of these bills—to the first especially—a strenuous opposition was anticipated, in and out of the walls of Parliament; and their being brought

forward was confidently looked upon by the leaders of the extreme parties as the signal for the overthrow of the Cavour cabinet. The defeat of either of these bills—being, as they were, cabinet questions—of necessity involved the resignation of the Ministry and the accession to power of the Opposition. Passions ran high, and the issue of the contest appeared doubtful. Cavour, it must be recollected, had not yet attained that preponderance which only a year after carried everything before it.

Vincenzo was a passionate admirer of Cavour and his policy, whose triumph or downfall was, in our hero's eyes, tantamount to the triumph or downfall of the national cause. This being so, we can form an estimate of the keen anxiety with which he watched and weighed the signs of the times, and the chances *pro* and *con*, of the impending struggle. Had Rose's husband drawn an omen from the colour of the opinions of those he habitually associated with, he would have despaired of success; but he relied on the patriotism and good sense of his countrymen on the other side of the Alps, and his torch of hope burned brightly.

Such, then, were the interests, occupations, and tempers of mind of our young couple at the beginning of the month of December.

To be continued.

CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"CHILDREN of Israel." The phrase bears one meaning when we see it in our Bibles, and another quite distinct and opposite when we use it of the very same people of whom we there read—that extraordinary people who remain to the present day, living witnesses alike to Christian and to atheist, that there may be some truth in that curious old Book which contains the history of their nation, the warning and subse-

quent records of its fall, and the prophecies of its final restoration.

Children of Israel. Let me premise a few words about them. Once, remarking to a very worthy and exceedingly religious lady of my acquaintance that I had been to visit a Jewish school,—“O!” said she: and within the circle of that magical letter was expressed a whole volume of surprise, pity, and even a certain amount of blame. As she

and I never should have agreed in our opinions, and our arguments would have been like those of the two knights over the double-sided shield, I quitted the subject immediately.

But it led me to ponder a good deal on the reasons why there is, and the secondary question, whether there ought to be, so strong a feeling still kept up among large masses of Christians against the Jews. Not merely against their faith, but personally against themselves. True, we do not now, like our mediæval ancestors, make raids into their dwellings, attack their flesh with pincers, bent on extracting teeth or money. We neither confine them within the limits of miserable *ghettos*, nor refuse them the protection of our laws. Nay, we are gradually allowing them to enter into professions, and take their fitting share in the machinery of the State. But, privately and socially, the sentiment of not a few of us towards them is much as it was in Shakspeare's time.

Excellent Will—in spite of his noble protest, "Hath not a Jew eyes?" &c.—wrung, as it were, out of his own manly honest nature, which not all the prejudices of his time would wholly subdue—did a cruel wrong to a whole nation when he painted the character of *Shylock*. Yet, in spite of himself, the poet, like many an intelligent actor succeeding, has contrived to put some grand touches into the poor old Jew. Mean as he was, you cannot but feel that the Christians were meaner—that they returned evil for evil in most unchristian fashion; encouraged swindling trickery, and domestic abduction, in a way that was not likely to advance their creed in an adversary's eyes: and even when *Doctor Portia's* quibble triumphs, and *Shylock* is dismissed to ignominy, the most excited playgoer cannot but be aware, in that uncomfortable portion of his being called Conscience, of a slight twinge—suggesting that two wrongs will never make a right; and that a certain amount of injustice has been done to the miserable old man, cheated at once out of "his ducats and his

daughter," nay, of the very ring that "he had from Leah when he was a bachelor."

Far be it from any one of us, earnest believers in whatever we do believe, to allege that creeds signify nothing: that Jew and Christian, Brahmin and Musulman, have an equal amount of truth on their side, and can harmonize perfectly; working and walking together like those who are entirely agreed. The thing is impossible. In all the closest relations of life there must be, on vital points, sympathy and union—at least as much as is possible in this diverse world, where Providence never makes two faces exactly alike, nor two leaves on the same tree of the same pattern. But He does make each tree "after its own kind," and each nation or person also; and it is the best wisdom of us all to seek and keep to our similarities, rather than our opposites. The grand harmonies of life are produced by us all holding firmly our own individuality—keeping *in tune* ourselves, without intruding discordantly upon the individualities of our neighbours. And when we find it distinctly written, "*In every nation he that feareth God, and working righteousness, is accepted of Him,*" we dare not judge our brother, who, for all we know, may be "accepted" as well as we.

Besides, is there not something unfilially profane—like the act of a man who delights in trampling on the graves of his forefathers—in the intense dislike entertained by many good Christians towards Jews? They may be, perhaps always might have been, a race no higher than other races, and inferior to some; but they are an eternal testimony to the truth of Holy Writ: the keepers of the Divine revelations of old. From them, and them alone, came the belief in one God, that in its sublime verity has outlived all pantheisms and polytheisms, and become a river of eternal life, which, however the corruptions of successive ages may have dammed it up, defiled it, diverted it into petty and ignoble channels, has flowed on, and will flow, to the end of time.

Surely it is strange—passing sad and strange—that the same excellent Christians who sing the Psalms of David, and believe implicitly in the Mosaic, historical, and prophetic books of the Hebrew Scriptures, should not feel a solemn interest in the veriest long-nosed, cunning-eyed Hebrew who goes down our streets chanting his melancholy monotone, “Old clo’, old clo’!” Is he not a perpetual monument of the dealings of the God of the Old Testament? Is not he, too, a son of Abraham? There must have been some extraordinary twist in the mind of that good lady who is reported to have said, looking at Holman Hunt’s picture of the Finding of Christ in the Temple, “Dear me! how exceedingly profane! the painter has made our Blessed Saviour *exactly like a little Jew boy!*”

But enough of this. The days of religious persecution are over: we are coming to a belief that if truth be truth, it will prevail, without being propagated by fire and sword. Liberty of conscience—that right of every human being to serve God in his own way, provided that in so doing he does not trench on the rights of his neighbours—is every day more understood. The world has crept out of its swaddling-clothes, has survived the tumults of its impetuous youth, and is slowly growing into the full stature of manhood, as was meant by its Divine Creator. The law of reasonable, open-eyed duty is substituted for that of blind obedience—the religion of love for that of fear—the worship of the spirit for that of outward forms. And this—let us urge upon those of our Hebrew brethren who still deny it—is our Christianity—the truth which originated with the Christian Messiah—which, though taught apparently by one poor carpenter’s son and twelve ignorant fishermen, has proved itself sufficiently Divine to revolutionize the whole world.

Believing in this truth—and that the children of Israel will see it one day, as well as many a Gentile, more hopelessly blind than they—we need not shrink from visiting twenty Jewish schools, nor from holding out the warm hand of

fellowship and sincere respect to those who support them—even though, as many bigoted religionists would say, they have “denied the Lord.” Denied Him, in a sense; yet not more so than many of those same religionists who think that they only know Him, and that all the rest of the world are doomed to eternal darkness and perdition. Surely, a far deeper faith is that which believes He is able to justify Himself, and manifest His own glory, as He is doing every day in His own way and time.

Christians generally know so little of the inner life of Jews, that they are unaware how very much of the Christian element has introduced itself gradually and imperceptibly into modern Judaism; not only as regards social possibilities, but in modes of thinking; in a general, liberal, enlightened tone of mind, which has grown up among them since wiser legislation allowed that a Jew might be fit for something better than making money by old clothes or usury. The once-despised nation has lifted up its head, and shown what an extraordinary amount of latent power still lurks in the seed of Abraham, only wanting proper cultivation to find its fair level among the races of the earth. And though we may not agree with Disraeli, that every wonderful genius—musical, artistic, histrionic, or literary—must be either a Jew, or of Jewish descent, still, that a great number are—is undeniable.

In this imperfect world we can only judge men by their deeds, and things by their results—clinging to and upholding good wherever we find it, knowing the Source from whence alone all good can come; and therefore I think many devout Christians would be interested to hear of this school, concerning which my friend—who, I repeat, is a most generous-hearted and religious woman—gave such a doubtful, if not condemnatory, “O!”

It is the Jewish Free School, at Bell Lane, Spitalfields, London—the very heart of the Jewish quarter, and therefore comparatively little known to us Gentiles. You approach it through a wilderness of narrow and not over-sani-

tary streets, over every shop of which are inscribed such names as Salomans, Levi, Jacobs, Emanuel; while peering out of every door are faces—I must own, rather grimy—bearing the unmistakable Jewish physiognomy, as it is after centuries of degradation. They stare at you in unmitigated curiosity, as wondering what on earth you are doing there; unless you happen to come in a carriage, and then they break out into grinning welcome, for they know that no carriages are likely to pass down those foul and narrow streets, except those of the wealthy and charitable among their own people. Some of these—so well known that I do not need to name them—gentle-hearted women, of gentle breeding, go about among the dark haunts of Houndsditch and Spitalfields as familiarly as City missionaries, devoting time, thought, and substance, in almost unlimited degree, to the poor and miserable of their nation; providing schooling, clothing, food; visiting from house to house the sick and the dying, and carrying on a system of unobtrusive, deliberate, personal benevolence, to an extent that would put to shame thousands of us, who consider ourselves followers of Him who said, “Go out into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in.”

Entering the school, the first impression is that of passing into an entirely new world, or rather the ancient world revived. Such a sound of strange tongues—for every child is taught Hebrew as well as English; such a mass of strange, foreign features, from the strongly-marked, sallow, almond-eyed Asiatic countenance, such as, variously modified, we may trace on Egyptian sculptures and Nineveh marbles, down to what we are accustomed to class as “the regular Jewish face,” with long nose, sharp, beady eyes, full mouth—as little like the original type, in its purity, as the St. Giles’s Irishwoman is to the thoroughbred Celt.

Great as was the mixture, and low the class, of these children of Israel, there were among them faces that absolutely startled one by their beauty:

little Rachels, Abigails, Hannahs; youthful Samuels, Davids, and Isaacs—faces that you might have pictured playing about under the palm-trees of Mesopotamia; or else, in their half-melancholy sweetness, sitting by the waters of Babylon, trying in vain to “sing the Lord’s song in a strange land.” Nay, so fine was the expression of some of them, that they might have sat as models for Holman Hunt’s “little Jew-boy”—as divine a child’s face as ever was painted by mortal man.

So much for the artistic and poetic phase in which the school first presented itself. Now to give some idea of its practical workings.

Its 1,860 children are divided into three schools—infants, girls, and boys; the two latter being again subdivided into classes, the higher ones studying in separate class-rooms; while the juniors are taught together in large, lofty school-rooms, of which the boys’ is shortly to be enlarged, being found quite inadequate for the number of pupils who attend.

But to the infants first. As all must allow, the ideal infant-school is a village-common or field. One would always rather see the little people cramming their hands with massacred daisies than their heads with the alphabet. But we must take what we can get: and to see these tiny creatures, well washed, well fed, well looked after, in a warm and admirably ventilated room, was far better than to meet them crawling about London streets, run over by cabs and omnibuses, or burnt to death in locked-up rooms. Probably their learning—which was shouted out in true infant-school chorus, following the instructions of a twelve-year-old damsel, with a gigantic “A B C” board and a wand—is not so deep as to endanger the health of the young students; and, I was glad to hear, they are allowed an almost unlimited amount of play.

The girls’ schoolroom, in which the pupils number 800, is ingeniously divided into compartments; every alternate compartment being occupied by a sewing-class, so that the noise of those

who are being taught orally is comparatively little disturbing to the rest. Hebrew, of course, forms a part of the instruction; but, as a curious involuntary indication of the different position of women in olden times, of which the shadowy reflection still remains in this school, it is not thought necessary to teach the girls more than what enables them to say their prayers—which must always be said in the original tongue—by rote. The boys acquire the language, as a language; the girls, merely the pronunciation, though they have the general sense of the prayers explained to them by an English translation. Still, grand as it sounds—this majestic Hebrew—the Hebrew of Moses and the prophets—we Christians felt that we would rather have the simple heart-cry of the poorest Christian child, who has been taught to say “Our Father, which art in heaven,” or, “Pray, God, bless ‘papa and mamma, and make me a good ‘child!’”—ay, even though it dwindles down to the ridiculous, or sublime, prayer of infantile faith, “Please, God, cure ‘poor mamma’s headache, and give ‘me a new doll to-morrow.” Therein lies the great difference between the Jewish and Christian dispensations—the relation of God to us as *the Father*—not only the King, the Lawgiver, the just and righteous Judge, but the loving Father—as revealed in latter days through the revelation of Jesus Christ.

It was impossible to go through these classes of girls, both in the general schoolroom and the lesser rooms, without noticing how exceedingly well taught they were: solid teaching, in which the reflective powers, as well as the memory, were called into exercise. Though in each instance of our visits it was no planned examination, but an accidental breaking in upon the routine of the class, their answers rarely failed. In history, geography, grammar, dictation, they seemed equally at home. Their reading was especially good; and any one who can appreciate the difficulties of a Cockney accent added to that of the lowest English and foreign Jews,

will understand how surprising and refreshing it was to come upon *h*’s and *r*’s always put in their right places. This is, doubtless, mainly owing to the care and superior education of the headmistress and her subordinates; some of them, who, like the others, had entered the school, not even knowing their alphabet, were as intelligent, lady-like young people as one could wish to behold. I saw one or two lithe graceful figures, soft gazelle eyes, and exquisitely-shaped mouths, that irresistibly reminded me of Rebekah at the well, or Rachel when Jacob kissed her and served for her seven years; “and they ‘seemed to him but a few days, for the ‘love he had to her.”

Besides needlework, cooking, laundry, and housework are taught to the girls, successive relays being taken out of the schoolroom to be initiated in those indispensable home-duties which are worth all the learning in the world to women. Perhaps these little descendants of Sarai and Rebekah are none the worse for being given less actual learning than the boys, and taught to imitate their wise ancestresses in being able to “make cakes upon the hearth,” and “prepare savoury meat” such as many a man besides poor old blind Isaac would secretly acknowledge that “his soul loveth.” The eight hundred little black-eyed maidens who are to grow up mothers in Israel may effect no small reformation in the nation, by being able satisfactorily to wash their husbands’ clothes and cook their sons’ dinners.

The general schoolroom of the boys is much larger than that of the girls: in fact, it consists of two rooms, communicating by a sliding door, and capable of being made into one large area, which yearly, on the Day of Atonement, is used as a temporary synagogue, and accommodates nearly 3,000 worshippers. Even this space is not now sufficient for the number of boys who attend. Undoubtedly, there must be an intense love of learning in the children of Israel; for many of these lads, some of whom enter the school without even a knowledge of

the alphabet, come daily a distance of four, five, and six miles, from all the suburban quarters of London. It was strange to see them—not, I must confess, quite so clean and wholesome and nice-looking as the girls, but with sharp, dark, acute faces—poring over their books and slates, or else sitting in rows, with their caps on, headed by a teacher who was also covered, repeating, *ore rotundo*, lessons or prayers in the sacred language; for they are all obliged to learn A, B, C, and Aleph, Beth, Gimel together. This of itself shows how much vitality the school must possess. What would be thought of one of the English national schools, or even the Scottish parochial schools—where the educational standard is much higher—at which it was expected that the children of mechanics or farm-labourers should study Greek and English at the same time?

The exceeding discipline maintained among these small sons of Jacob (doubtless by nature as unruly as their forefathers whom Moses struggled with at the waters of strife) was very remarkable. At a signal from the head-master, all the hundreds of lads sank instantaneously into the most profound silence, which lasted until another signal bade them recommence their tasks—with a noise astonishingly like Babel.

Like the girls, the boys' senior classes have rooms to themselves. Here their education is carried on to a pitch which has enabled some of them to enter as undergraduates, and take their degree at the London University. The school has also been placed under Government inspection, and the Government system of certificated pupil-teachers is successfully carried out. These have extra classes, under the instruction of the indefatigable head-master; so that the establishment answers all the purposes of a normal school. Two scholarships are established; one in commemoration of the emancipation of the Jews—of which the last year's examination papers in grammar, geography, history, Hebrew, social economy, arithmetic, algebra, Euclid, and natural philosophy, are enough to drive an ordinary Gentile head to distraction.

There are also two annual prizes in money, given in memory of deceased supporters of the school; and a gift of fifty pounds has been bestowed yearly upon the cleverest, most diligent, and well-conducted girl in the establishment, by Sir Moses Montefiore, in remembrance of his late much-lamented wife. Such charities, which make the beloved memory of the dead a perpetual blessing to the living, might well invite us Christians to imitate these generous-hearted, wisely benevolent Jews. It prevented one's smiling at a fact, that could not but be noticed in going from class to class of these very sharp boys, that their chief sharpness seemed to lie in figures. They did everything else uncommonly well: wrote from dictation a somewhat unintelligible poem of Shelley's with scarcely an orthographical error; answered geographical questions and a long catechism on the principle of direct and indirect taxation, in a manner that showed their intelligent comprehension of the whole subject; but, when it came to arithmetic, they took to it like ducks to the water. In lengthy and involved mental calculations, the acuteness of these young Israelites was something quite preternatural. You felt that they were capable of "spoiling the Egyptians" to any extent, not necessarily by any dishonesty, but, simply by the force of natural genius. And charity—which would always rather see the bright than the dark side of an acknowledged fact—might well pause to consider whether that astonishing faculty for amassing and retaining wealth, which is attributed to the Jewish community, may not arise quite as much from this inherent faculty for figures, added to the cautious acuteness which an oppressed race must always learn, as from other and meaner qualities which exist no less in us than in the Hebrews.

The less abstruse and more superficially refining branches of education are not neglected. In the highest class the boys are taught drawing, and vocal music from notes—also physiology as applied to health. Poor things, they

must have small opportunity of converting their theory into practice! But one of the most noticeable points of the school was the exceeding attention evidently paid to the two most important necessities of youthful well-being in physical and consequently mental development—cleanliness and ventilation. In this low Spitalfields—this worst of all bad neighbourhoods—it was something wonderful to pass from room to room, and feel the air perfectly pure and wholesome, though with no more complicated system of ventilation than that very simple one which so few people can be got to understand—namely, of windows *always* kept a little way open at the top, so as to produce a gentle but thorough current—not a draught—above the children's heads. These little heads were well kempt, the faces clean washed, and the clothes decent, or at least well mended. To each boy and girl is presented annually, by the bounty of the Rothschild family, certain habiliments to help out the poor wardrobe, those of the girls being fabricated by themselves, in the hour each day which is devoted to sewing. There are made also, from the same source, occasional additions to the scanty dinners which each pupil brings, or is supposed to bring. But these charities are carefully administered, so that in no case should the self-reliance and self-respect, which are the greatest safeguard of the poor, be broken in upon by indiscriminate or dangerous benevolence.

The pupil-teachers also, many of whom must necessarily know painfully the hard struggle it is for a girl to maintain a respectable and even lady-like appearance upon an income smaller than that of many domestic servants, receive annually, from the same generous hand, a serviceable, pretty dress: less as a bounty than as a kindly acknowledgment from the higher woman to the lower, of how exceedingly valuable is all true service in all stations of life. The cordial sympathy between the committee and the teachers, the ease of their relationship, and the heartiness with which all laboured together, in the

bond of a common interest and common faith, was one of the pleasantest facts noticeable in the institution.

But I think I have said enough about this remarkable school, which, neither asking nor expecting any support from the general community, confines its workings strictly to its own nation. To judge by the results since its foundation in 1817, when it opened with 270 boys, "to be instructed in Hebrew" and English reading and writing, "and the rudiments of arithmetic," its influence must be very great, and yearly increasing. How far it will aid, or is meant by Providence to aid, in that climax of the world's history believed in alike by Jew and Gentile—Sir Moses Montefiore and Dr. Cumming—when the chosen people shall be all gathered together at the Holy City, is impossible to say. God works less by miraculous than by natural means, and it may be that the blindness shall be taken from the eyes of the children of Israel, not by a sudden revelation, but by the gradual growth of their nation, through the great remover of darkness and prejudice—education. Who can tell how soon they may be gathered, in the most simple and natural way, from all corners of the earth whither the Lord has driven them, and brought to Jerusalem "upon horses, and "in chariots, and in litters, and upon "mules, and upon swift beasts," or as Dr. Cumming insists the original word *Kurkaroth* should be translated) "upon chariots revolving with the swiftness of the clouds," which may probably—odd as the coincidence sounds—indicate the newly-planned Syrian railways.

At any rate, whatever be their future destiny, it was impossible, without a strangely solemn feeling, to contemplate the growing-up generation of this marvellous people, who, amidst all His chastisements, have held so firmly to their faith in the One Jehovah, and in His servant Moses. And when, having gone through the school, we paused again in the girls' schoolroom to hear their chanting—in which the well-known

richness of the Jewish voice was very perceptible—we could not listen without emotion to the long drawn-out, mystical music, which may have been sung in the Temple before King David, of the Twenty-ninth Psalm :

“Give unto the LORD, O ye mighty,
“give unto the LORD glory and strength.

“Give unto the LORD the glory due
“unto His name : worship the LORD in
“the beauty of holiness.

“The voice of the LORD is upon the

“waters : the God of glory thundereth :
“the LORD is upon many waters. . . :

“The voice of the LORD breaketh the
“cedars ; yea, the LORD breaketh the
“cedars of Lebanon. . . .

“The LORD sitteth upon the flood :
“yea, the LORD sitteth King for ever.

“The LORD will give strength unto
“His people ; the LORD will bless His
“people with peace.”

And surely all good Christian souls
may say, “Amen and amen !”

IDEAL OF A LOCAL GOVERNMENT FOR THE METROPOLIS.

BY THOMAS HARE,

AUTHOR OF “A TREATISE ON THE ELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVES,” ETC.

IN that graceful dialogue on the best Government, which has recently proceeded from the pen of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Crito, the moderator of the discourse, thus addresses the advocates of the three typical forms :¹—

“You do not,” he says, “attempt, or
“condescend, to show that a particular
“form of government is suited to the
“circumstances or wants of the particular people ; that it is likely to guard
“against certain evils to which the community in question are liable, or to
“produce certain benefits of which they
“are destitute ; you believe that it will
“operate like a charm, mechanically and
“infallibly. No matter how prosperous
“or contented a country may be, you
“are always uneasy until you have cut
“its constitution according to your particular pattern. If a country be under
“an aristocratic or democratic regimen,
“you, Monarchicus, are eager to make
“the government monarchical. If the
“constitution of a country be either
“monarchical or democratic, you, Aristocraticus, wish to make it aristocratic.
“If a country be ruled either as a
“monarchy or as an aristocracy, you,

“Democraticus, are desirous of making
“the government democratical. You
“allow nothing for habit, nothing for
“association, nothing for historical recollections ; you assume that a community of men can be moulded, like
“clay, under your hands ; that they
“can be moved like pieces on a chess-board, or like soldiers at a review.”
Nor was this objection to the purely abstract character of such theories removed by the answer, that the advocates of each form proceeded on the belief that his favourite system offered the best prospect of ensuring the public welfare, or by asserting that the form of government determines both the substance of the laws and mode in which they are administered. The objection of Crito accounts for much of the distrust of, and distaste for, speculation on political changes which are not demanded as remedies for specific mischiefs, and which do not promise definite and desirable results. It also assists us in arriving at the conditions which are necessary to render any proposal for political amelioration useful and popular—that it must be called for by the existence of certain and undoubted evils, and afford a prospect of commensurate benefits ; and further that, in order to be successful, it

¹ “A Dialogue on the Best Form of Government.” By the Right Hon. Sir. G. C. Lewis, Bart. 1863. Parker, Son, & Bourn.

should make due allowances for habit, take into account existing associations, and respect historical traditions.

A plea for a real Metropolitan Government in the place of the existing chaos of powers may combine all these conditions. The metropolitan proprietors as well as inhabitants are, as much as any civilized community in the world, in need of that organization and protection which a properly-constituted local government is capable of affording. At this moment a number of public companies, pursuing schemes profitable or supposed to be profitable to themselves or their projectors, threaten to create within the metropolitan area more than a hundred miles of road, and to construct stations for about thirty different railways, on every possible variety of level and intersection. The multitude and conflict of public and private interests involved in these schemes must, at present, be discussed and watched over, if at all, before the Committees of the Houses of Parliament. The most able and assiduous members of these committees are the first persons to acknowledge their real inefficiency for such purposes. They are subject to almost every defect that a tribunal can labour under. It seems perfectly amazing that, in a country supposed to be governed by reason and discussion, such a state of things can continue. An experienced lawyer thus describes some of the infirmities of this procedure: "The committee," he says, "without any trustworthy information of the requirements of the locality or the effect of the undertaking on the public interest, is dependent on the interested representations of the promoters, or of opponents rich enough to interpose—no witnesses of the naked truth are in request; no one, professionally or otherwise, is prepared to advocate the interest of the public or of the locality; and persons indirectly, but most deeply, interested are unheard."¹ The ascertained cost of this method of legislation to the companies who are forced to seek it is

enormous. The unknown expenses of individuals who are driven to it for protection we can scarcely guess at. Railway-bills have cost from 650*l.* to 1,000*l.* a mile. Power to make twenty-nine miles of road cost the Hereford Company 250,000*l.*; and, before a spade was put into the ground, the Great Northern Railway Company had paid 420,000*l.* in parliamentary costs.² The waste of capital or monetary wealth of the country is but a small portion of the evil resulting from the pertinacity with which the House of Commons clings to the power of local legislation. It is, in truth, one example of that vast network of often unconscious personal object and motive which has woven itself around our whole Parliamentary structure, and which no statesman dares to invade. The members of committees may act "on hearsay evidence in its most objectionable form—statements designedly made to them individually out of doors,"³ as much as on the evidence brought before them. Their decisions are purely arbitrary, not capable of being tested by any known law, and are without appeal. Their determinations are often of immense local consequence, and therefore materially affect their local popularity and influence. The power of aiding or resisting a railway-bill may be exercised greatly to the advantage of a represented, and greatly to the prejudice of an unrepresented, town—results which may be of much importance in elections under our partial and patchwork system of representation. Railway directors have, moreover, by their patronage and influence, acquired under that system great political power, and become valuable supporters and formidable adversaries. When, therefore, we are told that "the House will never part with this business of private-bill legislation," we cease to be surprised.

The admission of the Metropolitan Board to be heard before the Committees of Parliament affords a chance of inviting at least some regard to the public good. It may, however, be doubted whether, from the small num-

¹ See a paper "On Private Bill Legislation," by Mr. Pulling.—*Soc. Sci. Trans.* 1862, p. 129.

² *Id.*

³ *Id.* p. 130.

ber of its members and the multiplied duties of its officers, they can be so ubiquitous as to acquaint themselves with the merits or disadvantages of many of these diverse and extensive works, or whether they will be able to add to their other business that of getting up evidence strong enough to guide Parliamentary Committees. Very costly their interference must inevitably be, wherever they embark in a serious opposition to the phalanx of professional supporters and witnesses which the Companies have always at their command. It should also be remembered that London is more at the mercy of speculating projectors of companies than most other places, from the fact that so large a portion of its area belongs to charities, the trustees of which are not empowered to spend their trust-funds in parliamentary costs without proper authority; and it is obvious that the Charity Commissioners have no means of forming such a judgment on the expediency or in expediency of public works, as to determine when such expenditure ought to be sanctioned.

There are, however, other and far more important matters than even the railway invasion, in which the people of the metropolis require the assistance of an active and vigorous governing body, watchful alike for the good of rich and poor. It is of still greater moment that the million of the poorer labouring classes should be enabled to obtain decent, healthful, and cheerful dwellings, in the place of the dens of squalor and filth in which they are now for the most part forced to live—the natural haunts of intemperance and vice, among which are the “guilt gardens,” and the nurseries of crime. Let no one be discouraged by the notion that this is impracticable. There exists an abundance of space in nearly every quarter of the metropolis, and especially where the labouring classes are most numerous, which ought to be appropriated to such a purpose; and there exist in the metropolitan proprietors, and in persons who would become such proprietors if proper legal facilities were afforded to them for bringing in their funds, ample means

of effecting it. The union of those who have the will, and those who possess such powers and means, and the vesting in them suitable legislative authority, would bring together the elements which are now detached and powerless, and thus would gradually accomplish the work.

Very extensive metropolitan estates are applicable to the improvement, in a variety of forms and methods, of the condition of the poor, and are capable of producing infinitely greater benefits than in their present detached and fragmentary system of administration. Every parish struggles to exclude every other from participation in its endowments—every set of trustees is jealous and antagonistic to every other set. The *égoïsme de clocher* is the very exaggeration of selfishness; for the feeling is indulged under the semblance of duty, and with a plausible regard for others.¹ This want of community of feeling and object is the greatest obstacle to progress in improving the condition of the labouring classes in our great towns; and the only remedy seems to be the strengthening and ex-

¹ This infirmity of our domestic system was well put by a correspondent of the *Times* (17 Feb. 1863) in the case of St. Thomas's Hospital: “It is indeed true that in this free country of ours, there exists no legal machinery for enforcing upon charitable establishments any consideration for one another. They may to any extent conflict with one another, thwart one another, extort from one another; or they may work together as members of one well-organized whole. In France and Germany the latter kind of result is insured by means of that strong central authority which treats all charitable establishments as parts of one system, and obliges each of them to be harmonious with the rest. Is it impossible that in England, where all our charities are disinterested and independent, the public spirit of which we boast should imitate the success of these foreign despotisms?” The establishment of powerful local governments is the most effectual guard against centralization. To regard as an incident of a free country the power of dealing with estates dedicated to the public benefit so that, if not rendered mischievous, the smallest possible good shall be extracted from them, is to look upon freedom very much as the transatlantic visitor was humorously made to do in protesting against not being allowed to “beat his own nigger.”

pansion of local government, by uniting directly, through a system of real representation, all these sectional bodies, and thus giving them an interest in harmonious action which shall rouse and cultivate the feeling of common duty and common sympathy for their entire city and all its people. Enlightened local bodies, such as may be justly expected from the uncontrolled selection of the best intelligence of every community, constantly attending in every town and district to its own peculiarities of condition and its own special wants, are the best fitted to conceive and effectually carry out the modifications necessary, in order to derive from the vast property dedicated to local purposes anything like the benefit which it ought to confer. There are in the metropolis single charitable estates, of magnitude great enough to become the means, under judicious administration, of producing an incalculable amount of moral benefit, and as to which estates there are no known or recognised principles of jurisprudence applicable, or, if any, none which are not absolutely puerile. It is impossible for Parliament to deal with such estates by separate bills. Each scheme, to be useful, should be part of and connected with a general system of local improvement, which could not successfully proceed from any other source than a competent local power. Divided as all authorities now are—ignorant of, indifferent or hostile to, the objects one of another—it is lamentable to think, on the one hand, of the real wants of the poor, and on the other to look forward to the waste, mischief, and absurdity towards which, without anything more culpable than ignorance or narrowness of view, these great properties are almost sure to drift.

It may be suggested that, although a powerful local government may be necessary in the larger provincial cities and towns, not so immediately under the eye of the Imperial Government, yet it is unsuited to the capital; and that the Board of Works, with the aid of the City Corporation and the Metropolitan Board, is adequate to all the exigencies

of the metropolis, or may be made so by the extension of its machinery and functions. Experience, not less than reason, teaches us that this cannot be. A department of the Imperial Government, exercising a partial superintendence, can have little more than a negative, intermittent, and mostly obstructive action, discouraging large and comprehensive efforts, and destroying all real responsibility. Without sufficient power or means within itself, the Metropolitan Board but vainly devise and lay before the State Department great plans of local improvement. It is a kind of action for which the Government is naturally unprepared; and, between the different authorities, the most valuable plans fall hopelessly to the ground. A recent instance of this was seen in an abortive attempt of the Metropolitan Board to effect a great street improvement, in case of the traffic which may be soon expected to flow to Charing Cross.

In the great local changes now in progress, a well-constituted City Municipality should, within its proper area, have powers very little short of those of the Imperial Government on the kingdom at large. A certain parliamentary notice of its acts for a fixed time before they come into operation, and a *veto* in the Crown, or by a resolution in either House of Parliament, thereby affording an appeal, would be everything really needful in the way of general protection. All local bills should ordinarily pass the local government or municipality, and thus, even supposing it sometimes necessary to resort to Parliament, its Committees would be relieved of a very large portion of those labours that are most onerous, and for the performance of which they are the most unfit. There are imperial questions at this day great enough, and numerous enough, to engage all the attention of our statesmen. It is not a time in which we can afford to fritter away their energies and labours upon the innumerable details of local improvement, multiplied by the wants of a rapidly increasing population and commerce. There arise both in the Old and the New World—

"Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New majestics of mighty States—

"The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power."

Preserving, as it is sure to do, all necessary control over every phase of legislation and administration, local or general, it is not too much to hope that we may yet see the main action of Parliament employed in the development of great principles of policy, and in the solution of questions of national and imperial magnitude.

A Metropolitan Government should be created by the expansion and true aggrandisement of the great Corporation of London. The Royal Commission justly remark on "the antiquity, extent, and importance of its privileges, the long series of its charters, the large amount of its revenues, its metropolitan position, and its historical associations." In municipal dignity it is entitled to a rank equivalent to that which London now holds among the cities of the world and the capitals of the greater empires. Its constitution and policy should be worthy of a nation which boasts of the maturity and excellence of its political constitutions. Foremost in wealth and intelligence, its government should be a model not only for all provincial towns, but for other nations, and especially for the populous cities which are growing up in our colonies. No community is richer, none is in fact so rich, in all the elements from which such a government could be created. Almost a multitude of organized bodies—the ancient city companies, and innumerable modern associations for public objects—would take their places in such a system. Every material is, in fact, ready to the hand of the statesman who shall apply himself to the work.

I suppose, then, the government of the entire district within the metropolitan area to be vested in the Lord Mayor and Council—the Council composed of a hundred and fifty members, of whom seventy-five shall be chosen by the owners of property, and seventy-five

by the inhabitants and occupiers; that the election of the Council be so conducted, that the representation be real and actual, and not merely nominal or virtual; that each proprietor and each inhabitant may be certain that, at least, one member has been chosen by himself, and not by any majority or number of other persons for him, and that such member is the exponent of his opinions and the guardian of his interests. That this degree of accuracy in representation may be secured, has been shown elsewhere in a scheme, which has now, for several years, undergone and been tested by the severest ordeals of criticism and examination. It is not necessary, therefore, to occupy more of this paper with its details than to explain its adaptation to the proprietary class. I suppose the vote of every owner of property, whether corporate or sole, in the metropolitan area, to have a weight exactly equivalent to the sum at which he is rated for the property-tax under Schedule A, and, in the case of crown and other property not so rated, then according to an estimate of value on the same scale. If proprietors to the extent of the present rated annual value of about fifteen millions should vote, the amount, being divided by 75, would render every proprietary member a direct representative of property of the value of £200,000 a-year. Thus there would be no proprietors, from the Duke of Bedford to the owner of the smallest cottage, from the Bank of England to the latest trading company, from the greatest city-guild to the smallest co-operative or other association possessed of a tenement, that would not be able to communicate directly to the particular members representing their estates any matter in which they require attention or assistance.

The election by the occupiers of their seventy-five representatives may be on the broadest existing scale of suffrage—the personal rights of the livery being preserved. The quotient of voters, divided by the 75, would be the maximum quota required for the return of each member. Here also scope is given to the energy of every voluntary

and other association for public purposes, for the placing in the governing body representatives who may constantly attend to the special objects of amelioration for which they are united.¹

The great proprietors, with their stewards and professional advisers, the ancient city companies, with their staffs of experienced officers, the various banking, mercantile, and trading bodies, would form so many centres, from which the ablest candidates would be put in nomination for the Metropolitan Council. There is no interest and no intelligence which would not be invited and induced, by such a method of representation, to promote the election of the best exponent of its views and guardian of its rights.

There is no reason why the annual choice of a Lord Mayor should not be so open that it may be regarded as an honour even by the most illustrious. It might be the ambition of every successive municipal prætor, that his year of office should inaugurate, and remain as the epoch or record of, some city improvement. Tried men of practical talent and experience, like the Chairman of the Board of Works, might permanently fill the office of Vice-President of the Council; and in that body we might well hope to see all the most able members of the present Common Council, as well as of the Metropolitan Board. The Council would be numerous enough to form special committees for every locality, according to the situation of the property which they mainly represent, as well as to the peculiar personal knowledge they derive from residence or occupation. In addition to such local committees, there would be special committees on general subjects;—one committee, for example, addressing its labours especially to the great subject already mentioned, the multiplication of suitable dwellings for the labouring and poorer classes; watching every demolition made for roadway or other public purposes, and acquiring such new sites as become open or available for habitations; imposing such

terms as may be found necessary, from time to time, to secure the adaptation of a due proportion of the new edifices to the required purpose, and for facilitating the acquisition and tenure of convenient dwellings by small proprietors, co-operative associations, or building societies. The committee would keep the same objects constantly in view wherever new streets were made or opened, by assisting and encouraging plans affording the greatest amount of accommodation. Another committee might address itself to education, endeavouring to ensure to every metropolitan district facilities for establishing, within a reasonable distance of its inhabitants, public libraries and institutions for instruction. The several representatives of ecclesiastical and religious bodies might, by a better organization, employ the means at their disposal with far greater efficiency. Some committees might direct their attention to sanitary arrangements—measures of economy and police—to the convenient distribution of the various curative establishments, and to the statutory relief of destitution. One, perhaps, to subjects of art and to the embellishment of the capital. In the labours of the Metropolitan Council, scope might be found for the employment of all the varied talents and genius of a large body of public-spirited men, in which the acquirements of science, of study, and of travel, and the knowledge and experience of practical life, may be enlisted and employed in promoting the public welfare. The Council would be an admirable school of preparation for the business of the Imperial Legislature.

The increase of population, and especially its density in large towns, require that laws and regulations should be framed for giving to the voluntary co-operation of every class the vigour, completeness, and continuity, which in an earlier stage of society would depend upon individual will or effort. I regard the creation of a proprietary body amongst the working classes of London and our other great cities as one of the greatest steps towards their general well-

¹ See further on this subject, "*Usque ad Cælum*," p. 39. Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1862.

being; and the growth of such a body may be promoted by the special adaptation of laws of tenure, transfer, and inheritance, applicable to town property voluntarily brought by individuals and societies under their operation. Amongst its subordinate institutions, each municipality should have its local estate office or registry of title, where separate tenements or chambers might be transferred at the smallest possible expense, and in which byelaws or other regulations affecting the property of co-operative or building societies may be locally registered and receive validity.

A prospect of London and our other great cities, governed by Municipal Councils which, in the manner of their formation, shall everywhere evoke the highest intelligence and public spirit, and, possessing the public confidence,

shall be powerful agents in all works of social amelioration, may appear a distant vision. I may, however, conclude with a passage from the speech of Mr. Burke on economical reform: "I know it is common for men to say that such and such things are perfectly right—very desirable, but that, unfortunately, they are not practicable. No, sir, no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that He has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE VILLAGE OF INVERQUOICH

BY JOHN BULL, JUNIOR.

AFTER all, what is best worth seeing and studying in Scotland is, not the Scotch scenery, but the Scotch people; and the way to make acquaintance with the people of any country is not to go raging about in cars and coaches along route 794, and stopping at station 65 two hours, so that you may see the Druidical stones, and be in time to get to station 66 in time to see the sun set behind Ben Dumbledore, and catch the steamer on Loch Hou-lakin next morning, but to set yourself quietly down for a month or so in some quiet interesting place (say Aberfeldy), and make acquaintance with the people and the scenery together.

This is what we did at Inverquoch; and we think that very few people enjoyed themselves in Scotland last year more than ourselves. One advantage we gained, which is worth something. We have left some faces behind us in Inverquoch which we hope to see next

year, but which, even if we never see them again, we shall always hold in most affectionate remembrance. Answer us, headlong tourist, How many friends did *you* make in Scotland last year?

THE SCENERY NEAR INVERQUOICH.

The best approach to Inverquoch is from Aberfeldy. And, in mentioning Aberfeldy, I may say that all, or nearly all, which we found at Inverquoch may be found there or at Rannoch, or at fifty other places in Scotland, if people will only take the trouble to find them out.

Leaving Aberfeldy, you cross Marshal Wade's bridge over the Tay, the largest river in Scotland—here carrying about the same flood of water as the Thames at Oxford. In the meadow to the left the old Black Watch embodied itself into the Forty-second Highlanders, and marched forth into the world con-

quering and to conquer. And, while you are trying to recall some of the main incidents of that regiment's glorious career, the driver stops, and points out Menzies Castle, close to the road—Tully Veolan itself—with 700 feet of towering wood rising sheer behind. Menzies Castle, however, is not the original of Tully Veolan. The place most like it is Grandtully Castle, five miles from this, rented this year by Maharajah Dhuleep Sing (the black prince, as they call him here), who has earned a reputation in these parts as a good shot and capital fisherman. He must find it rather cold. There can be no harm in mentioning that the present owner of Menzies Castle, Sir Robert Menzies, and his brother, rowed in the Oxford boat at Henley years ago, when they beat Cambridge with seven oars against eight.

The valley of the Tay at this part is about two miles in width. Looking westward, you see Ben Lawers, streaked with snow; you have one glimpse of the Towers of Taymouth, and the lake. Then you turn up the valley of the Lyon for two miles, and then leave it, and begin climbing slowly aloft beside a roaring burn which tumbles wildly about among its rocks hundreds of feet below.

This is the Keltie burn. In old times there was a nunnery on an island in Loch Tay, close to Kenmore. And the nuns' chief steward was as the chief officer of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians—a dexterous man at foraging in winter time, a Keltie Caleb Balderstone. And he went foraging one winter's day across to Tummel Side, and he got roaring fou with Alaster Kennedy (that was forbear to Sandy Kennedy, that now is) in the change-house at Glen Goldnie, and he coupit his creels into the burn, coming home, and was drowned, and the burn is called the Keltie burn to this day, in proof of the truth of the story; which seems to us to have such great elements of probability about it as hardly to want confirmation of any kind.

Passing Garth Castle, an old Robber

tower, and a beautiful waterfall, you creep on through the growing desolation of Glen Goldnie, till cultivation ceases; and, passing suddenly round a scarp of rock, you cry aha! and come face to face with the topmost soaring peak of Schehallion.

It springs up from the side of the road, in one vast cone of greystone and yellow grass, without a wrinkle—almost without a shade—save where some happy wandering cloud throws a purple shadow into the deep summer blue for a moment, and then passes on again, leaving the mighty pyramid to repose in crystal silence aloft in the summer air.

Such was Schehallion as we saw it, in June, on a day when it was a happiness merely to breathe and look. In winter, when the accumulated fury of tempest, gathered from the wild Atlantic, is raging in every cranny—or worse, when the south-east has poured his hoards of snow, day after day, before the driving wind; when the rocks, now so lovely a pearl-grey, in contrast to the yellow grass, show black as ink amidst the snow; when the whole peak hangs up, an angry, dark, snowless cone, above the drift—the beautiful Schehallion, Hill of Storms, becomes a terrible demon, a pitiless devourer of men, whose wives look out into the howling night, listening in vain for the well-known footfall amidst the storm.

For hush! What place is this? A little desolate lake at a turn of the road, grown up with sedges and moss. And what are these heaps of grey stones, lying about here and there? This is the worst bit of the road, and these cairns point where the corpses were found of those who have at different times defied Schehallion in his angry mood. The oldest cairn has been there about thirty years, the newest, alas! but six months. It was that of a young man, going down to spend his new year in Rannoch. "When they found him," he was sitting by the burnside where "you are standing now. Yes, indeed, sir. And his poor body was laid along sideways. And here, in this bit alder-bush, they found his umbrella." One

walks about cautiously after this, lest, lying about, among the summer flowers, buckbeans, and white orchises, one should see some more decided relic of the poor young fellow who started for Rannoch, last new year, for his holiday, and was lost in the snowdrift.

But now, passing round a knoll of limestone (all the base of Schehallion is limestone, from the caves of which large streams, almost big enough to turn a mill, come flushing out, crystal clear, into the sunshine), we come upon a sight which makes us forget at once the grey cairns of the dead men. For below us is Strath Tummel. Close to the left, Loch Rannoch stretches away for eleven miles, and from it the mighty river starts into life, and goes flashing and gleaming, a broad silver riband, in sweeping curves, from one side of the valley to the other, till, to the right, you lose sight of it among the woodland, under the towers of Danalister.

The way down from the lonely reedy little lake before mentioned, to Kinloch, passes through some of the most beautiful scenery I have ever had the luck to see—a succession of brilliant green mountain lawns, fringed and broken by feathery birch, and everywhere the peak of Schehallion showing above the trees, making some new and splendid combination with the broken green braes at every turn of the road. After a sudden pitch down of near a thousand feet, you drive along under the sycamore, birch, and chestnut woods, and come to Kinloch, a little village at the east end of Loch Rannoch, with a charming Inn. And, if you are a fisherman, and a wise man, you will go no further.

Inverquich is further on. Not far. I consider Kinloch as part of Inverquich. I would as soon stay at Kinloch or Aberfeldy as there. I really do not know which is the most delightful of the three places. I do not go so far as to say that Kinloch is the most charming place in Scotland, because I believe that there are many others equally charming. But it is, in its way, very nice. The lake fishing here on Loch Rannoch is very fine—trout,

salmo-ferox, and charr. The river fishing is very good also, but not perhaps equal to that at Aberfeldy, where you get salmon, of which there are none in this part of the Tummel. But neither in the Tummel at Rannoch, nor in the Tay at Aberfeldy, is it any use for a man to fish, unless he knows the way how. Having now pronounced judgment on these matters, we will go on to Inverquich. Perhaps we may find time to say a few more words about Kinloch and Aberfeldy hereafter.

DESCRIPTION OF INVERQUICH.

Inverquich is situated about seven miles from Kinloch, in a N.N.E. direction. At the lower end of Loch Darroch this great loch fills a vast basin in the hills, eleven miles by three, with crystal clear water. At the further end, among the mountains, the deep dark river Eran joins the lake through a wild pass in the hills; and, following up this river for five miles, you come upon another lake, larger, wilder, and more desolate than the one you have left. Passing up this lake again into the very heart of the mountains, beyond human dwellings, you come at the last on a deep river again, and beyond it the mighty Loch Glydoch, eleven miles of water, covered with birchen islands, and whose shores, indented with intricate wooded bays, the one within the other, are almost untrodden by the foot of man, and echo only to the cackle of the breeding gull, and the sullen plunge of the great trout of the lakes.*

You will perceive, therefore, that the drainage of an immense tract of country, the gathering of ten thousand silver threads of water from a thousand hills, all comes into these great lakes, and ultimately into Loch Darroch. So when you stand on the handsome stone bridge at Inverquich, about a quarter of a mile from where the Darroch leaves the lake, you must not be surprised to find that the brown swift boiling stream

¹ The writer seems to be describing a chain of lakes similar to Lochs Rannoch, Erioch, and Lydoch, but hardly so fine.

is as large as the Thames at Sonning, or the Severn at Worcester.

This is the river Darroch, which gives its name to Glen Darroch, the whole of which is the property of the Marquis of Strathgrampian, though it forms but a very small part of it (for his estate runs sixty miles due west from his house, and he is a very great man, and is kind enough to let us fish ; so we will speak respectfully of him, for there are dungeons in his castle, and what a terrible thing it would be if a tourist should happen to get shut up in one of them, and it were to get into the papers).

But, although this accounts for the name of the Strath, it does not for the name of the village, Inverquoch, which means the place where the river Quoich debouches into some larger river. There must be a river called the Quoich, then ? There is the stream which comes down through gruff dark wood, passes under the road, and turns the wheel of the saw-mill. That is the Quoich. It does not look very hysterical here in the village street. We will go up the glen by the manse presently, and see what happens to it up there.

Inverquoch is a large village ; there are two thousand inhabitants in it. It is a very thriving place, and they are going to bring a railway here. It consists of one street and a market-square, over which market-square our rooms look. I should call it an ugly village. The houses are all of grey stone, with slate roofs, all of the same pattern, and that not at all a pretty one. There is no attempt at a flower-garden in front of any of them. It looks sadly dull, after a pretty English village ; but the houses are better built than the majority of the cottages in the South of England, and, I fancy, might be very clean and comfortable, if the people chose to keep them so—which they don't. If the cottagers in the warm, moist, dripping climate of Devon were to venture on the same amount of dung-hill and slops with the people of Inverquoch, they would be in a chronic state of typhus. They would if they dared, I don't doubt, for they like to do a

little in that way as well as their neighbours ; but the instinct of self-preservation keeps them from being quite as bad as the Highlanders.

The people at Inverquoch consist entirely of shopkeepers and labourers. Inverquoch is the largest place for many miles, and the shops there supply a very large scattered population among the hills around. Formerly the country round was cut up into a great number of small farms, from ten to forty acres ; but at the time of the Reform Bill, and afterwards, the present Marquis, then Lord Glenbroa, threw a great many of the small farms into one, so as to make holdings of more than fifty acres a piece, and so create votes. This was found to act well for the landlord ; firstly, because the land was better farmed ; and, secondly, because there was but one homestead to keep in repair, instead of half a dozen. It acted well in another way too. Scotch sporting was becoming fashionable among the English, who came north and rented moors ; so game was becoming valuable. Game was more easily preserved by this suppression of the small holdings, which lay out in desolate glens. It was better to rent the land for sheep-pasture to one responsible man, whose homestead was miles away, to have no one to travel over it but his shepherd and collies, than to have six or seven outlying farms, and sixty or seventy long-legged Highland lads, with nothing very particular to do that any one knows of. It has certainly stopped poaching. There is no poaching now. We had another way of stopping that though, which very soon did it. If any member of a family was caught poaching, *he* was prosecuted, and his whole family were evicted from the estate. That is why we have so many grouse.

And where, you ask us, are the small suppressed farmers, and the routed families of the poachers ? Well, they are in Canada and Australia, and some in America. (The watchmaker in Inverquoch is called McClellan ; the daft callants call him Young Bony.) All the better for them, you say. That may be

so, but I wish they were back in the Highlands. They were doing no great harm there. Since the forty-five, the Highlanders have been quiet enough, and, until twenty years ago, the Highlands was one of our best recruiting grounds. Where the late Marquis, in 1803, raised a battalion, the present one just keeps a company together.¹ It is hard to persuade one that it is politic to throw land out of cultivation, and depopulate a country. We don't like to come everywhere, in pleasant lonely glens, on unroofed cottages, and ruined homesteads—we are not used to it. If the reader wants to hear the other side of the question fairly stated, he will find it in "Vacation Tourists," for 1860, article "Sutherland."

We certainly detest poachers, and rejoice in the new Act; but it would be utterly unfair to confound the Highland poacher with the murderous English ruffian, against whom the Act was framed—the fellow who will murder an honest gamekeeper, if he is interrupted in his task of stealing pheasants, which cost a guinea a piece in rearing, to sell them to the London poulterers. Your Highland poacher, where he exists, is a sad fellow of course, but not, from any account we have heard, such a brute as your Lancashire or Middlesex game thief.

We knew at Inverquoch, a certain eminent poacher, Mr. Alexander, Alister, Sandy, Alick, or Saunders MacTavish. He was the best hill-runner of his day; now he is a respectable butcher, doing a good business. A middle-sized man, almost a little man, about ten stone, or hardly that. Slow in his movements, almost vacant in look, till something catches his attention, and then as bright and keen as a hawk. He is a good husband, a good father, capital man of business, a pious man enough, but *he was* an awful poacher. He never fired a gun

on Lord Strathgrampian's property; he kept his attentions for his lordship's neighbour, the Duke of Tullygorroundabout. Coll Grant, the fleetest of the Duke's keepers, was set on to him. He started one day, *expeditus*, with nothing on but his kilt, shirt, and bonnet, and, by stalking, came suddenly within a hundred yards of MacTavish, who was loaded with a heavy double-barrelled gun, and five brace of grouse. Without throwing away either one or the other, he started on his race. For five long miles of heather and bog, he easily headed the keeper, who saw, with utter astonishment, that MacTavish had, from the very first, been running straight as a line towards the *Duke's own castle*. And now he was fairly in the lion's jaws, for there was only a gentle rise between him and the castle grounds. The poacher topped it sixty yards in front. The keeper followed in twenty seconds. The ground beyond was clear open birchwood, without a place big enough to hide a rabbit. He could see the Duchess walking in the garden, reading her book; he could see the little ones, Lord Ronald and Lady Constance, making themselves in a confounded mess with a watering-pot. But Alister MacTavish had *disappeared*. His disappearance had a sobering effect on Coll Grant. He was always very civil to MacTavish. He believed in *odd things* after this. In fact, if the story as it was told me is true, it amounts to the most wonderful instance of sleight of person I ever heard of. Three hours after, he walked into the market-place, at Inverquoch, gun, grouse, and all.

THE DOGS AND CHILDREN AT INVERQUOICH.

We must put the dogs first, because we respect the dignity of labour, for the dogs work (at least the collies), and the children do not. Besides, the children retain, to a certain extent, the ancient Egyptian dog-worship. Whether, as asserted by Herodotus, in Euterpe, of the Egyptians, they shave their heads on the death of a dog, we do not know—no dog died whilst we were at Inver-

¹ Volunteers in Perthshire, 1803—Cavalry, 160; Rank and File, 3,897; Artillery, 63; total, 4,036. What the total number are now I do not know. Lord Breadalbane's volunteers, however, carry out what I have asserted here. They are 50 this year, against 300 in 1803.

quich. Their almost religious reverence for them is undoubted, however. No child will eat its supper unless the dog has part of it. And the most fractious child, be he never so naughty, may be lulled into quiescence in an instant, by giving him to Rover; that is to say, by putting him on the floor, and letting him put his arms round the dog's neck, and nestle his little cheek against the dog's honest face.

Father, you know, is on the hill, or in the field all day; and mother is washing, or cooking, or mending. Rob and Elsie are at school; so what is there better for us to do than to lie the live-long, happy summer's day, in the dust before the door, whole heaps of us, bare-legged, bare-headed, bare-footed, kilted, little rascals, with the old bitch and the puppies. Let us throw the sand on one another's heads, and dust ourselves like partridges or chickens, to kill the vermin.

Stay, though; there is better fun than this. Here's auld Gil Sanderson going out with his barrow to cut grass by the toll-pool for his cow that has calved in the loaning. Let us go with him. All the twenty or thirty of us. Three can ride in his barrow, and three in his bareleggit lassie Mary's. The rest can walk. Ronald and Donald can be carried pickaback by their sisters. Yes; let us all go. The gipsies are away at Kenmore tryst, at the review of my lord's volunteers; therefore let us go forth under the cloudless sky, and take the old dog and her puppies with us, and lie all day among the long summer grass by the river side, while auld Gil cuts his grass. And baby shall lie asleep among the golden fern, with the purple shadows playing over his face.

"Kings have no such couch as thine."

And we will weave garlands of purple geranium, and globe ranunculus, and geum, and white orchis, and wild rose. And we will wade into the golden shallow, and see the parr scud away from under our feet. And the old bitch shall hunt for mice; for Jock Gourlay's grey terrier killed a mouse one day, and

why should not she? And here comes the English gentleman with the gold watch-chain and brown shoes, that goes fishing with John Hossack. "Are ye going fishing the day, sir? Have you got a trout to give us the day, sir? D'ye think it will thunner the day, Mr. Hossack, for we're going down to the toll-pool, and its unco far from home, ye ken?" And so we will spend the long summer afternoon, and clap our hands, and shout, and scream with joy, when we hear the mighty salmon splash sullenly in the dark black pool, where the wicked laird's daughter drowned herself lang sine, until the woods of Craig-Arth grow black, and the highest rocks of Craig-Oil begin to blaze their farewell to the dying day. And then we will go straggling home along the turnpike road, for father will be back from the hill. And, when we have kissed him, and said our prayers, we will fall asleep as we stand, or sit, or lie, and mother shall lift us into bed, like so many happy dead dogs.

How much would you give to be one of them, reader, just for a day or two. All you are worth? Why, no; but it must be very pleasant.

AN EVENING'S WALK AT INVERQUICH.

A MAN who has been hard at work fishing all day, knocking himself about at the river-side, earns a right to a good dinner; but, at Inverquich, whether he earns it or not, he will get it, and, if he is so disposed, a good glass of wine after it. We dined comfortably together one night, and after dinner we asked the waiter for the key of the glen. Armed with this, we went across to the other side of the street.

The volunteers were still lounging about; a pleasant sight for any man who cares about "the movement." A most capital sample of men, not equal to the Londoners in size and strength we should say (who are?), but, probably, equal in courage (the highest compliment we can pay any men on the face of the earth), and, probably, superior in enduring fatigue—a sample of men,

which could be readily equalled in any part of England, but which it would be hard to improve upon. They looked splendid in their Highland dress, and were, like the rest of volunteers, quiet, courteous, and obliging; anxious, like the rest of us, by these means, to make the dress they wore popular and respected. When the Chinese invade England, and the great decisive battle is fought on Farnham heights (while our fleet is engaged with his Imperial Majesty's junks), we shall feel very comfortable if we have the South Middlesex or Queen's Westminster on the one flank, and the Inverquich Rifle Volunteers on the other. We would not wish to be in better company.

And, while we sat together beside the bowling-green, smoking, the conversation turned on a fiction which some Scotchmen have persuaded themselves to be a truth, "that Scotchmen are physically superior to Englishmen." One of us, fresh from Hythe, remarked that the *two* finest men there were members of the Honourable Artillery Company, "cockneys" *pur sang*. Another remarked how odd it was that the Scotch were always so ready to apply the term "cockney" to an Englishman — apparently unconscious of the extreme offensiveness of the word, constituting, as it does, in some companies, a *casus belli*. Another mentioned Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Devon, Cornwall, and Kent, in which counties every man, or nearly so, was a giant, and which contained a larger population than Scotland. A third noticed that almost every rower, runner, boxer, or cricketer, came from south of the Tweed, and said that, although the trade of an athlete was a despicable one, yet it was hard to believe that, if the Scotch possessed that superiority in athletic exercises claimed for them by Christopher North, none of them would ever have tried for the magnificent prizes given in England for such worthless accomplishments. And a fourth quoted, from the author before mentioned, a passage, describing a Scotchman airing his brawny limbs on an island

after a long swim, while a cockney (by which his school seem to mean an Englishman) was spewing (to use his own language) on the bank. Then he went on to notice that from Perth, all up Tay side, he could hardly find a man who could swim; that, asking one of the best informed men in Aberfeldy, he had told him that he believed he was the only man in the town who could; that Scotch boys in the Highlands seldom or never bathe at all; and then wound up by mentioning, as a ridiculous *per contra*, that every boy of fourteen along Thames side could swim like a duck. After wondering among ourselves that *such* a nation as the Scotch condescended to *such* ridiculous self-assertion, we left the bowlers, and unlocked the gate of the glen.

Thanks to you, my Lord Strathgrampian, for your permission to walk up this glen on a summer's evening after dinner, with our cigars! May the towers of your castle stand till the crack of doom, and may its long corridors echo always to the babble of your grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, down to the fortieth generation! till young Whigs be as thick as Scotch firs on Craig-y-Barn! May your larches take root in every cranny among the rocks, until they are worth, at an average, from 39s. to 2l. 4s. a piece! May your salmon increase and multiply, under the new Act! May the owners of stake-nets, cruives, and dykes, on the lower waters, be utterly confounded and put to shame for stopping your lordship's fish! May their whiskers grow inside till they bite them off, and their shoes go down at heel! May your factor be ordered to take down the palings which prevent any one catching a glimpse of Loch Darroch! May your deer and grouse multiply to the *n*th, and may there be no confounded row, if one tries to stalk a stag for the purpose of drawing him! May your potatoes—! If there is any other wish your lordship would like one to express, we will express it, for the sake of the walk you have allowed us up the glen, this evening.

For, passing through the gate, we

came into the blessed valley of Avalon. All of us had been in fairy-land before, on many occasions, but never in so fair a portion of it as this. The path leads on, for a mile or more, through a dark wood, under larch, and beech, and oak, and all the way comes, leaping and pausing, and leaping again, a loud brawling brook. The timber is some of the largest we have ever seen; and here and there, between the boughs, we can see great scarps of rock, rising on either hand, densely wooded, hundreds and hundreds of feet aloft, and thus, and thus only, know that we are following the brook up a great cleft in the hills; and all about us, under the shadow of the trees, there is a tangled jungle of fern and flowers.

And so we pass on a mile or more. What is that? A roe doe, heavy with young, looking about for a place to lie by in. She is close to us, and walks slowly away towards the brook, and we follow to see what she will do. We get a long vista of hanging woods, with the stream brawling down between them, and in the foreground—the eye-piece to the picture—the deer, standing elegantly in mid-stream, looking wearily about her. “As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,” says one of us, and is not corrected. Poetical quotations are allowed here, for we are wandering among “the Birks of Aberfeldy.” Walking along the same—the very same—path, along which Burns walked, when the wondrous beauty of the place inspired him with that, almost his best, lyric.

So we pass along till the path begins to rise, and there is a corner of rock before us, which shuts out further view. And the foremost of us goes round it, and cries out, “God bless me! Come and look at this!” And we hurry round. And, lo! the black glen, the darkening wood, and the towering cliffs, are all lit up and illuminated by a mighty, shivering, waterfall. And hundreds of feet aloft, and half a mile away, in the dim recesses of the feathering woodlands, we can see cascade beyond cascade, one above another, streaming diligently away for ever—a broad, waving riband of light.

And at last, climbing aloft, we stood upon a frail bridge, and saw the stream beneath our feet leap down sixty feet into a black chasm, and, far below again, begin to crawl lazily away in long dark pools. From here, too, we could see back to the earth we had left—actually, miles away and below, could see the world, with corn-fields and farm-houses, the homes of our brother-men: and we aloft in Avalon! And then we came swiftly down out of the dark wood into the bright green mountain meadow, into the village street, and told what we had seen. And they told us that, in winter time, when the frost had laid his hand on that waterfall, every little spouting jet, and every wreath of spray upon the hazel-twigs, was changed to frosted silver work; and that, as the winter went on, the waterfall by degrees formed itself into a crystal hollow temple of ice, supported by many columns, and adorned with a thousand fantastic minarets, through which the stream finds its way to outer air. Fairy-land is not a safe place in winter time; but a few adventurous spirits climb up each year to see the ice temple. After a few days’ thaw, some one comes and looks into the linn, and finds it all gone, and the stream spouting away in his old familiar channels once more. And every year, as soon as the ice temple in the linn is ready for his reception, a little old man—some say a Pict, some say something worse—comes down and inhabits it. When the spring has brought his ice-house crashing about his ears, he goes up to Loch Houlakin, and lives with the breeding gulls. No one has ever seen him; but if, on a bright summer’s day, you stand in front of Crag Arth, and call to him, he will answer with a shout which sends the gulls barking over the hill-side, and awakes a thousand shattering echoes throughout the lonely corrie.

AN EXCURSION TO GLEN LYON.

It is not very far from Inverquich to Fortingal; and Fortingal is at the mouth of Glen Lyon; and Glen Lyon

belongs to many people now, but once it belonged to the Macgregors, who were hunted out langsyne by the Campbells. We do not say undeservedly ; we only say, that the consolidation of those various clans of Highland gentlemen under one great responsible head, (like MacCallum More of Argyle) was, on the whole, beneficial to the progress of the country, and to the great doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Our opinion about the extermination of the clan Macgregor is, that it is an act against which we should have protested at the time (provided we had been engaged in some other employment), but would afterwards have sulkily acquiesced in, as being an unavoidable, though somewhat harsh, measure. We are not sure that we should have cared to live in Strath Tay, while the Macgregors held Glen Lyon. Of course our personal courage is beyond suspicion ; but still we should have preferred living a little nearer the big gallows at Crieff (if we had the choice), in those times before they sang,

"Glen Strac and Glen Lyon no longer are ours."

And, while we are on this theme, let us say that we shall be glad to hear of a young poet who can write us two such lines as those which follow :—

"They deprive us of name and pursue us
with beagles,

Give our roofs to the flame and our flesh
to the eagles ;

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance,
Gregarach."

Suppose, now, your name had happened to be Campbell ; that, some two hundred years ago, you had lived in Strath Tay, in a lonely house ; and that you were awakened in the night by a dozen or fourteen honest gentlemen of the Macgregor persuasion singing that song under your windows ; what would you have done ? We should have sent the servant-girl for the constable.

Also, before we start for Fortingal, we will remind you that Campbell of Glen Lyon, the leader of the massacre of Glencoe, was connected by marriage with

poor Macdonald. (*Macaulay's History*, vol. iv. p. 208.)

When I came to Fortingal, I found myself in Glen Lyon, which is here an open and most uninteresting strath, apparently stretching open and bare for miles to the westward. I had heard so much of the scenery of Glen Lyon, as being, without exception, the very finest in its way in Scotland, that I felt very much disappointed. I could see three or four miles up what I thought was the strath, but there was no appearance of even decent scenery.

But, soon after I left Fortingal, I began to be astonished. On the left was the mighty, broad river, sweeping brown among the meadows and cornfields ; and on the right, close to the road, a great bank of waterworn boulders, as like the pebble ridge at Northam, in Devonshire, as need be. I turned to John Hossack, the Aberfeldy fisherman, who was on the back of the dog-cart with the rods, whistling a Psalm-tune under his breath, and putting up a cast of flies, and asked him to explain the extraordinary bank of boulders. Strange to say, even he, intelligent and well-informed as he was, had been that way a hundred times, and had never noticed the composition of that bank before. It caught my eye in one instant ; it would catch the eye of any alluvial gold-miner. It was the deposit of centuries of the flux and reflux of tide at the mouth of some great estuary, as the land rose from the sea. But where was the estuary narrow enough to form a current to move such boulders as these ? The strath was broad and flat. The difficulty was soon explained. The road wound round the end of the great boulder heap. I had time to see that it was flat at the top, and was from ten to fifteen acres in extent, when I found myself before the gates of Glen Lyon.

I seized the driver by the arm. "Man ! man !" I said, "do you mean to tell me that that river comes down *through* there ?"

John Hossack burst into a fit of laughter at my discomfiture, and nearly swallowed a salmon-fly. I may or may

not have been saying a little too much about Caernarvonshire and Madeira before this. By my exclamation, I quite lost the whip-hand of him on the subject of scenery.

The broad, open strath which I had mistaken for Glen Lyon was merely a blind valley leading, behind Drummond Hill, back to Loch Tay. The real Glen Lyon was before us. There was a great rift in the everlasting rocks, and, beyond, in purple distance, fold beyond fold, a vista of jagged mountain and feathering woodland.

I humbly confess that I have never in my life seen anything so beautiful as Glen Lyon. It lies between Scheshallion and Ben Lawers; and the wonderfully picturesque spurs of those two mountains, running down and throwing the great river from side to side of the well-wooded strath, give some new and beautiful combination every quarter of a mile. Other people, I do not doubt, will laugh at me for saying that I have seen nothing more beautiful, and naturally. I have seen so much of the surface of this earth that, if any one were to assert to me that this or that was the finest thing in nature, I, in my turn, might laugh at him; for there is no harm in laughing. Glen Lyon is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen; and so laugh away.

Many of the readers of this article have seen the pass of Llanberis. Glen Lyon is something like the finest part of that pass; but the hills on either side are loftier: the level space of the valley is, perhaps, six hundred yards broad. There is great abundance of timber. The Glen is thirty miles long, and down through it comes a great river, as big as the Conway at Llanrwst.

The gates of the glen, at which you enter, are the most abrupt part of it that I saw. There is only room for the river, none for the road; that is cut artificially in the side of the hill. The river here is a shoreless linn of alternate pools and rapids, with very large beech and maple timber growing in every cranny.

Soon after this the glen opens out.

I had asked people where lived Captain Campbell, of Glencoe. Nobody knew. But, passing a long, low white house, standing back from the road, with a row of maples before it, the driver, who had not so very much to say for himself, poked me in the ribs, and said—

“Ye have heard of the massacre of Glencoe, sir?”

We rather thought we had.

“And of Campbell that did it, may be?”

“Certainly.”

“Yon’s his house, sir. Did ye ken, John Hossack (to the fisherman), that Chesthill had ‘biggit a muckle new wa’ between,” &c.

We, however, had seen the house where Campbell of Glen Lyon lived. And the only remarkable thing about it is that it is whitewashed; as is not Campbell himself.

At least not yet. But so many men have been daubed with untempered mortar lately, that it is quite possible that that most eminent cut-throat scoundrel may come in for his turn in time. We hope, wherever he is, that it may benefit him. But it will be a nasty job. Campbell of Glenlyon, Nero, and the Devil, seem to be the only three men waiting for their turn of the brush.

What more about Glen Lyon? Nothing, except a never-to-be-forgotten day, among feathering woodlands, dark purple cloud shadows, gleaming bands of golden meadow grass, and everywhere the great river sweeping from side to side of the glen over his amber-coloured pebbles. And in one place a rift in the south side of the glen, with Ben Lawers blocking it up, rising from the river side in terrace after terrace of dark rock, towards the zenith, and down his side a gleaming torrent leaping and pausing and leaping on again, among the mountain lawns.

In the evening, as we were going home, John Hossack dropped his fly-book, and I sent him back in the dog-cart to look for it, and walked on. And, as I walked amidst the gathering gloom, all alone, I came to a darksome wood;

and in the middle of the wood was a wicked old castle.

Evidently a haunt of the Macgregors in old times—now, I am happy to say, roofless and windowless, or I should hardly have whistled in approaching it, with two pounds ten and an Albert watch chain on me, and I, too, coming from the direction of Inverary. I had a look at the castle, and the place where it was built, and I came to the conclusion that the man who built it meant no particular good to some one, who might be expected to come up the glen from the east; *and also*, that the man who built it knew perfectly well what he was about. Put me two companies of the Strathgrampian Rifle Volunteers between these four walls, surrounded by their dense thicket of timber; erect me a small scone on the hill called Drums-nab, and put me another two companies in it; and then I rather think that, if the Emperor of China found himself profoundly penetrated with a generous enthusiasm for taking his whole army up to show them the scenery at the head of Glen Lyon, then, in that case, consistently adhering to his great idea of a bloodless solution of European difficulties, he would find himself compelled to go all the way round by Kinloch, and come in at the west end of the glen after all.

Ah! they were rough old times in Glen Lyon, when the Macgregors had their backs to the wall, and were fighting, inch by inch, against the Campbells for the possession of this glorious Glen Lyon—the Campbells coming over the hills from the west; the Macgregors retreating from one bend in the river to another eastward, still eastward, towards those other Campbells who possessed Strath Tay, who were also their deadly enemies, but had never dared to penetrate beyond the awful rock-walls at Fortingal. Rough times, indeed. One would that some one was alive to tell us what these clan fights were like.

No need. There are some mounds of earth in yon hollow by the bridge which spans the foaming waterfall, and above which Ben Lawers begins to roll in

lofty steep downs, one above the other, until he tilts up his last mighty slab into the sky. That is the remains of a Highland village. Let us people it once more.

Easily done. A few grey stone huts; a dim, dark autumn morning, and the eastern scarp of Ben Lawers dimly lit up by the October dawn; a hundred green-kilted men brushing swiftly through the dewy heather; a surprise, and a running to and fro; a rattle of broad swords and targets for a time; a few dropping shots; and then naught save the smoke of burning hovels mixing with the morning mist, and rising up the hollow of the mountains, and the wild wail of widows and orphans rising possibly higher even than that.

Says Humboldt, "In places where nature is terrible and powerful," so and so occurs. Nature is terrible and powerful in Glen Lyon, and the passions of men rise in proportion to the sublimity of the scenery which surrounds them. Who can wonder, then, at any deeds of blood and violence which may have been committed under the shadow of these awful mountain walls. The black horror of Glencoe suggested the blackest deed ever done beneath the face of heaven.

The above paragraph is rather pretty. It has only one fault—that of being intolerably nonsensical and false. Nature is as powerful and terrible in Glen Lyon as ever she was; but there are no deeds of blood done there now-a-days. A man may walk down Glen Lyon on the darkest night. Lord help him if he dares to walk across Hyde Park! A more gentle, affectionate set of people than the inhabitants of Glen Lyon don't exist, I take it, on the face of the earth. There is just so much wildness about them as gives them a game flavour, no more. I like a partridge better than a chicken.

Yon is the kirk, and next it is the manse. The minister who lives there is a bold hill-walker; and, however wild and terrible the winter's night, that minister will away through the snow to the failing pilgrim just entering on his

rest, to see if perchance some ray of the Divine glory which is to be his portion hereafter may light upon his face from the eyes of the dying man.

Such is Glen Lyon now. A place where freedom, honour, truth, and justice, lie firmly fixed among the everlasting hills.

ON KILTS AND ON ANGLING.

WHILE I, John Bull, was at Inverquich, there was held, by some of my Highland admirers, a Durbar, Palaver, Big Talk, Cabinet Council, Corrobbory, or whatever they call it in the Highlands, in which it was unanimously voted that I *must* wear a kilt. So Gil Duff found the material, Coll Grant made it up, and I paid for it.

The evening it came home it was determined that I was to go out fishing in it. A committee waited upon me in my bed-room, and showed me how to put it on. It was pronounced to set well. I was declared unanimously to have a good leg for an Englishman. I dismissed the committee on some trifling excuse, and immediately afterwards walked downstairs in my *trousers* amidst the groans of the assembled spectators.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't really. There was an airiness about the legs, and a general dread of some horrible disaster, which rendered it impossible. Good heavens! I said, suppose I were to meet the ladies?

I suspect that my popularity was on the wane that night for half an hour or so, in consequence of my rebellion against the kilt; but it was all forgotten by the time I came home, and had passed into a merry joke. For the Inverquich fellows are good fellows, and don't bear malice long.

But at last, on a very dark night, I, going out fishing, put on the kilt for the first time, and slipped down to the river-side. I rather liked it, now that no one could see me, and I worked hard among the rocks and stones till one in the morning.

Young Alister, the fisherman, had gone away from me, and I could hear him rattling upon a great, long shingle bed, a quarter of a mile off. I was dead beat, with a noble basketful of trout; as happy as a king, and very sleepy. I thought I would go home to bed; so I sat down, and began "coo'eeing" (I am an old Australian) for Alister.

And as I "coo'eed" I fell asleep in my kilt, under the winking stars. I slept perhaps five minutes; but it was long enough to unseat reason from her throne. I awoke, with a sensation of cold about the legs. I felt them, and found they were bare. I looked round and saw mountains and woods. And then I became possessed with the horrible idea that I had gone to bed at home, had risen in my sleep, and wandered out an unknown distance from help, in my *shirt*.

I have been troubled, from boyhood, with a cyclical dream; to wit, that I have awaked, and found myself in broad day, in the King's Road, Chelsea, opposite the Asylum wall, without any trousers on. When I awoke this night, I thought I had gone and done it at last.

I brought my kilt to England with me. When my servant found it among my other clothes, on my arrival home, he brushed it, and took it for granted, as a Hampshire man should. Soon after I found that he, by some involution of ideas—by some process of mind which I confess myself unable to follow—thought that it was a garment, which it was, "de rigueur" to wear when you played croquet. I had to tell him that it was worn when salmon-fishing. But he no more contemplates the possibility of his master's having worn it without any trousers underneath it than he believes it possible that the Bishop of the diocese would attend a prize fight. I have not dared to break the fact to him yet.

And now about the fishing at Inverquich. I must not say too much about it, I fear; because many of our readers do not care about fishing, and because the pages of the *Field* are

always open to descriptions of sport of all kind.

There are no salmon at Inverquich ; but the trout fishing is the best I ever had in my life, and is equal, I think, to most *unpreserved* fishing in England.

I am aware that this statement will be received with profound astonishment, if not incredulity, by most English trout fishers, who have tried Scotland, and have come away with the idea that there is no (what we call) trout fishing there : but Inverquich is an exception. The burn trout at Inverquich have been killed as high as eight pounds. I myself killed, with a little whip of an English trout rod, and twenty yards of line, a fish of 3 lbs., which took me forty minutes to land. I killed bigger than that, but with a bigger rod, and with a parr. In the Lake, the *salmo-ferox* is abundant, running up to 14 lbs., or larger. I consider that the trout fishing at Aberfeldy, also, is nearly equal to that in the Thames.

This is a bold assertion ; but any good fisherman who goes and stays at the Breadalbane Arms, Aberfeldy, and waits for the troubling of the waters, will find that I am right. One night, last June, while I was away at Rannoch, a gentleman at Aberfeldy fished through the night in the Tay with a spoon, and did the most wonderful stroke of business among the burn trout I almost ever heard of.

People read Stoddart's Angler, and books relating principally to the South of Scotland, and fancy there are no great trout in Scotland, as in England. I have before me now a clever little book, called, "Hints to Anglers, by Adam Dryden," which relates to the fishing in the South of Scotland. He gives the results. His greatest day is 36 lbs. weight, averaging a quarter of a pound each, and so making twelve dozen. A very good day for those who care about the sort of thing, but, if the fish ran all of a size, rather a tiresome one ! Mr. Dryden, provokingly, won't give us the size of his biggest fish. One three pounder is worth fishing all day for, but one dozen quarter-pounders most certainly are not.

From Mr. Dryden's book, the fishing in the parts he writes of seems similar to that in Devonshire—not to be compared to that in Hants and Wilts, which I suppose is almost the best in the world.

But, in some of the big Perthshire rivers, when you can get leave to put a line in them, you run Hants very hard indeed. Of course you cannot expect, in a poor country like that, to get trout equal in size to those of the Thames ; but in certain linns you may expect anything up to eight pounds ; and the biggest trout caught in the Thames last year was, I think, not quite 15 lbs. But, as in Thames, so in Perthshire. You must be a fisherman, and a good one, to catch them. If you are not a good fisherman, go out on the loch in a boat, and you may catch trout till you are tired.

But, whether you are a fisherman or not, take a rod out with you, and make believe. For so shall you be tempted to the river-side on summer's evenings ; ay, and be tempted to stay out all through the summer's nights, which are never dark, but through which the *Crepusculum* creeps round from NN.W. to NN.E., and then begins to brighten once more, till the loftiest ribs of Schehallion begin to glow like molten gold,

"Ere that the moon from his cold crown
In crystal silence creeping down."

Or, earlier in May, you may quote, if you are out late or early enough,

"Far off the torrent called me from the cleft,
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow."

Or else,

"Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

I, who speak, have seen many awful and beautiful things ; but the calm, quiet, glory of the summer's dawn, flushing up among the mountains, is the most solemn and beautiful thing I have ever looked on. And so let us brush swiftly homeward through the quiet graveyard at Inverquich, and hear the whispering voice of awakening nature say to us, "Once more, my child, once more."

TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

BY THE LATE W. SIDNEY WALKER.

A FRAGMENT.

THE long, the weary agony is past,
 Which held thee in its grasp from morn to night;
 Thy patient spirit now hath borne its last,
 And thy soul's fire, that flickered sadly bright
 Through many a wasting week, hath died away
 In its thin lamp of clay.

Thy earthly form, the wreck of that fierce strife,
 Lies here, of motion and of sense forlorn;
 But the pale twilight of departed life
 Is lingering still, as tho' 'twere wrong and scorn
 In Death to spoil too hastily a shrine
 That held a soul like thine.

Still, still—a calmness more profound than sleep—
 One tress of thy brown hair is struggling forth
 From the white cap of death. . . .

* * * *

And flowers, Love's latest gift, unwither'd yet,
 Stood by the bed; twin pinks of spotless white,
 Small fairy roses, and all else that greet
 With dewy lips the clear May morning light,
 Were spending their fresh bloom and joyous breath
 In the still place of Death.

* * * *

WRITTEN IN THE WALKS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE time, the place—Ah! woe is me,
 That change like this on earth should be!

'Tis twenty years, this summer-tide—
 The world was bright around, above,
 And she was glittering by my side,
 The orient star of youth and love.

'Tis twenty years, since arm in arm
 We paced this lonely walk together,
 Between the laurels glossy-warm,
 Beneath the sky of summer weather.

And she is gone!—a lovely sight,
 A marvellous show, has fled by;
 Nor will the grave give back to light
 Her flower-like bloom and glorious
 eye.

Why grieve? The fountain is not dried
 From whence her stream of beauty
 fell;
 Around, within us, and beside,
 It springs, an everlasting well.

It springs where'er the year is rolled;
 Where'er the sleepless waters run;
 Where'er the morning clouds unfold
 Their amber doors to meet the sun.

MY UNCLE AND HIS HOUSE: A STORY OF DANISH LIFE.

BY M. GOLDSCHMIDT.

DANISH grammar-schools have two vacations of about a month each, the one in summer, and the other at Christmas time. During the summer vacation I generally visited my uncle, a merchant of the old school, at the little town of Wordingborg. He used to send his small craft to Norway and England laden with corn, of which part was grown on his own farms. The colonial produce, and iron, cotton, linen, and silk goods, brought from England, were sold in his own shop; and the timber from Norway was stored in his own timber-yard. He had a brewery and a distillery, and for a farthing you might drink your dram in his tap-room. This extensive business was carried on in an establishment of adequate size; my uncle's house, in fact, stretching itself from the main street of the town to the beach, a distance of more than six hundred yards in length, by about fifty in width. It was an irregularly-built house, even the building facing the street looking like two distinct houses—one rather low, containing the shop and offices; the other lofty, that is to say, with two storeys, the lower of which contained the drawing, dining, and some sleeping rooms for the family, while the upper contained the "guest-rooms" and some empty apartments. On passing from the street, through a broad lofty gate, you entered a square yard, the four sides of which were as follows: the main building now behind you; a low, dark, irregular row of chambers for the shopmen and menservants on the left; the kitchen, laundry, the servants' hall, and the tap-room on the right; and, parallel with the main building, the brewery and distillery. Through a gate in the last-named building you passed into another square yard, with store-houses on the left, stables on the right and in front; and a third gate opened

into the timber-yard, at the bottom of which was the garden bordering the sea.

Almost every part of this structure had its own tale, which, when told, would, as it were, explain its character, or size, or *raison d'être*. These tales are, no doubt, more interesting to me than to you, because they revive my recollections of that dear old place, and put before my eyes, in a bright, idealizing light, the sweet faces of lost or living friends. But even you, reader, may be interested in some of them. And so, fancying that, some fine summer day, on crossing the Baltic and passing our little, green islands, "emeralds floating on the blue waves," you enter the Bay of Wordingborg, and, attracted by the round, red tower and the red roofs of the town amid woods and gardens, you resolve to visit its streets or its street, for it has but one, a very long one though it be—allow me to be your *cicerone*, and to conduct you to my uncle's house. There it is. It bears, you see, neither sign nor name; but, twenty miles around, every child knows where *John Parker* lives.

* * * *

And, first, sitting here with me on one of these benches, shaded by lime-trees, which surround the well in the street, at a little distance from my uncle's house, you will at once perceive that the lower part of the front building is not quite consistent with itself. Especially that broad protruding flight of steps, of massive, roughly-hewn stone, will strike you as protesting, by its grandeur and by the brass balls with which its iron balusters are ornamented, that it never could have been conceived at the same time with the low, whitewashed shop-building in the brain of any architect. And you are right. The low shop-building is, in fact, the very oldest part of my uncle's house—an inherit-

ance from those past times when Wordingborg, after its period of splendour in the middle ages, had sunk into a village—while the incongruous flight of steps, which you see tacked on to it, was placed there by my uncle himself, and is a monument of the first step of his rising fortunes. I will tell you how :

On a calm autumn night, in the year 1802, young John Parker, then living in the town of Ringsted, drew near a window of his father's house, and, preparing to enter it, met an unexpected hindrance—to wit, old Martin Parker, his respectable father, who calmly said to him, "This is the way of thieves and prodigal sons, and I would rather not see either in my house. To-morrow morning you may send for your mother-lot;¹ and so good-bye, John."

While John yet stood stunned, the window closed, and he had to seek shelter for the night, in the house of a friend—with whom, to say the truth, he had been gambling.

Martin Parker, his father, was a man of the old school ; he never spoke passionately, and never retracted a word ; so John the next day received his money, and, bidding adieu to Ringsted, went to Wordingborg, some twenty miles off, and settled there, at twenty years of age, as a trader.

Matters, for a time, went on smoothly and agreeably enough with John, who had nobody now to find fault with him, and, when he chose to come home late at night, needed no window—having, as a matter of course, the key of his own street door. One day, however, discovering that he had a bill to pay in a short time, whilst his till was almost empty, and pacing the shop slowly with bowed head and his hands behind him, he suddenly said to his shopman :

"I say, Peter, isn't it Mogenstrup fair the day after to-morrow ?"

"Bless you, master, the idea is good," answered Peter.

¹ According to the law of Denmark, a widow, when he marries again, must share his property with his children. I have expressed this share, belonging to John, by the term "mother-lot."

"Now, Peter," said John, "first, there was no idea at all in my question ; and, secondly, it is not for you to judge if my ideas are good or bad. Now run, please, and fetch Jens Nielson, the carrier."

Mogenstrup fair was held at Whitsuntide, on a meadow in the woods, and attracted a great number of visitors, among whom that year was my father. He had scarcely time to shake hands with John before he saw him surrounded by a crowd of young traders or traders' clerks, farmers and horse-dealers, joyously greeting him—"Welcome, Johnny, my boy ! A bottle of wine to-night, John ! Come along, John !" And, as soon as John had given directions for the pitching of his tent on the meadow, he was carried off, like the knight by the mermaid in the German ballad, "half willing, half unwilling."

When my father, an hour later, found him at the inn, whither the gay companions had retired, John heard his entreaties and admonitions in stubborn silence ; and my father, although he was, I respectfully believe, fond of a song and a glass of wine, retired in dismay from the boisterous scene to his own lodgings. Here he was startled towards morning by the sound of heavy steps on the staircase and violent knocks at his door. It was John, who entered with a flushed, almost swollen face, and red, burning eyes.

"John, John," exclaimed my father, "have you lost ?"

"Lost ? lost ? lost ?" cried John, pulling banknotes and silver coins from out of his breast pocket, his waistcoat—nay, from the legs of his boots ; "get along, dress, be quick ; go, awaken Jens Nielson the carrier ; I'll go home !"

"But, John, how did you come by all this money ?"

"How came I by it ? Honestly, of course. Did you ever hear anything of me to the contrary ?"

"Well, as far as gambling itself is honest, I have not."

"But," said John, his voice suddenly faltering, "gambling is *not* honest ! it is not ! Look here ! I have taken this

from poor devils like myself, nay, poorer than I, for some of them are married, and have children. I cannot offer to return it, for they would believe I had cheated them, and, chicken-hearted, would make atonement. Even now, having thrown it off, it burns me ; I am on fire !”

“Now, John, be sensible. If you are to gamble, I prefer seeing you burning with gain, to trembling from losses and despair.”

“But you do not know all,” said John, peevishly. “Listen ! There was a moment when I had lost my all up to a single dollar. On throwing it down I said to myself—‘Old Nick, I am told, is walking, prying about for souls to buy ; why doesn’t he come to-night and make a reasonable bargain with me ?’ Next moment the card was drawn, I won, but I distinctly heard somebody giggling close to my ears. So it went on, I always winning—he always giggling ; and the horrid sound followed me to your door. Let me remain here till daylight, whilst you go and fetch Jens Nielson.”

My father was about leaving the room, when John said to him—“Brother, listen to me. I give you my hand and my word—I promise by all that is sacred—that never in my life will I gamble again ; so help me God Almighty and His holy Word. Now be gone, and fetch Jens Nielson !”

Some time after old Mr. Parker, on learning what John had promised, and that he kept his word, announced his intention of paying him a visit ; on which John, scrupulously surveying his house, found the old flight of wooden steps, before the shop, too decayed for his father to step upon. There being no time to order a new one to be made, he bought at an auction, on a nobleman’s estate, that noble flight of stone with brass ornaments, and had it, *tant bien que mal*, affixed to his shop. His father’s step was the first he allowed on it ; and he, no doubt, entered the house with a blessing, for much bliss followed him.

* * * * *

At that time the whole building facing the street was one low straight-lined

house, and, as was often observed to John by elderly ladies who had daughters to marry—and who, after the visit of his father, showed him a marked friendship—there was plenty of room for improvements ; but Uncle John did not understand their hints, the house remaining empty and decaying, and he himself a confirmed bachelor.

But let all who are defying the god Hymen beware ! It was the destiny of my uncle to be caught at sea, although on board a ship where no female being was present.

It was his own ship, his first ship ; and he had, to the astonishment of the town, made known his determination to proceed to Lubeck himself to make purchases. In those days this was a journey before undertaking which a citizen made his will, and took leave of his friends with moistened eyes. But it was more—it was a commercial revolution ; for never, since the long-forgotten days of the *Hansa*, had such a thing been heard of at Wordingborg, as that a trader should get his merchandize direct from abroad, instead of from Copenhagen. My uncle’s little craft bore the pennant of emancipation and independence, and he knew it, little suspecting what errand his good ship had to perform besides. On their return, a violent tempest burst over them, the mast broke, a man fell overboard, and my uncle, having just escaped the same fate, lay helpless in the cabin, when, remembering perhaps the good effects of his former vow, he said—“If it please Heaven to save me from this, I promise to marry the first honest girl I meet when I get home.”

“What !” I hear my fair readers exclaim, “Did the man dare to fancy Heaven would perform a miracle, because he condescended to offer an honest girl his hand ? Did he believe that all the honest girls in Denmark stood ready to accept him ?” Madam, you are quite right ; but, although he was my uncle, I cannot make him greater than he was. Every man must be judged according to the ideas prevailing in his time and surroundings ; besides, a man lying sea-sick, cannot be expected to measure

the exact bearing of his words. But, lastly, I feel inclined to think that my uncle expressed exactly what he intended. Feeling, perhaps, in his conscience, that he had offended Hymen, he, repentant, said to the god—"Now, let me not go down, but give me a fair chance of retrieving myself." Whether the god heard him and used his influence with Neptune, I am unable to say ; all I know is, that my uncle got safe on shore, and I got an aunt—my own, blessed Aunt Elizabeth.

On that occasion, when his bride was to enter his house, he pulled down half of the low front building, and the lofty two-storeyed part of the house arose. In this part of the house he prepared apartments for his father, who, on retiring from business, was to come and live with him ; but, old Martin Parker having meanwhile died, some of the rooms were left unfinished.

* * * *

We will pass through the gate and enter the first yard. To the left you see, as I told you before, an irregular, low building, with the roof protruding as in a Swiss cottage, and darkening the interior. One half of this was allotted to the shopmen, another half to the male servants. You, with your ideas of comfort, would find the rooms dark, chilly, uncomfortable ; but they were not so to that hardy race of men who, even on a winter's morning, would come out into the yard and break the ice from the pump in the corner to perform their ablutions. One of the rooms was called *Falstaff's chamber*, without my ever being able to discover why. I am led to infer that there had flourished in the town, in pre-historical times, a literary knowledge and taste, that disappeared until the new teachers came from Copenhagen to the public school, and spoke to the young ladies, during tea, of Shakespeare and other celebrities. Farthest to the left, close to the second gate, squeezing itself into the corner, stood a small, square house or hut, falling into decay, with broken windows, and half filled with rubbish, such as oakum, broken tiles, and timber.

My uncle, every evening when he made his rounds to see that all was right in his house, would peep for a moment into that ruin ; and this habit of his had, to the inmates of the house, surrounded the spot with a singular, indefinite awe.

The following tale, which my uncle himself told me in later years, will account for the habit :—

"There was a time," he said, "when I was—not poor, for a young man who will work is never poor—but I had no capital. At that time all the buildings you now see between this and the beach were either miserable sheds, or did not exist at all, and all my commodities could be stored in this square room—in fact, it was my warehouse. Some time after the death of my father, I wanted an important paper relating to property of his, but could not find it, till at last, in sheer despair, I ransacked this old chamber. How the paper came here I am at a loss to guess, but here it was. The following night I dreamt that, on passing the room, I saw my father there, standing in his usual way, straight upright, and looking gravely at me, whilst he said—'John, you must take these three numbers in the lottery, and you will be enabled to make all around you happy.' On awakening, I could not remember the numbers ; but the next night I had exactly the same dream, and with the same result. I tried so hard to recollect the numbers that I got almost into a fever ; but in vain. On the third night the same dream, but this time my father had his nightcap on, and a lance in his hand, and, angrily shaking the lance at me, he said, in his deep, calm voice, that, in my youth, frightened me more than thunder—'John, I shall be obliged to shut the window if your wooden head cannot retain fifteen, thirty-seven, eighty-one.' 'Fifteen, thirty-seven, eighty-one !' I exclaimed, and awoke, yet unable still to recollect the numbers ; but your aunt had caught them. As we at that time had no lottery-office in this town, I rode to Nestved, and, taking the numbers, requested my brother-in-law, if they should not come

out at once, to take them again and again, and to stake five dollars on them. They did not come out the first week, nor the next; but, the third week, one morning, on reading the newspaper, I found my three numbers parading in its columns. 'Lizzy,' I cried to your aunt, 'we shall see your brother in the course of the day; let's have a pair of ducks roasted, for he is fond of ducks, the old chap.' Two hours later, a carriage rattled at a furious speed along the street, and, stopping at my door, emitted my worthy brother-in-law. Remarking his solemn countenance, I said to myself, 'Well, he is the bearer of forty thousand dollars.' But, when I came out to welcome him, he stopped short, saying, 'John, I am a rogue.' 'Charley,' said I, 'if you are a rogue and will cheat me out of my forty thousand dollars, or any part of them, I will give you into custody, be you a hundred times my brother-in-law.' 'Upon my soul, Johnny,' cried he, 'I have not got the money; I am a fool, a rogue, a criminal, whatever you please; but I have not got it. Last week, on seeing the lottery-collector, and learning that the numbers had not come out, I got impatient, and said, 'It is a folly to throw more five-dollar-notes away upon that nonsense; let us stake fourpence. Here is the ticket—fourpence, John; and I am very sorry.' Well, what could I say or do?"

"And what did Aunt Elizabeth say?" I inquired.

"She, poor thing! Putting herself between her brother and me—for I could not cease grumbling—she said: 'Even without forty thousand dollars you can eat my ducks.' And so we did. But I'll tell you," my uncle gravely added, "that, to my belief, my father, supposing it was he, only appeared in order to tease me in his own sarcastic way. For, I will own to you, I once, in early youth, won a sum of money, the accumulated interest of which at ten per cent.—and I can make ten per cent. at least in my business—would, as I calculated the other day, make forty thousand dollars. It was just like my father to promise me what, unknowingly, I had,

as it were, got already; and the dream, perhaps, only signified that I was to make those around me happy by the means I was possessed of."

"This, uncle, is truly a noble explanation," said I.

"No," he answered, "not at all; it is only calculation. But, since then, it has become a custom of mine to stop a moment every night before the old crumbling building. It is sometimes well, too, to remember how one felt when poor.

"No, it is not true," my uncle added, with a sudden change of tone, the change extending almost to his whole person—it was as if a host of thoughts suddenly rushed on him, and as if, bending under their weight, he looked on me as a staff to lean on. "No, it is not true! In that corner, now darkened by my foolish buildings, was once stored the greatest treasure I ever possessed. I was about thy age, boy—yes, you are now between nineteen and twenty. Listen, my dear boy. I am not of the opinion that parents and old people should never talk of love to younger ones. Once and for good they may do so. And I say, if ever thou findest a girl of whom, on going at midnight to the churchyard and calling her name thrice, thou canst say thou lovest and respectest her, stick to her, boy, through life and death. Mark, boy, what thy old uncle now says. Paradise, from which our first parents were driven, is once in life shown to each of us, and we may enter it—for a time at least—like a station on a journey: thou mayst, my son, if thou hast a true, innocent, and bold heart, and findest its match. Should it happen to thee, then break through all hindrances, and, if all the world forsake thee, come to me."

At these words of my uncle I stood almost terrified. If any of the green hills around Wordingborg, where cattle used to graze, had yawned to emit volcanic fire, it would not have amazed me more.

But Uncle John, without perceiving my agitation, added:

"You now know that, before God, you have another aunt who is in heaven;

but do not love and respect your Aunt Elizabeth the less for that, for a truer and nobler wife was never given a man; you may take your oath upon that."

"Were you ever married before, uncle?" asked I.

"You are a d—d fool!" said Uncle John; "how could I marry in my twentieth year, being at that time my father's clerk and living under his rule? Bah! you are a university student, and your thoughts cannot be as foolish as your words. Would that I had! But, one night, coming home from them—Her father was an officer on half-pay, and her brother, a naval officer, had fallen fighting at the battle of Copenhagen against Nelson. I tell thee, boy, there are no families in the world to be compared with those of the military who have lost a son, or a father, or a brother, in the battles of their country. They have a pride and consciousness of their own, and they look upon matters of this world so, that I, recollecting them, feel disgusted with my counter and my brewery, and—no, not with my ships. She played the cithar, and, one night, whilst she played, I looked into her eyes, and she looked into mine, and on coming home I wrote a poem; yes, I did, but my father came and saw it. The next day he went to her father, and, when I went there in the evening, her father said to me, 'John, my dear boy, you are just in time to take leave of my daughter, who is going to Copenhagen.' She then came forward, very pale, but very calm, and shook hands with me. How I came home that night I do not know; but, the next day, I took to gambling and drinking—else, I believe, I should have committed murder or suicide. Did you ever hear that I have been a gambler?"

"I was told that you had played sometimes."

My uncle smiled, and was silent.

I felt, instinctively, that he wanted a bridge over which to pass from his memoirs and his tone of confidence to real life and his usual behaviour; and, for the purpose of affording it, I said:

"You told me, uncle, that in yonder

corner was once stored a great treasure of yours."

"Ay, there was. On the morning after that night my father's housekeeper secretly gave me a letter from *her*, the only one I ever had. When entering this house, I laid it down there, in a safe dug in the ground. It became the corner-stone of my house; it made it secure; it spread something of *her* around. But, the day I married, I took it out and burnt it. Here comes your aunt; go and kiss her hand."

I was accustomed from my infancy to kiss my aunt's hand on bidding her good morning and good night; so this mark of respect or reverence did not surprise her, or betray its hidden meaning. I have often since marvelled at the ease, the practical sense, with which my uncle, having stooped to confidences of a delicate nature towards his young nephew, at once assumed his wonted authority and command.

* * * *

The small old building, the subject of the preceding story, stood in a corner to the left, close by the gate leading from the first to the second yard, through the brewery. This gate, of a massive lofty character, looked almost like a triumphal arch; and, whether intended or not as a monument of triumph, its erection was closely connected with a victory.

Uncle John had been already for years not only one of the first traders of Wordingborg, but *the* trader of the town, when it was rumoured that a new trader was about establishing himself there on a grand scale, and, by the superior cleverness of the new school, was to defeat the old one, as well as to confer great benefits on the town and surrounding country. The rumour soon proved true, inasmuch as Mr. Lange, the new comer, on his first arrival, and on his taking possession of his splendid new house in the town, did not, as was customary, pay a visit to my uncle. Besides this, he went himself on a journey to London. This metropolis was, at that time, to most of the Wordingborg people something nebulous—like certain stars, a dim, distant immensity; and Mr. Lange's journey

thither entirely eclipsed Uncle John's old Lubeck voyage. Mr. Lange, indeed, publicly announced that, owing to his recent purchases, made personally in London, and to his connexions in that city, he was in a position to buy at higher and sell at lower prices than were hitherto known at Wordingborg. In every line of the advertisement was seen a squib at my uncle. The consequence was a feud as intense, if not as passionate, as that between the Montecchi and Capuleti, and just as reasonable. Wherever my uncle's shopmen, brewers, labourers, carmen, &c. met with those of Lange, they fought, not with swords, but with heavy fists. But, as no one in the house ever told anything to my uncle without being asked—all news and incidents being conveyed to him through my aunt—he seemed perfectly unaware of what was going on, and never mentioned Mr. Lange's name, thus ignoring his existence in the town.

The whole town divided in a cautious, and, as it were, underground, feud. With my uncle sided the old-fashioned people, who hated the new because it was new, and the poor, who loved the old state of things for the protection it had afforded them. Against my uncle stood, I am sorry to say, all who claimed rank among the enlightened party of progress—young ladies, officers of the garrison, royal functionaries, teachers at the grammar-school, &c. Some did so because they really believed the town to be in need of new strength, of fresh blood; but most of them, I think, because Mr. Lange and his young wife had an establishment reflecting Copenhagen fashion, where elegant dinners and balls were given, whilst my uncle's house, grand in its inner life, gave but three solemn, stiff entertainments annually, on the birthdays of the king and of my uncle and my aunt.

The corn trade, always hazardous to speculators, was at that time, owing to your sliding scale, particularly difficult and dangerous; and, in the autumn, whilst Mr. Lange happened to make a successful expedition to England, my uncle sustained a severe loss. On the

Sunday after the disaster was known none of our servants went out into the street; but, about a week later, they all, one after the other, brought their little money, hitherto deposited in the savings bank, to uncle's counting house, invariably giving the same reason—that the bank was not safe enough. Uncle John, neither by word, nor by mien, betrayed that he could for a moment doubt the reason assigned; but he made a codicil to his will, conveying his realty to the servants and their children's children. But, the next autumn, two expeditions were undertaken by my uncle, one to Norway, another to England; and both were successful, whilst Mr. Lange's broke down. Mr. Lange, chiefly trading upon credit, was unable to bear the shock; and, one morning, one of my uncle's shopmen rushed into the sitting room exclaiming, "Master! Mr. Lange has run away from the town!"

Uncle John, having preserved his equanimity in adversity, was not less staunch when fortune smiled, and said to the volunteering newsbringer, "May I ask you, sirrah, who sent for you?" The shopman slunk back to the shop like a beaten dog.

In the course of the day, came a message from Mrs. Lange, requesting to see Mr. Parker, and inquiring when he would be at home.

"Had I not better go to her, poor thing? She is such a nice young woman," said uncle to aunt.

But this Aunt Elizabeth strongly opposed; and the reply was given, that Mr. Parker would be at home between four and five o'clock.

At four o'clock all the town knew that Mrs. Lange was going to John Parker's, and behind the blinds and the flower-stands in the windows a hundred eyes watched her—Carthage humiliating itself before Rome.

My aunt, dressed in her heaviest silk robe and laden with all her ornaments, looking to the dazzled eyes of her servants like a Spanish queen, sat awaiting the arrival of her conquered rival. But Aunt Elizabeth, God bless her, as soon

as Mrs. Lange entered the door, began to cry, and kissed her; and Mrs. Lange cried; and, before a word was said about business, it was arranged that she should remain to tea.

At last Mrs. Lange said, "Your kind reception gives me courage to perform my errand. I am afraid we have not deserved it; we have not behaved politely to you.

"Do not mention it," said Uncle John.

Mrs. Lange—"My husband, on leaving, said to me, 'You can depend on none but Mr. John Parker; he is an honest man.'"

Uncle, stretching his hand towards her, "You can indeed depend on me."

Mrs. Lange—"My husband thinks that, on looking over his books, you will see that he wants to come to an honourable agreement with his creditors; and, if you would undertake to manage it, he would submit to any condition you might impose."

Uncle—"Why, I shall impose no condition; circumstances will do so. Look here, Mrs. Lange; from the beginning I had my misgivings about your husband's embarking in the corn trade without sufficient capital. That won't do. But here is plenty of room for a young active merchant who will work and live according to his means. I shall do my best for your husband, who is—I have observed him—a clever man of business. He has many good notions which I wish I could adopt and carry out; but it is of no use to pour young wine into old leather bags. It is the destiny of man that the old shall die and the young succeed them; but let the old ones have an honest burial."

Some time later, Mr. Lange, having returned, removed from his large, splendid house to a more modest one, situated on the other side of the street, opposite the beach. Carthage was removed eighty *stadia* from the sea.

And at that time was built the lofty gate through the brewery, looking like a triumphal arch, but in reality well adapted for the increasing traffic.

* * * *

The next story can only be understood through some acquaintance with its scene of action, the timber-yard. This yard, the last of the four within my uncle's premises, extended from the stables down to the beach, at a length of more than 900 feet, but of a very unequal width. Its upper part formed a square of 180 feet, surrounded by stables and storehouses, and almost filled with piles of planks, poles, deals, boards, beams, and laths, resembling broken towers and scattered spires; but, at its lower end, it contracted itself into a lane, thirty feet at its broadest part, and, running between the garden-wall on its left and a fence on its right, which separated it from a neighbouring meadow, opened at last into an irregular polygon on the sea-shore. At one spot, where the lane became so narrow that a waggon had difficulty in passing, the narrowness had been caused by the sea, or rather the ice, which, one winter, had screwed itself up on the beach, and snatched a bit out of the soil. The ice, however, on retiring, had left the place open for repairs; but, when my uncle began the work, his neighbour, Petersen, the latter, stepped in, asserting that this was trespassing on his property.

My uncle then offered to purchase part of the meadow; but Petersen, who was a Holsteiner by birth, and very obstinate in what he believed his rights, would not hear of any bargaining until my uncle had indemnified him for the trespass. Hence, a terrible feud, a legal feud, arose. My uncle, wounded in his pride, undertook to conquer, as his lost property, what Petersen refused to sell him. Justice is generally cheap but slow in our country: this lawsuit, however, owing to circumstances, became not only exceedingly slow but very expensive, from its repeated appeals and returns to the superior and supreme courts. It began when I was nine years old; and, in my eighteenth year, when I was a student at the university, it was still pending. Then, however, the position of the contending parties had altered considerably. To both it had become a passion, a question of honour;

but to Petersen it was, at the same time, a question of life and death. In warfare, generals do not make fight with the front of their armies alone, but with the wings likewise ; nay, they try to get at the rear of each other, to cut off supplies, &c. My uncle, acting on these principles, had commenced trading in hats and caps ; and from that moment, his neighbour, the hatter, could calculate the time when actual want would stare him in the face.

Nevertheless, he went on unflinchingly with the lawsuit, comforting himself with exaggerated hopes of the damages that would be wrung from his opponent. Some of my uncle's friends, perceiving the prospect of Petersen's ruin, and foreseeing how unpleasant this would prove to my uncle, endeavoured to effect a compromise. But, my uncle's invariable answer was : "He called in the lawyers. Well, now they are about it. When they have done, we can talk honestly." During all the years of litigation there was, of course, not a soul in the house that at all doubted my uncle's right, or did not look on Petersen as some singular, incomprehensible, demoniac being, for daring to oppose old John Parker. But of late I observed a feeling that slowly, as it would appear, had crept into their minds and gained power over them. Whenever Petersen himself was mentioned, he was at once given up. Yet all the human sympathy denied to him reverted intensified to his wife and daughter. This feeling seemed to be imparted through the very air, for it came over me, too ; and I never passed Petersen's windows, where, according to Danish fashion, his wife and daughter might be observed seated behind the flower-pots, without, on seeing the white neck and auburn hair of Lotte Petersen, as she sat there bent over her work, feeling something like attachment, pity—nay, I might even have fallen in love with her, had such a thing been possible for my uncle's nephew.

My uncle's dog, Hercules, was a noted part of his establishment. The first dog he had had to watch his timber-yard,

and whose kennel was placed at the entrance of the narrow part of the yard, had been called by that name ; and all its successors, male or female, had inherited it, even without "the first," "the second," &c. being added, as is usual in dynasties. When I was eighteen years of age, the Hercules then reigning was a young, clever, vigorous, yellow Danish dog, gentle by day, as though he felt that all, who then carried goods away, paid honestly, but at night a grim beast, which my uncle himself did not like to approach.

About this time my uncle had sent a venture to Spain. Considering the state of commerce in a small Danish town, this was a great and daring feat, worthy the spirit that had once planned and executed the Lubeck voyage. The master of the ship, Christian Kroier by name, and some fifty years of age, was an old comrade of my uncle in his naval exploits, and had a part-share in the ship. Kroier's son, a young man of twenty-three, had been educated at my uncle's expense, and was now a clerk in his service—a handsome, vigorous fellow, with something sailor-like in his nature, always seeking his holidays' pleasure in boating or sailing.

When I came on my visit in the summer of that year, the ship was daily, hourly expected, but did not come ; and, news arriving of its having been seen in a strong gale in the Bay of Biscay, all the house began to fear for her safety. Uncle John, always silent in emotion, was only once heard to mutter "D—the ship, if needs be, were only my gallant Kroier safe !" But even his last wish did not seem likely to be realized.

It was observed that uncle, during this time of anxious uncertainty, either did not speak to young Kroier at all, or, when compelled to exchange a few words with him, did so in a hurried, almost harsh tone. Knowing my uncle's character, I easily explained this, as arising from his dislike to all show of sentiment, and the fear of losing his dignity and self-restraint when the effusion had once commenced ; but the inmates of the house ascribed his behaviour to anger,

from the fact that young Kroier, by his presence, reminded him of his loss. Although this explanation was founded on a presumption doing little honour to my uncle, yet—so singularly deep was the veneration for the patriarch of the house—nobody seemed to blame him.

One night I was startled out of my sleep by my uncle, who, but half dressed, with a musket in his hand, stood at my bedside, saying :

“Up, lad, come along—I know I may depend on you.”

“What is the matter, uncle ?” I exclaimed.

“Hush ! Don’t you hear Hercules ? They are stealing the timber ! I will not accuse the rogue Petersen without proof. But make haste ; let us go and see.”

Whilst hurriedly dressing, I distinctly heard the huge dog bark ; and, feeling sure that we should have to encounter some evil-doers, I armed myself with a rifle that always hung loaded in my room.

On our reaching the gate of the timber-yard, my uncle’s hand—to say the truth—trembled so much that he could not, for some time, get the key into the hole. But the dog, informed by his sharp senses of approaching help, now began to bark with fury ; and, to judge from the sound, he seemed at this moment, with a violent rush, to have broken his chain and dashed off against the intruders. Then a shot was heard, and a long growl of pain from the dog, and all became silent.

My uncle having at last succeeded in opening the gate, we entered the timber-yard, lit up by the moon ; but no one was to be seen. The enemies, certainly, might have hidden themselves behind some of the many squares and piles of timber ; but these very piles and squares, with their deep shadows, had, at the moment, something unearthly about them—resembling, in fact, ruins of castles and churches, haunted by spirits more than by men. My uncle did not show any inclination to proceed ; nor, I confess, did I insist upon an adventure which, were even our best wishes fulfilled,

might terminate in a deadly conflict for the sake of a little timber. Convinced that we had for the present alarmed the thieves, we went back to the house, and, after arousing some of the servants, returned with them to the yard, to have the dog cared for, in case his wound should not prove mortal. It was found, on examination, that the bullet had just grazed his forehead, and had stunned him, without, perhaps, causing any lasting injury. He was laid upon a mattress in the servants’ hall and carefully bathed with water, whilst almost all the inmates of the house, one by one, dropped in to see him for a moment. Left alone with the dog, I observed that his eyes, on a sudden, half opened, glowing with fury, his legs, at the same time, moving convulsively, as though he would rush against some one, but could not. Turning round, I saw young Kroier, who, last of all, and fully dressed, had approached ; but, as it was he, I did not pay further attention to the singular movements of the poor animal.

Next day, however, something uneasy and restless in Kroier’s behaviour led me to observe him ; and, in the afternoon, on seeing him enter the storehouse between the buildings and the timber-yard, I resolved to be on the watch. Soon after his having left the storehouse, as he believed unobserved, I entered it, and found a window unfastened and a ladder secreted close by. At this discovery the symptoms displayed by the wounded dog acquired a clear and fearful significance. It was deeply repugnant to me to believe young Kroier a thief. I determined to watch him more closely before taking any further steps. Acting as stealthily as he, I provided myself with a bottle of wine, some bread and meat, and the key to one of the storehouses surrounding the timber-yard ; and, when at nightfall the gates were closed, having allowed myself to be locked out in the timber-yard, I concealed myself among the hemp in the storehouse to which I had got the key. Towards midnight the full moon, rising on a spotless, deep blue, star-spangled sky, threw her lustre over the yard ;

and, whilst the shadows of the varied, singularly-shaped timber-piles, played on the ground and built airy castles, sweet Nature provided the scene with adequate music—the gentle hum of the waves on the beach, “the mermaid’s dancing steps.” Seated on a bundle of hemp, close to a broken but iron-barred window, that commanded most of the yard and part of the adjacent meadow, I deeply enjoyed the scene—the glorious yellow or golden-tinted, intensely bright, yet, at the same time, gentle, soft moonlight; the shadows, in which I discovered so many charming shades, from the deepest velvet-black to a floating, transparent tint, like the breath of night passing over bright ground; and, above all, perhaps, the musical silence, if I may say so, or the distant, harmonious, gentle sound that was wafted into the stillness around me. Without any will or aid of mine, what I heard and saw changed into new shapes before my inner eye, or suggested to the brain nimbly-passing dreams, visions, tales, songs without words or distinct meaning, but exceedingly pleasing to the heart. Suddenly, in the midst of such dreams, I heard a scratching sound from the stable-window. Recalled by this sound to wakefulness, I saw the shutter opened, and Kroier, swift and noiseless, jump down into the yard. After listening a while, and convincing himself that he was alone, but, nevertheless, instinctively seeking the shadow of the storehouses, he passed so near to me that, by stretching out my hand, I might have touched him. Then, crossing the spot where the narrow part of the yard commenced, he took his stand at a little distance from me, concealing himself in the shadow of a huge pile of planks. Soon I heard the shriek of a sea-gull; and, in spite of the unusual time, I should have thought it proceeded from the shore, had it not, after a while, been repeated, rising, as it were, close to my ear. This time I felt convinced that young Kroier acted the sea-gull; and another person, doubtless, held a like conviction, for I saw a shadow advancing across Peter-

sen’s meadow. Now, I thought, my uncle is going to pay his penalty in timber, but it will be the last time! The shadow advanced to the border of the hollow that separated the yard from the meadow; and, as the parties, being thus at some distance from each other, were compelled to speak rather loud, or in a heightened whisper, I very soon discovered that the stranger was a woman. A few moments later I knew who the woman was—Lotte Petersen, our neighbour’s daughter! O Love,—for that it was thou, I knew and felt instantaneously; in our eighteenth year we are not slow to Love’s comprehension,—how hast thou contrived to unite those whom men and circumstances have most sadly separated, from the times of those two royal children betwixt whom the broad arm of the sea was running, until those of Romeo and Julietta, kept asunder by the cruel feud of the Montecchi and the Capuleti, and now of Peter Kroier and Lotte Petersen, separated by the feud between my uncle, John Parker, and Petersen the hatter? How didst thou first bring together these two fate-separated beings? To be sure, there are two great public balls every year—one at Christmas-time in the town-hall, another at Whitsuntide in the wood; and there they may have met and seen each other, and fallen victims to thy cruel though sweet ordainings. But how did they afterwards correspond, exchange bewitching vows, and promises, and assurances, and make appointments? I don’t know—ask of Love! Nor had I much time for guessing, intent as I was on listening to the conversation that ensued. You will say, perhaps, that I was wrong in so doing; but fancy yourself in my place. Should I have stopped my ears with hemp? I had come to detect theft and robbery; and, resolved to observe with all my faculties, I could not catch the right moment wherein to cease observing. The conversation, I am bound to say, did not betray much of love’s sweet secrets; on the contrary, it was sad and melancholy, and interwoven with matters of business. The young girl was in such a state of alarm

that she shivered and trembled as if, lightly clad, she had ventured out on a winter night. Doubtless, she would not have renewed the disturbed meeting of the previous night, had it not been for the potent feeling that prevents lovers from parting without taking leave of each other. For a parting meeting it was—a farewell for ever. I understood that young Kroier had expected some happy interference by his father, if he had returned in safety with ship and cargo; whilst I learned from the girl that, unable to keep up the struggle against my uncle any longer, and with the prospect of having his house, in a few days, sold up for rates and taxes, her father had resolved to leave the town, and she, as a matter of course, was going with him to work for him. She even expected happier days for him, when his mind would not, by immediate contact with the enemy, be preyed upon by feverish passion. But she was to go with him—to share his fate, whatever it might be. Nor did the poor fellow contradict her, or even insist upon assertions, on her part, that she was sorry to leave him. That sorrow spoke distinctly enough through her voice, through her delicate, quivering frame, through the very circumstances under which she had risked so much to meet him. He only, in a soft, broken voice, called down blessings upon her, and at last begged her to try and touch his hand, which he stretched out towards her; but the hollow was too broad and deep, and she could not reach him. I cannot describe the sympathizing agony I felt, at seeing the two unhappy lovers trying to snatch this little favour from the hand of fortune. I could have torn down my uncle's fence, and opened a way for thieves and robbers, only to let Kroier out for once and for good. At last, when, giving up her vain efforts, Lotte was about retiring, a similar thought entered the poor fellow's brain, and was rapidly executed. At one grasp he wrenched off a stake from the fence; and, next moment, after a mighty bound, he stood at her side, clasped her in his arms, kissed her pale lips, and let her go.

He did so, perhaps, not entirely of his own free will; for, at this moment, another shadow approached—as far as I could discover, the shadow of a woman; no doubt her mother's. A moment later he was alone.

Returning to the precincts of my uncle's premises, he first fastened, or concealed, as well as he could, the opening in the fence. He did it mechanically, as people accustomed to perform their duties will do even in great grief. But, when the stake was in its place, he knelt down behind it, believing himself unseen by man, and, perhaps, abandoned by God. Fain would I have gone up to him to share his grief, had I not felt it would be a profanation.

He arose and returned to the house the same way he had come. Alone now with the bright night, I felt almost angry at the calmness which remained undisturbed, although it had witnessed a drama of human grief. But, somehow or other, after a while I must myself have become calm or indifferent; for, without having observed the fading of the moon, I suddenly felt my eyes pain from the effect of the sun rising over the beach and casting his rays through the window by which I was lying.

Having made good my retreat, before the stir of the house began, I felt myself possessed of a great and important secret with which I did not know what to do. So great, unusual, romantic, was it, so different in character from the quiet house, that I almost doubted its reality, and suspected it was a dream, until I again came out and touched the loosened pale in the fence. But then the thought, stronger than before, recurred to my mind—What should I do with the secret?

Whilst engaged in the solution of this problem, I met my uncle coming from the beach. He looked majestically solemn and wrathful, as one might fancy Jove when about darting his flashes; and in his right hand was something which at a distance might be taken for the bolts. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Now I have them!"

"Whom, uncle?" asked I.

"The rogues who are stealing my timber! Look here! I felt sure that the fellow who shot poor Hercules had entered the timber-yard. The shot was not fired from without; there was no reason for firing, except to escape from my ground. Well, how did the fellow effect his retreat? He would not dare to leap over the fence, as the night was bright, and he might have been seen. How, then, did he escape? No doubt by the beach, where the fence meets the sea. But, as that place is very muddy, was it not probable that he would have left some trace? Whilst ruminating this last night, I could not sleep, and I had a great mind to go down there at once and take you with me. But now I have been there, and here is the proof. This wooden shoe is marked *J. O. S.*; that is, Jens Olsen,¹ the cowherd. I will give him into custody at once; and, if the latter in any way has aided and abetted him, woe betide him!"

The serious turn matters now took at once relieved me from all scruples about the secret. In order to save the innocent from persecution and my uncle himself from a false step, I felt it necessary to tell him the whole truth; but, at the same time, being afraid of his first outburst of anger, I said, "Uncle, if you will promise me not to be harsh, I will tell you all about the matter."

"Why, wiseacre, you do not mean to say that you know more of it than I?"

"Well, uncle, I happen to know something in a direction you do not suspect; but, as the weal and woe of others depend on it, I must entreat you to promise to take it gently—nay, kindly."

"I emphatically declare," said my uncle, "that I will not screen the offenders from the law."

"Well, dear uncle, I do not think that criminal law will be resorted to in this case. I beg your pardon for touching a delicate subject; but you told me, some time ago, that I had an aunt who

is in heaven. She will look down upon you to-day."

My uncle, dropping the wooden shoe, said calmly, but very earnestly, "I have been a fool to tell you—but never mind—whatever you have done, boy, speak freely."

"I have done nothing, uncle," I replied; and began to tell him the incidents of the night.

We were walking up and down near the beach, where no one could overhear us, and my uncle listened in the deepest silence till I had finished.

After musing a while, he began cross-examining me. Every word the young couple had said was scrupulously weighed; and my uncle appeared above all anxious to discover traces if the girl at any time had overstepped his frontier. Satisfied, as it seemed, in this respect, he at last asked me, "How does she look?"

"Why, uncle, she is our neighbour's daughter, and you must have seen her."

"If I had seen her, I would not ask; how does she look?"

"Well, she looks good; she has dark blue eyes and auburn hair."

"Auburn hair? You say that by courtesy."

"No, uncle, her hair needs no flattery; it is really auburn."

"Is it?" said Uncle John, with a singular delight, as if a pleasing recollection were awakened within him; "well, I am glad to hear it. Of course," he added, "I need not tell you that a woman's honour depends on your discretion."

"Of course not, uncle," I answered, rising to my full height.

"Well, well, go and find out where Kroier is, and tell him I want to see him in the counting-house."

Feeling quite sure that young Kroier would escape with a slight rebuke, I sauntered at my leisure through the yard in search of him; and, having at length found him in one of the storehouses, busy measuring out pig-iron to a farmer, I delivered my message. At once leaving the farmer and his business as entirely as if he had embarked on another planet, he took off his white

¹ Jens, son of Ole. In this manner people of the Danish peasant-class mark their garments.

apron—his face appearing almost as bloodless as the apron. Whilst we walked together to the counting-house, I enjoyed a feeling of superiority, like that of a being gifted with more and higher senses than those of my fellow-creature; for I could, as it were, see through him and perceive his conscience smiting him, making him uneasy, conjuring up visions of dangers which his reason tried to combat; and I could have cheered him up, had it been right on my part to hint at his want of being cheered up. But, as it turned out, although leading Kroier like his providence, I had not the faintest idea of what was to come.

On our entering the counting-house, where my uncle was seated with the old book-keeper, he said blandly, "Peter Kroier, I am sorry to say that, from information I have received, I am led to suppose that it is you who killed or wounded my dog Hercules, having thereby not only broken the rules of my house, but wantonly exposed my establishment to danger of several sorts. From the facts that have come to my knowledge, I do not draw any inference injurious to your character; but they constitute by themselves a serious charge against you as a clerk in whom I always have shown confidence. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"No, sir," Kroier replied, looking more like a corpse than a living man. "I only beg your pardon, sir. It shall never occur again—never!"

"I certainly forgive you," said my uncle; "but from this moment I dismiss you from my service."

"Is it really so, sir?" said Kroier, with the deepest despondency.

"It is," replied my uncle; "but we may find somebody to recommend you to. I am willing to give you a good character."

I was quite taken aback at this unexpected turn of the affair, when my uncle, bending over to me, whispered a few words which made he bound like a young foal. They were neither more nor less than an order to go and invite Petersen, the hatter, to come in at once,

with his wife and daughter, to have the matter about the meadow settled in a friendly manner.

I may safely say that never have I created more sensation, or made a deeper impression on people, than I did on appearing under the roof of Petersen. The latter, at the sight of John Parker's nephew in his room—though old and tough and accustomed to reserve—was perfectly amazed; but in his glance was, at the same time, an expression of hatred, that reminded me of the eyes of the wounded dog, at the approach of young Kroier. The mother and the daughter, thinking perhaps less of the feud than of another matter, turned deadly pale. At the next moment, when I had executed my errand, there was a new, strong current of feeling; but this time the surprise was evidently mingled with hope and joy—in Petersen with some suspicion, too; whilst the women undoubtedly could not clear themselves from some fear and misgiving, for we seldom or never feel entirely confident in the world's ignoring our secrets. After a short, secret consultation, Petersen resolved to comply with my uncle's wish, saying in an almost grumbling tone, "It is my duty to my wife and child." Half of my message—that the ladies were comprised in the invitation—appeared not to have been understood; and I had some difficulty in making it acceptable, till Petersen said, "Well, when my wife and daughter are with me, he cannot mean to insult me; put on your bonnets and shawls." The poor women, however, felt not only afraid but humiliated at being ordered into the house of a stranger and a foe; and, although willing to obey, tears made their obedience rather slow.

At last we entered my uncle's counting-house. Without any preface or introductory remarks, my uncle said: "Mr. Petersen, I offer to give up any claim on your meadow or any part thereof, if you will give your daughter in marriage to this young man, Peter Kroier, who leaves my service this day."

Petersen, at once turning round and

seizing his wife and daughter by the arm, said: "Let's be off, let's be off! he would insult me."

"Stop a moment, Petersen," said my uncle; "the oak does not fall under the first stroke of the axe. I'll do more. I will purchase of you that part of the meadow which I claimed as my own, or the whole meadow; and I will establish this young fellow at Nyraad;¹ and, besides, I will give up trading in hats and caps."

Petersen had stood with his back to my uncle, listening. Now, turning round, he took off his hat, and said in a faint voice: "You are an honest man, Mr. Parker. May God bless you!"

"Well," said my uncle, "it now remains for us to ask the young lady whether she consents to marry—hold your tongue, Peter Kroier, and sit down—whether she consents to marry my son; for, as I am afraid he has no other, I must be his father."

"Not yet," said a gruff voice from the background; and, the next moment, my uncle was seen entirely to lose his dignity, for, with a tremendous bound, he rushed across the room, and, throwing himself into the arms of a square-built, grizzled-haired, sailor-like man, and embracing him, he exclaimed: "Kroier, my friend! my gallant Kroier!"

Old Kroier, stretching out his left hand to his son, said: "All's well; the brig rides at anchor at the mouth of the bay. I could not bring her up against the wind, heavy as she is; so I dropped her anchor, and pulled in for the shore to report myself home."

My uncle, having meanwhile resumed his usual calm and composed bearing, asked the captain, "Could you not tug her in with your boats?" I will have a hogshhead of wine ready for the men, if they bring her in to-day."

"I will first hold out the prospect of a barrel," answered the captain; "if that won't do, we can talk of the hogshhead."

So, without waiting to see my aunt—

to visit whom the whole party now withdrew—Captain Kroier hurried off to his boat.

As usual, the household knew all that had passed. Shopboys, climbing up the timber-spars in the yard, sat for hours on the frail tops, acting as scouts or telegraphs as regarded the progress of the brig. At last, her approach being announced, my uncle, with my aunt on his arm, and accompanied by the young couple, the hatter, his wife, and myself, passed through the yard to the beach, all the household following at a respectful distance—their breach of the rules and order of the house being officially unobserved by my uncle.

The ship having been brought to anchor, the boats pulled on towards us, and, at their coming within earshot, my impatient uncle, taking off his hat, cried out, "Welcome, my men!" But the sailors, without taking heed of him, pulled on, till, at a signal from the captain, the oars were raised, the boats gliding gently on shore. The master, then raising himself and taking off his hat, cried, "May God bless old Denmark and old John Parker for ever!" To which the men, taking off their hats, gave three cheers—such cheers as I could have said I never heard, had not the household behind us, utterly past thinking whether it was respectful or not, advanced and given nine cheers in return. There is a singular power in vigorous, heartfelt cheering—in the unanimous outburst of a strong, unegotistical feeling. My uncle turned round pale and mute, quite incapable of delivering the speech I suspect him of having prepared, and led the way to the house, tottering and halting, as if he could not see the road. My aunt's face was hidden in her handkerchief, and the procession would have reminded you of a funeral, had it not been for the sailors, who kept on singing and cheering lustily.

Towards sunset my uncle asked young Kroier and his betrothed to take a walk with him. I am not sure that I was distinctly invited to accompany them; but I did go. On our entering

¹ A little town close by Wordingborg, almost its suburb.

² In those days the town had neither steam-tugs nor telegraphs.

the timber-yard, it was wrapt in the glowing colours of the setting sun—as if Nature this time sympathized with the destinies of man, and rejoiced that the pale desolate lover had become as a bridegroom with his rosy bride. In the yard the business of the day was done, and through the stillness was heard the gentle, rustling sound of the waves; whilst, in the air, humming insects would make you fancy, under the impression of the incidents of the day, that good angels were soaring around.

On passing the hemp-stores and approaching the narrow part of the yard, my uncle said, “Kroier, you are no longer in my service, you know; but there is a service I’ll beg you to do me.”

“What is it, sir?” replied young Kroier; “if in any way it is in my power to do it, it shall be done.”

“Well,” said my uncle, touching the unfastened paling, “take a hammer and a four-inch nail and fasten up this fence.”

Peter Kroier, blushing almost as deeply as Lotte, said, “How is it possible, sir? How do you know?” Upon which my uncle, pointing at me, said, “There stands the traitor who watched and reported you.”

Lotte Petersen ran up to me, and, as

though she would seal the secret, kissed me.

Once more my uncle lost his dignity; for, with a singularly youthful, cunning smile, and with uplifted hand, he said to me, “You rascal, I am the owner, and *you* get the rent of my timber-yard!”

* * * *

More tales I could tell about my uncle and his house; and I could tell you tales and legends also about the little town of Wordingborg, whither, that you might see my uncle’s house, I have carried you in fancy—tales and legends, wild and old enough, and which might not be uninteresting to you at a time when the naturalizing among you of one fair Dane, whose graceful bowing head and happy bridal beauty myriads of you are still remembering, has established a new and sweetly-golden link of feeling between Denmark and the British Isles. But, as I gaze on my uncle’s house, sadness steals over me. I think of the fine old man, now no more on earth, and of her, his faithful partner, who followed him; and the thought of the house, inhabited by strangers now, brings a feeling akin to pain.

SIR CHARLES LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.¹

It is not often that we have the chance of so interesting a book as this. As it has been said of Newton, that his unsurpassed position is secured to him by the unique nature of the problem he solved, apart from the genius required for that solution, so we may say of certain other subjects of inquiry, that all attempts to deal with them must possess an interest almost independent of their own merit. Of these subjects the *Antiquity of Man* is one. Whether we consider the issues which are opened by it, or the subtle and ingenious specimen of inferential reasoning which is required for its proof,

¹ The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man. By Sir Charles Lyell. Murray.

we may safely assert that few questions connected with physical science have a larger claim on the attention of those to whom physical science itself is uninteresting. Those who look merely to the historical side of the mighty arch in which all knowledge is built up cannot avert their attention from the keystone which binds together history and science. And, though absolutely the commencement of history, to us it is attainable merely through the records of science. To tradition the state of the early human inhabitants of the globe is as completely lost as the experience of the first few hours of our life is to the recollection of each one of us: we must turn to the

geologist for information on the subject, however little inclined to occupy ourselves with his special studies.

Sir Charles Lyell appears to be aware that, in approaching the boundary of his subject, he addresses a larger and a somewhat different class of hearers, and that he must adapt his narrative to those who only care for its conclusion, as well as to those who take an interest in its progress. A critical estimate of the book which he has produced is no part of our intention, or indeed of our power; but, looking at it in a purely literary point of view, we may observe, in passing, that it appears to us to have suffered from this double intention. A writer gains a double audience at a heavy sacrifice. The distinctness of aim, which is the first element of literary merit, is greatly endangered by the change of attention necessary in this attempt to combine what is essentially distinct. Could we resolve the work before us into its two component elements of a popular and a scientific treatise, we are sure we should produce two interesting books. As it is, we conceive that the attempt to extract from its pages such a view of the evidences of the antiquity of man as shall possess an interest for those who care nothing for the evidence itself, is by no means superfluous.

The human race, like the conventional "lady of a certain age," has hitherto shown an unworthy susceptibility on this subject. A tone of indignation has prevailed on subjects as remote from any moral bearing as pottery buried in sand, or flint weapons in gravel. Before questions where least of all was there need of any other light than the "*lumen siccum*" of reason, we have held the coloured glass of prejudice, and have resented any attempt to remove that adventitious colouring as an obliteration of an essential element in the problem. Ephraim Jenkinson's quotations from Sanchoniathon, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, would be seized upon as valuable material if they could be used on one side of the controversy; while the researches of a long life exclusively devoted to the subject have been

received but grudgingly as evidence on the other. This prejudice is fast receding, like the waters of an inundation, from the regions which Science has slowly and painfully reclaimed for her own. The antiquity of the material world has not long emerged from these turbid waves. The uneasy tread with which scientific men lately ventured upon this region is well exemplified in the apologetic tone of Dr. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*, not yet quite thirty years old. That period, however, has been sufficient to convert the dangerous quagmire into a solid rock, where the least nimble of us may venture with careless feet. We do not presume to prophesy the necessary duration for an analogous change in the neighbouring islet, on which we venture to-day. How completely it was hidden from the explorers of the first-emerged region, is evident in many passages of the work referred to.

However recent researches may have undermined the confidence of scientific men in the popular creed, it remains substantially unaltered, up to the publication of the volume under notice. We pass to the facts by which it is assailed; and in so doing we do no more than transcribe the words of Sir Charles Lyell, except where they are explained or illustrated by other works on the same subject.

Before proceeding to give any account of the archaeological relics from which the antiquity of man has been inferred, we give a slight sketch of the general results to which these discoveries have led. The division of the pre-historic period, known to us by these relics alone, into the age of stone, the age of bronze, and the age of iron, must be, in its bare outline, familiar to most of our readers; and its superficial resemblance to Hesiod's succession of races gives us a sort of legendary framework as a *memoria technica*. The mere resemblance of name brings out the different spirit of the two arrangements very forcibly. The modern succession of stone, bronze, and iron, contrasted with the ancient one of golden, silver, brazen, and iron, really embodies the

whole distinction between what we may call the theological and the scientific view of man. The one sees him as fallen from an original state of perfection; the other, as slowly and painfully working his way upward to that state. This contrast is the more interesting from the fact of the theologic point of view having been taken by a pagan writer—showing how deep in the human heart is rooted this conception of a *primæval* state of intelligent innocence. Our object, however, is the scientific side of the question exclusively.

As we trace the history of Man, under this aspect, into the remote past, we are reminded that his first great invention must have been the discovery of some artificial means of producing fire. M. Flourens considers that the fact of a long period being necessary before this discovery points out a hot country as the original seat of the human race. The legend of Prometheus doubtless embodies the vast step believed to have been made by the discovery of fire, and the perpetual sacred fire of the ancients would seem to indicate a state in which the mighty genius was supposed to have been summoned with some difficulty. Whenever this discovery was made, it is represented as having been antecedent to the first appearance of man in Europe. In our conception of the antiquity of man, we must, according to this view, allow a long precedent fireless period, to introduce our first knowledge of him through any material relic.

The age of stone, then, follows the introduction of fire, and lasts until the discovery of bronze.

This next transition signifies an immense advance in the path of civilization. The art of the miner—not assuredly the least important of our branches of industry—takes its rise here: we are introduced to the smelting and forging of metals, to the furnace, the smithy, and all the din and labour which Schiller, in his "*Song of the Bell*," has interwoven with the hopes and reminiscences of life. The bronze of this period appears to have been all cast, often with a masterly workmanship which speaks

of long previous training. Let us consider all that is implied in the manufacture of bronze. It is a compound of copper and tin, in the proportion of nine to one. Copper is not seldom found native, and is plentiful in different parts of the world; but tin, on the other hand, is never found native, and is restricted to very small areas. Cornwall and the Hartz Mountains are the only European sources from which it is obtained in the present day. Before our primitive race forged their bronze instruments, therefore, a regular system of commerce must have been established throughout all the portion of the world known to them.

There are not wanting relics to suggest a surprisingly wide range for this commerce. In the admirable treatise of M. Morlot,¹ of which this paper is little more than a translation, we have an engraving of a bronze ornament, found in Switzerland, representing lions, depicted with a spirit and life quite impossible to any artist who had not had the animals before his eyes, and recalling, in some degree, the Assyrian mode of treatment, made known to us in the Nineveh marbles.

Without following out all these indications, it is sufficiently evident that the complex operations necessary to the production of bronze would be impossible to a very early stage of society. It seems strange that this complex proceeding should not have followed a long period of the use of copper unmixed with tin. In America this is actually the case. The exploration of the mounds of the Mississippi valley, conducted by Messrs. Squier and Davis, has afforded many thousand relics of ancient art, of which the minimum age is estimated at one thousand years. Here we have an age of stone, the relics of which resemble, in a great degree, the European antiquities which we have to notice. The primitive race of Americans seem to have been entirely unacquainted with the valuable art of hardening copper by an admixture of tin; nor are there any signs of their having ever made use of iron. The

¹ A. Morlot, *Études géologico-archéologique, de Danemarck et de Suisse.*

use of copper was common even at the time of the discovery of America ; and Bernal Diaz gives us an account of the disappointment of the Spaniards, when, after eagerly collecting (at the price of a few glass beads) about six hundred of these polished copper axes, mistaking them for gold, they discovered their real nature. The fact that we have no corresponding implements of copper among our European antiquities finds its explanation in the probable introduction of the new metal by an invading race, bringing with them the precious material from some part of the East where copper and tin were both found, and who have, therefore, left all traces of the introductory use of copper in some far distant land.

If this theory be correct, the races of stone-workers and bronze-workers must, be distinct—the former a rude tribe dwelling in Europe from time immemorial ; the latter a conquering people, greatly superior in civilization, coming probably from the East. Whether there was a similar hiatus between the workers in bronze and in iron, does not allow of even a conjecture. It is possible that the first workers in iron may have used the material from an aerolite. Americo Vesputio mentions a tribe of savages at the mouth of La Plata who had procured the points of their arrows from this source ; and Pallas mentions an enormous block of meteoric iron in Siberia which had been used in the same manner. When the metal was commonly used, however, it could not have been drawn from so rare a source ; and the iron workers must have accordingly been accomplished in the difficult and laborious process of extracting the pure metal from the ore. This operation requires a much more violent fire than the reduction of either copper or tin, and the ore itself is far less easy to distinguish ; so that, although the workers in iron used a simple instead of a compound substance, their work yet represents a state of knowledge and industry greatly advanced from that of their predecessors.

The foregoing sketch of the three periods of early civilization seemed

necessary to map out the proportionate spaces of those periods to which we may refer the relics cited as evidence of man's antiquity. Of course, of their absolute duration we have no means of forming even a guess. All we can be certain of is, that the dawn of history breaks on the third of these long periods. The only possible hypothesis on the subject is vague and general. We see our little period of five thousand years give way under the pressure of this vast growth ; but any limit to its expansive power is utterly unattainable by us.

To turn to the witnesses from the testimony of which these results have been generalized—for it is to the testimony of these alone, and not the strictly geological records, to which we propose to refer—the relics which, under the cross-examination of our antiquaries, have sketched out for us the succession of these three ages are derived from three different sources—Peat-bogs ; Ancient Mounds ; and the remains of various Villages, each of which appear to have been a little miniature Venice.

We begin from the Peat-bogs :—

1. Peat is a substance produced by the decay of plants in moist situations, and principally by that of a kind of moss called *Sphagnum*. The extent of this formation in the cold rainy climate of Scotland and Wales is rendered familiar to all tourists by the rich golden brown of the streams in these regions ; and a tenth-part of the whole island of Ireland is said to consist of it—as our bog-oak ornaments bear witness. In many cases we can identify these peat-bogs with the sites of ancient forests, of which they are the graves ; and individual trees are found among them still entire. Sometimes the dreary change from the forest apostrophised by Ben Jonson—

“Old patrician trees, so great and good,
And hail ! plebeian underwood !”

to the monotonous and treacherous verdure of the morass, where patrician and plebeian are lost in a like ignoble flat, has taken place in the broad light of modern history—as in Ross-shire in the middle of the seventeenth century, where,

less than fifty years after an entire forest was blown down by a storm, the inhabitants dug peat. Hatfield Moss, in Yorkshire, was a forest at the first invasion of Britain by the Romans, as is evidenced by the fact of Roman roads being covered by it, at a depth of eight feet; a clear indication of the period during which the peat has grown. This last, indeed—a most important factor in our problem—can only be ascertained approximately and very vaguely; and hence, of course, a corresponding vagueness in our result. If we could ascertain the age of a peat-bog, as we can slice off a section of oak, and count its rings, the matter would have little scope for doubt left, for the remains in the peat are quite numerous enough to give us the other factor.

That we should find numerous remains both of men and of animals in these bogs was, of course, to be expected. The number of cattle lost in the Irish bogs is said, by a competent authority,¹ to be quite incredible; and, though travellers would be better able to avoid this kind of danger, they would often fall victims to it, especially in those numerous cases in which the bog is covered with a dry crust, giving no indication of the treacherous layer of hidden peat, which yields to pressure like a wet sponge under brown paper. Of this kind was Solway Moss, where a troop of Scotch horse were said to be destroyed under Oliver Sinclair at the Battle of Solway, in 1542. The legend was received doubtfully; but, about the middle of the last century, skeletons of a man and horse, in complete armour, were discovered by peat-diggers in the traditional scene of the event, to the confutation of all sceptics.

The mosses which are to do a similar task for the assertors of the antiquity of Man are to be found in Denmark.

Their most frequent form in that country suggests the hypothesis of shallow lakes which have been filled with peat; and the number of antiquities found within them is apparently due to artificial inhabited islands, the traces of which

are found in these numerous objects. The number of imbedded trees was accounted for by an occurrence of the same accident as mentioned above—the overthrow of a forest by the wind; but it was discovered that they were not arranged in parallel lines, as would, of course, be the case if they had been thrown down by the wind, but that they formed a marginal belt round the edge of the morass, and that they pointed more or less regularly towards the centre. Hence the evident deduction, that they had grown on the edge of the cliff, which was, as it were, eaten away by the bog, and, as their roots were undermined by it, had toppled over and become buried in the mud. The central region of the “forest bog” has only an imbedded trunk here and there; but the marginal belt consists of well-grown and upright stems of pine (*pinus silvestris*), of sometimes three feet in diameter, and corresponding height. These form the lowest layer; and, immediately within the clayey lining of the morass, as we rise to a higher, and therefore later, formation, we find the pines gradually give way to oaks of two species (some of the trunks of which attain a diameter of four feet), and these again to the beeches—the characteristic tree of Denmark at the present day. Of its two predecessors, the pine has never been indigenous in Denmark in historical times, while the oak is fast disappearing from the country. We have, then, the memorials of three different periods of vegetation, traceable, it appears, merely to a gradual drying and improving of the soil, not to any change of climate. If, then, we could fix any definite period for the growth of the peat in which these trunks are imbedded, we should have our problem solved at once, for Mr. Steenstrup—the naturalist, to whose investigation we owe a great part of our acquaintance with these mosses—estimates that in every vertical column of three feet square, at least one work of art might be found. These do not, however, penetrate quite to the bottom of the morass, but they are found very low

¹ Mr. King, *Philos. Trans.*

down in the layer of pines. And here, then, is our earliest testimony to the presence of man in Denmark.

How long is it since this primitive race wandered under the dark pine-branches with which their remains are now buried? Here is the question which must be solved before any decided opinion can be formed on the antiquity of man, and to which only a qualified answer can be given. We can, perhaps, assign a minimum period dividing us from the cutters of these stone weapons; we can do no more than this.

We have, it is seen, three periods for our addition sum:—

1st. The period when the pine was the characteristic tree of these forests, attaining a diameter of three feet, growing sometimes (as is proved by the rings) during three or four centuries, and showing the upright port which indicates them to have grown in forests composed of their own species alone.

2d. When the pines had given way to oaks, attaining an equal age and vigour. Sir C. Lyell mentions an oak on the neighbouring coast of Sweden which was beginning to decay at the well-ascertained age of four hundred years; which we may, perhaps, take as an average period for the life of one individual.

3d. When both these trees were succeeded by the characteristic tree of Denmark at the present day—the beech.

The growth of the peat in which these stems are imbedded is extremely slow. The workmen who cut peat declare that, throughout the course of their lives, no hollows which they have made in this substance have ever been filled up; and their consequent denial that peat grows, however mistaken, shows that its increase in one generation is inappreciable by the unscientific. An exception may be taken as to the testimony of the flint weapons and other archaeological objects found in the peat-bogs. These are heavy objects, it may be said, and would sink into the soft peat; how, then, can their

actual position give us any information as to their age? Oliver Sinclair's trooper may have sunk to a depth of peat separated from us chronologically by many thousand years; are we not liable to as much error in investigating these Danish mosses as if we referred the skeleton in sixteenth-century armour to a race contemporaneous with Abraham? The answer to this doubt lies in the fact that these objects are often found *under* the stems of imbedded trees, a position which, of course, they could never have reached by sinking. M. Steenstrup has taken out several of these rude flint hatchets from beneath the pine trunks, the earliest Danish tree; and here, their position must be accepted as unquestionable evidence of their age; and the assertion that Man is as old as the pine forests, which are older than the oak forests, which are older than the present beech forests of Denmark, must be accepted as proved.

No absolute value can be given to any factor in our series, but its connexion is incontestable. If we could further accept M. Steenstrup's estimate of the length of time required for the growth of peat, we should be able to close the series with four thousand years as the minimum period separating us from the inhabitants of Denmark, whose relics we explore in these peat mosses.

II. The second source of evidence on this subject—the shell mounds or refuse heaps which the Danes call *Kjoekkenmoedding*—corresponds in date to the older period of the "forest bogs." At certain places on the Danish fiords, where the action of the waves is least powerful on the coast of the Baltic, are found mounds varying in height from three to ten feet, and reaching a maximum of 1,000 feet in length, composed of shells, bones, and the other refuse of a primitive meal. Our author, in his second visit to the United States, gives us an account of a similar monument of an Indian settlement, on the north-east end of St. Simon's Island, at Cannon's Point, where the whole surface of ten acres of land is elevated by myriads of cast-away oyster shells, mussels, &c. So

vast an accumulation of sea-shells seemed in this case (as also in these Danish refuse heaps) to demand the action of some natural cause, such as the action of the sea; but the presence of works of art served to refute the theory in both cases. The Monte Testaceo at Rome—a mound of 160 feet in height, and the third of a mile in circumference—formed from the refuse of Roman broken crockery, will occur as an analogous formation to every tourist.

Marine shells formed so large a proportion of these heaps that they were for some time looked upon as natural deposits indicating a former depression of the land below the sea level. Further examination, however, proved that, instead of the variety of age and species which we should expect in a natural deposit, the mounds consist of only the shells of full-grown fish, of a very small number of species, and that the entire contents of the heap are for the most part free from any appearance of stratification, which would of course not be the case if they had been formed underwater. Moreover, with the shells were discovered fragments of the bones of different wild animals, rude instruments of flint, fragments of pottery, ashes and cinders. The inference was inevitable that we had before us the refuse heaps of a primitive people, living by fishing and hunting. The Danish archæologists have accordingly given them the name of Kjoekken-moedding, or kitchen-refuse. The word *midding* is used in exactly this sense in Yorkshire; and in Scotland the word signifies such a heap of worthless rubbish as we mean by a dunghill. These refuse heaps have this peculiar interest, that their nature precludes the possibility of any object of later date being mingled in their contents. There is not, as in the analogous contents of a peat-bog, any chance that we should ante-date the objects found in it on account of their position. If the heap has not been moved (a rare and easily discovered contingency) we may be absolutely sure that every object found within the heap is of the same age as the heap itself—that is

to say, of the highest antiquity. That this is the case for the heap itself is proved by the following chain of reasoning:—The shell most frequently met with is that of the common oyster (*ostrea edulis*). The specimens of this kind are all large and healthy, and evidently taken from a congenial situation. Now there is at present only one point in the Baltic—near its opening, on the north-western coast of Jutland—where there is a regular oyster-bank to be found. Here and there in the Cattegat isolated oysters may be met with; but, on advancing further into the brackish waters of that inland sea, they disappear altogether. The presence of beds of dead oysters proves that it is to this cause, and not to the ravages of the many generations of fishermen, that the decrease in the number of oysters is owing. These waters have, in fact, been decreasing in saltness from ancient times, and have thereby become unfit for shell-fish. When these refuse heaps were formed, therefore, the Baltic must have been as salt as the outer sea. The probable cause of this decreased saltness is the gradual rise of the whole platform of Scandinavia, by which Jutland has been converted from an archipelago into a peninsula; so that, whereas formerly the numerous channels into the outer sea kept the waters equally salt on both sides, at the present day the constant influx of fresh water from the numerous rivers is not equally diffused, but confined within the narrow outlet of the Cattegat.

How far back this observation would throw the fine oysters which Juvenal's epicure, "who at first bite each oyster's birth-place knew," would not have despised, we can hardly form a conjecture. But we cannot really estimate the rise as uniform;¹ the only result which we can gather from this chain of reasoning is the general one—that, within the historic period,

¹ There is some indistinctness in this part of the subject. We are not told how to reconcile the statement of stunted fossils of 27,000 years old with these comparatively recent, which have attained their full development.

there cannot have been any sensible decrease in the saltiness of the Baltic. Therefore the primitive race who regaled on fine salt-water oysters and cockles must be removed to an indefinite distance beyond that period.

Nor was this race by any means without the rudiments of civilization. Those weapons which we find in the Kitchen-midding are, it is true, so clumsy and shapeless, that we might easily take them for mere meaningless fragments of rock; but this is what we should expect from their situation. We should not look for silver spoons in a modern dust-hole. And, just as we might find a silver spoon by accident in a modern dust-hole, so we find one or two pieces of very superior workmanship among these coarse shapeless wedges.

Among the broken flints, in which an untrained eye would discern no signs of man's workmanship, are found here and there pieces of a degree of finish and neatness which we should find some difficulty in imitating at the present day, even with the use of instruments which the makers of these did not possess. A small hatchet, for instance, has been found, pierced with much neatness, and a piece of bone fashioned into a pin, and a kind of comb. We can form an idea of the degree of dexterity needed to produce these two articles by imagining one of our best workmen set to make them with no instruments but sharp flints. But the surest indication of the use of good instruments lies in the fact that every bone containing marrow has been split open to admit of its extraction (this substance is a great dainty with the Lapps of the present day); and this has been done so neatly that we could not tell that our best cutlery had not been used for the purpose. Another fact, testifying to a degree of knowledge which is not like the savage state, is, that all instruments in bone are invariably made of that part (the inner side of the radius) which excels all others in strength and solidity. We have already mentioned the fragments of coarse pottery found in these refuse heaps, in which the clay is hardened with sand (as the bricks of the

Israelites with chopped straw); and it is a curious circumstance, which we may mention by the way, that these grains of sand are of a different character from that found in Denmark at the present day.

What sort of tents or huts composed the rude villages by the side of which arose their refuse-heaps and our mine of treasure, we cannot even conjecture; but they appear to have been the permanent home of their inhabitants—as, among the rude bone instruments we find here, many are made from reindeers' horns, and these are found in every stage of growth, showing them to have been obtained at every different season of the year. That these huts were inhabited in the winter is proved by the remains of the wild swan, which only visits Denmark in that season, when its bell-like song is heard, so well described by Virgil in words which lose their imitative force in Dryden's translation:—

“Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings and cleave the
liquid sky,
While, homeward from their watery pastures
borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes re-
turn.”

The great size of these mounds, moreover, would seem to indicate a lengthened sojourn of the inhabitants in the assemblage of huts by the side of which they rose. Putting all these indications together, therefore, we are justified in assuming—that we are inspecting in the Kjökken-moedding the relics of a people not entirely wanting in the rudiments of civilization. They appear, however, to have been entirely ignorant of agriculture, as no trace of any cereal has been discovered in these remains. This negative evidence may not appear worth much to ordinary readers, when dealing with events separated from us by such a vast period of time; but it appears to be accepted as conclusive by those qualified to judge. It is startling to hear of pieces of biscuit of (say) four thousand years old being now discovered; but such is said to be the case in the late dwellings of Switzerland, on which we shall have

next to speak ; so that it may be supposed that some traces of grain would be found in the refuse-heaps, if it had been used in these primitive kitchens. Shell-fish principally, and the flesh of the stag, wild boar, and seal, &c. in a less degree, seem to have composed the whole bulk of their meals. One favourite dish—the capercailzie—affords us, in its relics, a confirmatory link to the chronology assigned to these heaps. This bird feeds principally on the buds of the pine. At the time when it fell a prey to the rude projectiles of these hunters, Denmark must, therefore, have been covered with those pine-forests which we have ascertained from other sources to have existed during the Stone Period to which the refuse-heaps belong. What a firm reliance it inspires in the testimony of our witness when a minute fact of this kind slips at once into its place, corroborating, as it were, undesignedly, the whole tenor of the narrative !

We should have dwelt on the testimony of the refuse-heaps at greatly disproportionate length, if our object had been to give a sketch of the contents of the book under our notice on a reduced scale—having occupied, indeed, not much less than half the space given to this matter in the original. But these refuse-heaps and the contemporaneous peat-bogs form, to our thinking, by far the most interesting portion of the archaeological record to be examined.

III. We must hasten on, however, to give an account of the ruins of ancient dwellings found built on piles in lakes ; and here we avail ourselves of the account given by Mr. John Lubbock of these interesting remains, in the *Natural Hist. Rev.* for Jan. 1862.

During the winter months of 1853 and 1854, the Swiss lakes sank to the lowest water-level upon record ; many banks were converted into islands, and a large margin was everywhere added to the shore. Some cottagers took advantage of these circumstances to add to their gardens by dredging mud from the bottom of the lake and building a wall along the lower water level, raising the ground thus reclaimed. In the

course of their dredging they came upon various instruments made of deerhorn, and numerous piles—on the indications, in short, of an ancient settlement on piles.

Investigations were set on foot, and already a great number of these settlements have been discovered. Mr. Lubbock mentions twenty-four in the Lake of Geneva alone. The notice of the lake-dwellers on Lake Prasias, by Herodotus, prepared us for the possibility of such a practice. Among the Pæonians conquered by Darius,¹ and transported, after the Oriental fashion, to a distance from their home, there were some, Herodotus tells us, who were not subdued by the Persians, being defended by the waters of Lake Prasias, in which their homes were situated. “They live,” he says, “on a hut fixed upon planks, supported on lofty piles “in the middle of the lake, with a “narrow entrance from the main land “by a single bridge. In the hut is a “trap-door leading down to the lake, “through which they let down a basket “when they wish to fish ; and fish is so “abundant that they give it to their “horses and beasts of burden as fodder.”² That an insignificant people was enabled by this means to withstand the great kings by whose power Greece was so nearly crushed, gives us a very forcible picture of the value of this amphibious home to which they owed their safety ; and we may easily conceive it to have been a common expedient in the time when an attack was the one contingency to be considered in choosing a home. Similar traces have been found in Scotland and Ireland. These artificial islands, known in Ireland under the name of Crannoges, have served there as refuges in political disturbances up to so late a period as the seventeenth century ; one is said to have been the last retreat of Sir Phelim O’Neil, in 1641.

M. Steenstrup thinks the numerous archaeological objects to be met with in the Danish peat-bogs are, as we have

¹ Sir C. Lyell writes *Xerxes*, by a slip of the pen.

² Herod. v. 16.

said, to be explained on a similar theory. These buildings seem to have existed even in the shallow sea off the coast of Zealand; and the frontispiece of the present volume is taken in part from a sketch, by M. Dumont d'Urville, of similar habitations on the coast of New Guinea. We may fairly surmise that no fresh-water lake would fail to suggest to the inhabitants of its banks, in early times, a similar expedient.

These ancient dwellings, if we could have access to them with equal ease, would furnish us with much better relics than the kitchen-middens, as it is evident how much more likely valuable articles were to be lost in the one case than in the other. The timber paling is found in such a decayed condition that it is not possible to examine it accurately; but it is ascertained that some piles were sharpened by fire, others by the stone axe.

These Swiss pile-buildings yield so many more relics of the ages of stone and bronze than of the age of iron, as to confirm the notion which we should form on other grounds, that this defensive kind of building was greatly more common in the earliest times, and became disused with the better organization of a later period—an organization which, in the Roman times, is attested by the mention of a Helvetian parliament—*"conventus Helvetiorum"*—found in a Roman inscription preserved at Lausanne.

The Swiss ages of stone and bronze will be best exhibited by a comparison with those of Denmark. One great difference lies in the inferior nature of the flint from which the Swiss were reduced to make their weapons. This is exemplified particularly in the fracture of all bones containing marrow, which was evidently as great a dainty here as in the North, but was extracted with much less neatness and precision. The bones of animals, used for food, also bear the marks of the knives used in cutting them up, evidently less sharp than those used in the Danish kitchens. The Swiss flint was, in fact, so unfit to furnish the material for any kind of

implement that the fragments which are found in these relics have evidently come from a distance—probably from the South of France. The Swiss pile-builders, therefore, had some knowledge of commerce—of a wonderfully advanced stage, if the well-ascertained presence of some hatchets made of jade, a more valuable material for such a purpose than flint on account of its superior tenacity, is really only to be explained by supposing the substance to be brought from the East. Some remains, which appear to be those of matted hemp and flax, attest their approach to the weaver's art, not yet apparently attained. They were agricultural: we find the remains of corn of various kinds, apples and pears—these last divided into halves and quarters evidently for winter use—hazel-nuts in great variety, and even strawberries. These have all been submitted to the action of fire, which has insured their preservation; and it is evident that thatched huts, near the shore, would be very liable to the action of fiery projectiles, as the Swiss pile-buildings are all near the shore, and not, like the buildings in which the Pæonians were enabled to escape the attempt of Darius, in the middle of the lake.

Some writers on this subject are inclined to make this knowledge of agriculture the basis of a sub-division of the Age of Stone, according to which the Danish would belong to the first, the Swiss to the second, of the sub-divisions. It is certain that, in that Aryan race which Professor Max Müller, following Mömmsen, has taught us to call up from the shadowy past with such wonderful distinctness, by the magic wand of language, the traces of agriculture are of comparatively late origin. Thus—whereas we find the synonyms pertaining to pastoral life, to the building of houses and ships, the smelting of metals, and even certain elements of science, so similar in Sanscrit, Latin, and Greek, as to indicate a progress in all these directions before that remote period at which the parent stem split itself up into the branches—all terms pertaining

to agriculture, if not entirely different in sound, are sufficiently so in meaning to impress us with the conviction that agriculture, if not unknown, was yet at this period altogether a subordinate part of the national economy. We must not press this argument too far, as if the development of every nation were perfectly uniform; but it teaches us, as far as it goes, to supply a long antecedent period of growth before the introduction of agriculture, and leads, consequently, to an almost indefinite lengthening of the Age of Stone.

And now, what possible chronological measure have we, to perform for the Swiss relics the same service as the super-imposed forests of pine, oak, and beech, perform for those of Denmark? Sir C. Lyell gives us three different calculations, in some degree compensating for their vagueness by their coincidence. Near Villeneuve, on the Lake of Geneva, a torrent called the Tinière brings down an amount of sand and gravel which, in the course of ages, has produced a considerable delta, through which a deep railway cutting has lately been made, so as to present a vertical section of it to view. In this are seen three layers of vegetable soil, each of which must at one time have formed the surface of the cone. These layers were separated by sand and gravel, at the depths respectively of four, ten, and nineteen feet. In the highest of these layers were found Roman antiquities; in the middle, relics of the Age of Bronze; in the lowest, of the Age of Stone—thus representing with a curious symmetry the buried forests of the North. Here, then, we have three quantities, whose relation to each other is ascertainable: x , y , and z , are to each other respectively as four, ten, and nineteen. But here we have the data for our equation; we can give a value to our first unknown quantity. The Roman period is, indeed, indefinite in its limits—our Swiss antiquities may be contemporaneous with Tacitus and Juvenal, or with Origen and the persecuted Christians—may belong to the latest days of the Old World, or the earliest of the New.

Let us ascribe them to the latter period, to keep within the mark, and take for our starting-point an antiquity of only sixteen centuries, and our rule-of-three sum is ready to our hand; which gives as a result for the Age of Bronze an antiquity of from three thousand to four thousand years; for that of Stone, five thousand to seven thousand.

The second and third calculations are founded on the position of ancient pile-buildings at some distance from the lakes of Neufchatel and Bienne respectively—once, of course as is evident by their construction, immersed in its waters. In the one case, the Roman town of Eburodunum—in the other, the old convent of St. Jean—each founded on the water's edge, and now at some distance from it—give us a fixed measure for estimating the rate of encroachment of the land on the water, according to which the pile-building of Neufchatel, which belongs to the Bronze Period, would reach an antiquity of, at least, 3,300 years; the pile-buildings of Bienne, belonging to the earliest period of the Stone Age of Switzerland, an antiquity of between 6,000 and 7,000 years. These calculations, all made independently of each other, agree—as it will be seen—in general result; and, in quitting this subject, we must assert that the whole evidence, now put before our readers, concerns only the relics of what is called the Recent Period. For the older remains of the post-pliocene deposit, we have left ourselves no room; and we must, with great regret, omit all notice of the cave of Aurignac, the account of which forms, to our thinking, the most interesting part of the book, as supplying evidence on so interesting a subject as the belief of primitive Man in the immortality of the soul.

In conclusion, we may remark that a certain repugnance to the notion of man's antiquity, as here presented to us, on its own ground, however illogical, does not appear to us altogether unnatural. There is something dreary in the indefinite lengthening of a savage and blood-stained past. The answer to

this state of mind lies in the assertion, that a state which was good for mankind during a short period may just as well have been good for him during a long one. We look in vain for our republic in the past, and must still turn

for consolation, under the aspect of so much suffering and evil, to the words of one of the wisest men, "Perhaps, however, in heaven there is laid up a pattern for him who wishes to be—hold it."

A BEWITCHED KING.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE following specimen of monkish superstition and kingly credulity is, perhaps, worth preserving. Of the genuineness of the narrative there can be no question.

In the year 1696, a report was current throughout Spain, that Charles the Second had been bewitched. This was so generally said, that the credulous monarch began himself to believe it. At the same time three Dominican nuns were possessed by demons, and his majesty's confessor proposed that these demons should be questioned and compelled to declare who had been guilty of bewitching the king. The Vicar of Cangas was honoured with the office of interrogator; who obliged one of the nuns to put her hand upon the altar, and, after he had almost drowned her with holy water, by his exorcisms and maledictions forced the demons to own that the king was in truth bewitched and incapacitated, and that he had drunk the curse when fourteen years old in chocolate (*et hoc ad destruendum in rege, et ad eum incapacem ponendum ad regnum administrandum.*) He declared, farther, that the wine was made of human brains—but that the criminal was judged already before another tribunal—and that Don John of Austria had been killed in the same way. From day to day the indefatigable vicar returned to cross-question the evil spirits, who puzzled him extremely by the various accounts they gave at different interviews. At last, however, he ascertained that the king had been twice bewitched, and that the first curse was administered

by the orders of Mariana of Austria (his mother), through a woman called Casilda, whom the devil wanted, and assisted in the preparation of the pills. The second dose was given by one Maria, a famous enchantress, who lived in the Calle Mayor. A commission was immediately appointed. All the Casildas in Madrid, all the Marias in the Calle Mayor, were summoned, but in vain; and the alarmed and tormented monarch immediately selected Saint Simon, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, to be his patron, with earnest prayers that, to reward his choice, he would extricate him from his melancholy situation.

Rocaberto, Inquisitor-General of the Father Confessors, went every day to the royal palace; and, as soon as his majesty awoke, they stripped him to the skin, and anointed him from head to foot with holy oil, of which they made him swallow numerous draughts, mingled with blessed incense, small pieces of *Agnus Dei*, pulverized bones of canonized martyrs, and dust brought from the Holy Sepulchre. The king drank largely of this blessed beverage, and (the narrator tells us) "with exemplary devotion."

In the meantime the "Devil of Cangas," wearied with the restless zeal of the vicar, declared that he would answer no more questions except in the Dominican Chapel of our Lady of Antocha, and this in order to restore that holy image to its former renown; since, of late, the devotion of the faithful towards it had been unaccountably chilled. Most excellent devil! Need it be added that

the vicar, the confessor, the inquisitor, and the three nuns, were all of them Dominicans?

Wearied with the unexpected resistance of the Prince of Darkness, the inquisitor-general died; the vicar got tired of fruitless cross-examinations; and the father confessor stood on the very brink of despair: when, lo! to his unspeakable delight, a letter arrived from the Bishop of Vienna addressed to the Austrian ambassador, informing him that several individuals possessed by demons had declared, in the church of St. Sophia, that Charles the Second had been bewitched by a woman called Isabel, living on the Calle Silva, and that all the instruments which had been employed were to be found under the threshold of the door of the said Isabel's dwelling. The documents were instantly sent to the Inquisition. A search was made, and they discovered (as instructed) various "devilising instruments, dolls, and packets," which, being duly examined and registered, were declared an "evil thing" (*cosa mala*) and burnt.

Scarcely had this taken place, ere there arrived, post-haste from Germany, a capuchin friar (Mauro Tenda) who had been sent for, the most famous exorcist of his day. He was "the terror and the scourge" of demons, who could neither endure his power nor resist his mighty influence. As soon as he had informed himself of the abode of some possessed women, he seized upon one of them—compelled the evil spirit to answer him—and the following conversation (literally translated) took place:—

Father Mauro. Who bewitched the king?

The Devil. A fair woman.

M. The queen?

D. Yes.

M. Who prepared the curse for the queen?

D. Don Juan Valie.

M. Of what nation?

D. Of the allies of the queen.

M. How was the curse given him?

D. In a pinch of snuff.

M. What queen gave it?

D. She that died.

M. Is there any other curse than that thou didst speak of this morning?

D. Yes.

M. Who made them?

D. A woman called Maria de la Presentacion.

M. Where does she live?

D. In the upper storey of the house in which thou conjurest me.

M. Who caused this woman to prepare the curse?

D. Doña Antonia, at La Paz.

M. Was that which was found under the threshold of the Calle Silva witchery?

D. Yes.

M. What was it made of?

D. Of a dog's bone.

M. Who put it there?

D. Antonio Cabezas.

M. Where is he?

D. In Barbary.

This examination perplexed and confounded our ecclesiastics more and more. A new inquisitor-general was appointed—the Cardinal of Cordova; he declared he would sift the matter to the bottom; but the time was at hand when the devil was to have most ample revenge. The monarch died; spite of oil and jalap, and charms and spells, he died. From that day forward the capuchin lost all the power of exorcising, and sank into a miserable and ignorant monk. The cardinal never enjoyed his new dignity. The bull which conferred it found him a corpse. The father-confessor was accused of heresy, and ended his days without other variety than that of dungeon walls. The pope's nuncio urged that the affair should be referred to Rome. The Dominicans were all in tumult, some saying that their heresiarch brother might be burnt, and others clamouring for his justification. The general of the order sent two emissaries from Rome to his protection, who were overturned on the way, dreadfully bruised, and one of them lost an eye.

Proceedings were entered on, when the War of the Succession interrupted the inquiry.

The form used for casting out demons was as follows :—

Vade retro, Sathana ;
Nunquam suade mihi vana ;
Sint mala quæ libas ;
Ipse venena bibas ;
Crux sancta sit mihi lux ;
Non draco sit mihi dux.

Christus vincit, Christus regnat ; Christus ab omni malo te defendat. Maledicti et excommunicati dæmones, in virtute ritorum sanctorum Dei nominum, Messias, Emmanuel, Sothor, Sabaoth, Agios, Ischyros, Athanatos, Jehovah, Adonai et Tetragrammaton, vos constringimus et separamus à creatura, vita, A. B., et ab omni loco et domo ubi fuerint hæc nomina et signa Dei ; et præcipimus vobis, atque ligamus vos, ut non habeatis potestatem, per pestem nec per aliquod quodcumque maleficium, nocere ei neque in anima, neque in corpore. Ite, ite, ite, maledicti, in stagnum ignis, sive ad loca vobis a Deo assignata. Imperat vobis Deus Pater, imperat

vobis Deus Filius, imperat vobis Sanctissima Trinitas, unus Deus. Amen ! *Oremus !* Accipiat, quærimus, Domine Deus noster, benedictionem tuam creatura ista, qua corpore salvetur et mente, congruamque tibi exhibeat servitutem, atque tuæ propitiationis beneficia semper inveniat. Amen ! Potestas Dei Patris, Sapientia Dei Filii, et Virtus Spiritus Sancti liberet et sanet te, creatura Dei, ab infirmitate lumbicorum. Amen ! In nomine Jesu Christi Nazareni conjuro vos, ascarides, ut, converse in aquam, recedatis à corpore isto, in honorem Dei et devotionem S.S. Benedicti et Bernardi atque Antonii de Padua, qui orent pro nobis. Amen ! Per signum sanctæ Crucis, quo signo te, efficiaris sanus ab omni infirmitate, et vermes isti procul sint ; moriantur, et exeant a corpore tuo—ut in Domino dicamus : Dum appropriant super te nocentes, ipsi infirmati sunt et acciderunt. Amen !

I copy this *literatim*, in all its pure latinity.

MARGINALIA OF LORD MACAULAY.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

ACTING on the advice of good Dr. Watts, "Where an author is obscure, enlighten him ; where he is imperfect, supply his deficiencies ; where he is too brief, amplify a little, and set his notions in a fuller light," many zealous students read, pen or pencil in hand ; and happy is the scholar who pursues his way in the track of a vigilant predecessor. Were we rich, instead of rare or sumptuous editions, our own bibliomania would run after these illuminated copies ; as it is, in our scanty collection we especially prize the volumes which retain the delicate markings of Leigh Hunt and Thomas Campbell, the exquisite calligraphy of Porson, the dainty notes and careful indexes of the learned and book-loving John Mitford.

Last week, *i.e.* March 4—6, was sold a portion of Lord Macaulay's library. It consisted of very shabby books ; many of them miserable copies of poor editions, and not a few of them still reminiscent of the stalls in Holborn where the omnivorous collector had found them. But some of them might

have supplied useful materials to his biographer, and a few are so profusely annotated that volumes might be filled from them with such marginal criticisms as form the "Literary Remains" of Coleridge.

Of course the judgments pronounced are usually terse and emphatic : "Stuff !" "Stupid," "Execrable," "Very bad," or this verdict on the portrait of Bishop Horne—which we must no longer think very like Patrick Robertson, so well remembered among the wits of the Parliament House—"A vile countenance ; "the face of an impudent buffoon." But he seems to have delighted in noting those parallel passages with which his memory was so richly stored, or the sources from which his author has borrowed. Thus, "There is something very like this in "Jeremie Collier ; " or, "This is in the "vein of "Churchill." Over against Crabbe's line—

"Let's learn to live, for we must die alone," is written "Pascal ; " and, in the same way, "Johnson" opposite the line—

"Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song."

The passage beginning, "Here, with an infant, joyful sponsors come," has written over against it the mournful words of Lucretius—

"Miscetur funere vago,
Quem puerei tollunt, visentes luminis oras ;"

and, in the "Borough" (Letter 9, "Amusements") the paragraph beginning,

"Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,"

is followed by the note, "I do not suppose that Crabbe had in his mind that 'fine passage of Homer—

'*Ἐνθά μιν οὐδέτι ἔργον ἀνὴρ ὀνόσαιτο μετελθών,
κ. τ. λ.*'

"but there is great similarity between the 'two trains of thought.'" On the convict in Crabbe's "Prisons" he says, "Sir W. Scott has borrowed largely from this 'fine passage, in his 'Heart of Midlothian.'" On "The Village" he remarks, "This is very unlike Crabbe's 'later poems. It is much neater and 'more trim ; and the energy and power 'of painting which he afterwards showed 'appear only occasionally, and not in 'the highest perfection. It would not 'have been amiss, however, if he had 'at a later period studied neatness of 'expression as much as in this early 'piece. To be sure, he redeemed the 'defect by merits of a very high order." The criticisms on Crabbe's "Borough"—which, from the dates at the beginning and the end, he appears to have read through at Calcutta in August, 1835, and again in the same month of the following year—are frequently theological. To the footnote, "Whatever becomes of the miraculous part of the story, Julian died before the foundation was laid," Macaulay subjoins, "It is as certain as 'anything in history that storms and 'convulsions of the elements prevented 'the work from being finished, not 'the 'foundation from being laid.' But 'whether this interruption were miraculous is another question. Warburton has argued it very ably." On the sermon introduced,

"See yonder preacher to his people pass,
Borne up and swelled by Tabernacle gas,"

he observes, "This is not, I think, the 'style of any Methodist—Calvinistic, or 'Arminian ; but it is exactly in the 'vein of Will Huntington, S.S. See 'his 'Bank of Faith.'" And on the whole of that poem, "Religious Sects," he remarks, "Poor enough ! He takes 'liberties more than sufficient to give 'offence to strict people, and yet he 'does not succeed in diverting scoffers." In the same way, to "Abel Keene," he appends, "The Calvinist is overdrawn. 'The consequences described by Crabbe 'follow logically from the doctrine of 'election ; but I never heard of a divine 'who really avowed them."

Mr. Selby Watson's copious biography of Warburton will recall to the polemical bishop the attention of some readers. Amongst our acquisitions is a copy of "The Divine Legation," begun by Macaulay, "June 10, 1835, at Calcutta," finished "July 7, 1835," and so copiously annotated that the racy commentary would itself fill a small volume. But the sum of the matter is given first at the close of Vol. I., where he writes : "June 18, 1835. Undigested reading, 'squandered ingenuity, odds and ends 'of contradictory systems, glimpses of 'truth lost in the moment in which 'they are caught, disingenuousness 'beyond all example in controversy ; 'coarseness, insolence, and self-conceit : 'that is the true inventory of what I 'have found in the first volume of 'The Divine Legation.'" Again, at the close of the work, he adds more fully : "I have finished 'The Divine 'Legation,' and I am greatly disappointed in it. I expected to find much 'paradox, much insolence and malignity, much disingenuousness, and 'much bad taste : but I expected 'learning far deeper and more accurate, 'far greater plausibility in the reasoning, and far less vulgarity and impurity of style. I cannot admit the 'claim of Warburton to be considered 'as a great scholar. He had read 'widely indeed ; but he had no accurate knowledge of Greek, and not

“the smallest taste for the finer delicacies of either of the classical languages. His attempt to answer Bentley on the question about Zaleucus’ laws would have disgraced the Christian Church confederacy. His theory about the sixth book of Virgil is fit only to be laughed at. He scarcely ever translates a passage from the Greek without some mistake which really affects the meaning. And, though he quotes from a vast range of authors, I cannot help suspecting that he generally quotes at second-hand.

“Of all his numerous paradoxes there is not one which is not now utterly despised. For I do not call the opinion that a future state was unknown to the Jews either a paradox or Warburton’s. It is as plain a truth as that the Jews lived at Jerusalem, and has merely been obscured by vulgar superstition. And it had been maintained by many eminent men before Warburton. As to the theories which are really his, what has become of them? The theory about the sixth book of Virgil—about the union of Church and State—about the date of the Book of Job—about the allegorical meaning of that book—are all gone to the dogs. The most ingenious and the best-supported of his paradoxes is the most contemptible of them all in the eye of reason—that about the sacrifice of Isaac.

“As to the plan of the work, I believe that he felt the impossibility of completing it, and that he therefore staved off the day of attempting what he knew to be impossible, and stuffed his work with long digressions about the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the mummies, the opinions of the ancient philosophers, and a hundred other

“points, not one of which was really of the smallest use to him if he had made it out, or of the least disadvantage to his argument if he had been refuted. He flourished his armour this way, but he avoided close fight. Like Hector, he attacked the weaker parts of the hostile force,—

Αλαντος δ’ ἀλέειν μάχην Τελαμωνιάδα.

“He would not come to close battle with his opponents. He knew that his argument had a double edge, and that, whenever he really came to use it, he would have exposed himself, not without reason, to be charged with [word illegible, apparently ‘free-thinking’] by the believers. The sum of the whole is that, having promised to draw a defence of religion from what had generally been thought an objection to it, he has stated that objection as strongly as possible, and broken off without explaining how he solved it. July 7, 1835.”

Whatever may be the gratification of individuals in thus obtaining personal relics of our great historian, we cannot help regretting that some of the best materials for elucidating his own mental history are thus irretrievably scattered. Not only do these books throw light on his studious habits—on the heroic industry and lynx-eyed watchfulness with which he ranged over all the realms of literature—but they reveal the sources from which his own wondrous wealth was gathered, the nidus where many a gem was found, now sparkling in his own matchless mosaic. And, with his habit of marking the day when he began and finished a volume, had they been kept together, these books might, in some degree, have supplied the place of a literary journal.

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

SPEAK thou the truth. Let others fence,
 And trim their words for pay ;
 In pleasant sunshine of pretence
 Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact : though clouds of night
 Down on thy watch-tower stoop ;
 Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
 Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
 In shelter to abide,
 We were not made to sit and dream ;
 The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
 Cry not, "The way is plain":
 His path within for those without
 Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed word,
 Into thy spirit burned,
 Is better than the whole, half heard,
 And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
 Set not the bushel down ;
 The smallest spark may send his beam
 O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
 Who creeps to age from youth,
 Failing to grasp his life's intent
 Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
 And, as thy thought, thy speech :
 What thou hast not by suffering bought
 Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock ;
 The foes are on the sand :
 The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
 Scatters their shifting strand ;

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
 We now see darkly through,
 And justified at last appear
 The true, in HIM that's TRUE.

POLAND AND THE TREATY OF VIENNA.

BY J. T. ABDY, LL.D., REGIUS PROFESSOR OF LAWS, CAMBRIDGE.

RECENT events have invested the Polish question with so much importance, and the intelligence we receive from day to day of the gallant but desperate struggle now going on in Poland excites our interest so keenly, that but little apology is needed for the subject of this article. Yet, were there no other reason for selecting it, this would suffice—viz. the wish to dispel the notion that the independence of Cracow is a fiction invented by a brave but discontented people, and that their efforts for freedom are nothing but senseless struggles, dangerous to the peace of Europe and of no concern to any nation but Russia. We hope to show that that independence is a substantial fact, for the preservation of which the honour and faith of the great European Powers are pledged, and that neither Russia, nor Austria, nor Prussia, has by law a shadow of claim to that portion of Polish territory seized and occupied by them since 1846.

It is not a hundred years ago that Poland formed a part, and a not unimportant part, of the European state system. It is not two hundred years ago that she was renowned for the martial character of her people, for their high civilization, for their cultivated tastes and free spirit. Long before her Russian masters had put on that thin coat of civilization which still hides their barbarism,¹ Poland was one of the great nations of Europe—the bulwark of Christendom and its defence against the hordes of infidels and savages that threatened to overrun the civilized world. With her many natural advantages of climate, fertile soil, and noble rivers; with a body of gentry renowned for their high-minded independence and their gallantry; with a people satisfied

with their rulers and their national institutions; and with institutions which, if defective in part, yet tended on the whole to produce a love of liberty and to promote toleration;—Poland seemed destined to fill as high a place in Europe as any of the Powers which have survived her downfall. And when, towards the close of the seventeenth century, all Europe rang with the fame of Poland's chivalry, and that of her leader, the noble Sobieski, no one then could have dreamt of her melancholy fate ere the eighteenth century had come to an end. And, save for two unfortunate circumstances, "she might still have had a part allotted to her in the European system; she might have been" (what later events have shown she should have been) "the ally of Western Europe, and its defence against the power of Russia;"² and, by her vicinity to Turkey, and her influence on the Baltic, we might have had good cause to congratulate ourselves on an independent kingdom of Poland in strong alliance with England and France. Those two circumstances, deeply affecting her future happiness, were her local position and her form of government. For a long time she was not injuriously affected by the first; for, whilst the dissensions by which the Northern States were harassed continued, the animosity or the friendship of Poland was a matter of consequence. But, when the wars and revolutions by which the North was agitated had ceased, and opportunities were given to the great Northern Powers to develop their resources and increase their strength, Poland began to feel the evil of her position. On the west lay the new Kingdom of Prussia, formed out of the old Electorate of Brandenburg, the Dukedom of Prussia, and the possessions of the Teutonic knights; on the

¹ "Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare."

² *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxvii.

south the Austrian Empire, no longer embarrassed by the contiguity of an independent kingdom of Hungary, or by the fear of the Turk ; while right along her northern and eastern frontiers stretched a new and terrible neighbour, threatening ere long to become the mightiest power in the North, and covering the Baltic with a navy which the genius of Peter had made a formidable element of Russian strength. Thus, surrounded on all sides by powerful kingdoms, the local position of Poland became one fatal cause of embarrassment. But to that was added another, still more fatal, in the form of her Government—that elective monarchy which allowed the admission of foreign princes as candidates for the Crown. This not only led to the introduction of foreign influence, and foreign armies, but produced a discord between the Crown and the Diet, which, in the year 1733, enabled Russia to interfere, under the pretence of guaranteeing the Polish Constitution, and to force a king of her own selection upon the unwilling Poles. From that time Poland learnt the full meaning of a Russian guarantee, and from that fatal year began her vassalage to Russia. Forty years later the same audacious contempt for the feelings of the Polish nation was shown by Catherine II. Though the neighbouring Powers had solemnly declared their determination to support and defend the integrity of the Polish republic ; though Catherine had as solemnly renewed the guarantee made in 1733 ; though the nation strove to resist the act about to be perpetrated, and the noblest Poles protested against it at the risk of their fortunes, their liberties, and their lives ; yet, in spite of the remonstrances of the Diet, which a Russian army overawed, and in defiance of the Treaty of Oliva, which Russian diplomatists laughed at, Stanislaus Poniatowski, the minion and the lover of Catherine, was seated on the throne of Poland, and that fatal treaty with Russia was wrung from Poland at the sword's point, by which “her Constitution, her liberty, and her” right were placed under the guarantee

“tee of her Imperial Majesty Catherine II.”

But why dwell on each act of cruelty and injustice ? Very few words will tell the rest of the story. The example set by Austria in the seizure of Zippa (1770), and the interviews between Russia and Prussia, when Catherine, with her fingers dipped in ink, drew the lines of partition over the map of Poland, produced their fruits in the first Treaty of Partition (August, 1772), in which the Jesuitical hypocrisy of Austria, the weakness of Prussia, and the audacious rapacity of Russia, are as signally marked as the utter helplessness of France and the meanness of England. But, sad as was the picture which the Treaty exhibited of international faithlessness and immorality, there were others of a worse nature to be drawn. A second partition followed the first (4th November, 1794), succeeded by that “bloodiest picture in the book of “time,” when the last vestige of Polish independence was destroyed by an Austrian, Prussian, and Russian army, and Suwarrow, emulating the fame of Tilly, gave up Warsaw to a fate as dreadful as that of Magdeburg. Then came the final partition in 1796, giving the finishing stroke to the misery of Poland.

It was not Poland alone that suffered by these three partitions. International faith, international morality, and international law, all received a grievous blow. Well has a vigorous and eloquent writer¹ pointed out the consequences to the world of these acts. He has shown that the spoliation of Poland was not an attack on the balance of power so much as the destruction of national independence itself ; he has shown the hollowness of the pretence that the equilibrium of the North required the equal partition of Poland ; he has shown, what all thinking minds must acknowledge as true, that the equality of partition, so far from preserving the balance of power, has destroyed the balance between the strong and the weak, and has strengthened the strong, teaching them how to render their

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxvii.

strength irresistible by combination. It was an evil day for honour, justice, and equity, when England and France stood by and saw, unmoved, the partition of Poland effected; it was as evil a day when, twenty years later, they refused to step forward at the Congress of Vienna and insist upon the re-establishment of Poland. England, the refuge of the oppressed and the support of the weak, might, surely, have striven to remove the chains from Poland. But the honour of France was specially concerned in the re-establishment of Poland. In old times the ties between the two countries had been very close; in later days seventy thousand Poles, some of them Napoleon's best troops, had fought under the French eagles, and had adhered to the fortunes of France, through every vicissitude, with a devotion that deserved some recompense. But, if the love of freedom, and if honour, called upon England and France respectively to advocate the cause of Poland at the Congress, expediency and interest called upon them as strongly. Of all the fatal mistakes made then—and after-times have shown it—one of the greatest was the omission to raise up some counterbalancing force to the ever-increasing power of Russia. Such a counterbalance would have been found in an independent kingdom of Poland, guaranteed in its independence by England and France, and in concord with Germany; for, as, in old times, Poland was the bulwark and defence of Christendom, so in our days would she be "the best rampart of Western Europe on the side of Russia."¹

Thus have we endeavoured to compress the story of Poland into as small a compass as possible, by way of introduction to that part of the Treaty of Vienna which settles her fate, and provides for the future of Cracow. Though its terms are not without a show of moderation, and an apparent desire to act with justice, yet the same evil doctrine is visible which is so prominent in the partitions above mentioned, and by which the best principles of inter-

¹ Count Mamiani.

national law are injured—viz. that pernicious one which makes intervention in the internal government of a State justifiable. It has been well said, that the law of nations is a code without tribunals, without ministers, and without arms, resting only on a general opinion of its usefulness and on the influence of that opinion in the Councils of State; and, most of all, perhaps, on a habitual reverence produced by constant appeals to its rules. Of all the rules to be found in that code, of all the principles on which the law of nations is based, the most just and the most sacred are the principle that every State shall exercise all its sovereign rights intact, so long as it respects the similar rights of other States, and the rule that intervention in the internal government of a State is justifiable only by the strongest necessity, and, if not justified, is a violation of that primary right of every nation, its absolute equality and independence.² Immemorial possession and legal right are claims that have never been disregarded—save in times of the wildest anarchy. The preservation of ancient institutions and established governments was the watchword of the opponents of the first Napoleon. How immemorial possession and legal right were respected, and how ancient institutions and established governments were preserved, and how the principles of international law were defended, let the first fourteen articles of the Treaty of Vienna, contrasted with the events that took place in Poland between 1815 and 1829, and the incorporation of Cracow in Austria, in 1846, say. During the keen discussions on the question of the contemplated destruction of Saxony by Russia and Prussia, it was assumed that the two questions—that of Poland and that of Saxony—went together; but, in truth, they never did. Saxony, despoiled as she was, was yet saved from utter destruction by the good offices of England and France, and the fears of

² Kent's Comm. vol. i. lect. 2. On the perils of intervention, see some good remarks in the Letters of Historicus, p. 41, *et seq.*

Austria; but Poland had no such help. So soon as Russia evinced a willingness to allot some portion of Polish territory to Prussia and Austria, the Congress, weary of the Polish question, and contented with their triumph over Prussia, with one or two meaningless protests, accepted the proposed bases on which that question was to be settled. Those bases were—1st. That the Duchy of Warsaw should fall to Russia. 2d. Except a portion containing 810,000 souls, which should be allotted to Russia. 3d. That a part of Eastern Galicia, which had been ceded to Russia in 1809, together with the territory of Wieliczka, should be handed over to Austria. 4th. That the town of Cracow should *belong neither to Austria nor Russia, but should be erected into a free and independent republic.*

To these bases England and France assented, and on these bases the fourteen articles of the Treaty of Vienna were drawn up. The first contains the declaration of the union of Warsaw to Russia, with a stipulation that the Poles who are the respective subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, *shall obtain a representative and national institution*, regulated according to the degree of political consideration that each of the Governments to which they belong shall judge expedient and proper to grant. The second contains the cession of the Grand Duchy of Posnania to Prussia; the third, the transfer of the salt-mines and territory of Wieliczka; the fourth, the definition of the frontier between Galicia and Poland; and the fifth, the cession of the districts of Tarnopol, &c. in Eastern Galicia, to Austria. The remaining nine articles relate to Cracow, which was declared *to be for ever a free, independent, and strictly neutral city, under the protection of Russia, Austria, and Prussia*: whilst the ninth article deserves especial notice for two reasons—first, because the neutrality of Cracow is *guaranteed* by those three great Powers, and *is provided for even in the event of its becoming the asylum of fugitives and deserters* from either of those countries; and secondly, because it is declared that

no armed force shall be introduced into Cracow on any pretence whatever.

Thus, whilst, on the one hand, representation and national institutions were promised to the Polish subjects of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, on the other, the perpetual independence of Cracow was guaranteed. But by whom was that promise made—by whom was that guarantee given? Not by Austria, Prussia, and Russia only, but by *all the Powers who signed the Treaty of Vienna!*

What, then, has become of the Polish institutions thus promised, and actually given by the Emperor Alexander in 1815? What has become of the independence and freedom of Cracow, thus solemnly assured? They have been destroyed; they have long ceased to exist. And how? Not legally; that is, in the same way in which they were established—by the united action and the solemn consent of all the Powers of Europe, called to consider the propriety of reversing their decision made in 1815; but by the will of Austria and Russia alone, in spite of the indignant remonstrances and protests of England and France, and in defiance of all law.

In looking at the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna for the future of Poland, it may be said that the terms there given are neither illiberal nor inequitable; and it must be admitted that, next to a declaration of the right of the Polish nation to the same independence that every free people is entitled to—next to her restoration to the rank of a sovereign State—they are the best terms she could obtain. But, unfortunately for her, she fell into the hands of a Power that knew how to break a promise—of a Power that for upwards of a hundred years has had but one object steadily in view—viz. an increase to her territory and her political influence in Europe at any price. When, therefore, Europe thought that Russia had conformed to the Treaty of 1815 by the grant of a constitution to Poland, and rested on the confidence which that semblance of international faith inspired, it was not long before the world learnt with surprise, and just men with indignation, that that conformity was but

temporary, and that reverence for international faith but a show. Little by little the hopes of the Poles were broken to pieces. The constitution was frittered away; the administration of justice was a sham; and, as if to crown all, the prince selected to rule the Polish people under their constitution was a madman, whose succession to the crown of Russia had been set aside in favour of a younger brother. Whether the complaints and remonstrances of the Polish people would have been listened to favourably by Nicholas, one cannot say. He was not a man to bear with the remonstrances even of the powerful—still less to care for the complaints of weak subjects complaining of the harshness of his rule. But the year of revolution found Poland complaining, remonstrating, and dissatisfied; and, unfortunately for her, that fever which seized all Europe, forcing the English Government into a reform of the representative system, and Holland into the acknowledgment of Belgian independence—which gave France a new king and a charter, and made every crowned head in Europe tremble for his throne—seized the Polish people also. Was it to be wondered at if they, who had juster cause for complaint than England, who were tied to the throne of a despot, not an enlightened State like Holland, and who had a madman to rule them and a broken constitution to live under, strove to imitate the deeds of England, Belgium, and France? Unfortunately, they strove in vain. They had no allies to help them in the hour of need. They were isolated by their position; and, gallant as was the struggle—nay, wonderful as were the courage, the endurance, and the military skill, with which the little army of Poland resisted the legions of Russia—the issue was fatal to Polish chivalry and fatal to Polish freedom. From that time the chains which Russia has imposed have been heavier than ever.

And, now, at the close of this eventful history, various practical questions may be asked. Can any good come from repeating the tale of Poland's wrongs? What has England to do with the Polish

question, save in the way of commiseration and indignant remonstrance? Let all be granted that is above stated—the perfidy and cruelty of Russia, the misery and sufferings of Poland, the breach of faith on one side, the denial of justice on the other—what is to be done? Shall Europe draw the sword and rush to arms with the cry of Justice to Poland? If not, why press a difficulty whose only solution lies in the sword?

Were the world to see a great European war (which God forbid!) fought for such a cause, it would be a more glorious strife and a nobler cause than any we have seen during the last ten years.

But we are far from wishing for such a result. It is not for the sake of rousing man's angry passions—it is not with the hope that we shall see "the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorms"—that we would have the story of Poland told in every civilized country and in every civilized tongue. It is for the purpose of bringing another influence to bear, which—whilst, next to the sword, it is the most powerful of all agents in settling international troubles—does not, like the sword, leave devastation and misery behind it. It is because we have faith in the mighty influence for good of Public Opinion that we say, there is much good in repeating the tale.

But what special concern has England in the Polish question? A very few words on this matter. Some of our readers, perhaps, may not be aware that England is interested in the faithful observance of the Treaty of Vienna by Russia to the amount of 50,000*l.* a year for the next fifty years and more. Those who are acquainted with all the mysteries of the Russo-Dutch loan know full well the meaning of what we have just stated; but, for the benefit of those who are not, we may say that—by virtue of certain stipulations made by the Treaty of Chaumont, of March, 1814, confirmed in 1815 at Vienna, and reconstructed in 1831 by special convention—England is pledged to the payment of

the outstanding portion of the original sum of 5,000,000*l.* by annual instalments of 50,000*l.* in consideration of the *general arrangements of the Treaty of Vienna, to which Russia has given her adhesion; these arrangements remaining in full force.*

Space does not allow us to explain this matter at the length which it deserves. For full information we must refer our readers to a pamphlet entitled "Justice to Russia: a Few Words about Russian Loans."¹ From this pamphlet

¹ Published by Joseph Oatway, 310, Strand. 1862.

we will quote a paragraph cited from the opinion given in 1847 by the well-known and learned advocate, Dr. Addams, upon this subject. "It seems 'to me,' he says, 'that a breach or 'violation of those general arrangements in any material part, through 'the fault or delinquency of Russia, 'plainly releases Great Britain from 'that continuing obligation which she 'took upon herself, under the Convention of November, 1831, in consideration of Russia maintaining such 'general arrangements.'"

SERBIA IN 1863.

BY PHILIP CHRISTITCH, MEMBER OF THE SERBIAN SENATE.

THE principality of Serbia lies between the possessions of Austria and Turkey, occupying an area roughly estimated at about twenty thousand square miles. The Danube and the Save separate it from Austria; the Drina, the Timok, and a line of frontiers, which run between these two streams from Vichgrad to Negotin, separate it from Turkey. Beyond these limits, however, about three millions and a half of the Servian stock are spread—here in compact masses, there in sparse groups—in ancient Serbia (*Rascie*), Bosnia, the Herzegovina, Montenegro, Macedonia, a portion of Albania and Dalmatia, Slavonia, the Voïvodine, the Banat; and these, together with the central principality, form the entire of Serbia, or the "Serb" country. This Servian country itself serves again as a centre to Southern Slavonia, or *Jougo-Slavie*, the population of which, with the Croats, Servians, and Bulgarians united, amounts to ten to eleven millions of souls, cast in continuity between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. All the Servians speak the same language, which is, at the same time, the learned language of the Croats. The Bulgarians make use of the Bulgarian—a *patois* derived, like the Servian, from the ancient Slavonic.

Whether seen from the summit of Mount Kopaonik, which dominates the forests of Upper Serbia, or from the heights of the Roudnik, where the view plunges on the *Choumadia*, the "region of woods," the country appears an immense forest, cut here and there by vast pasturages, and sown at distances, along the hills or in the depth of valleys, with cottages, sometimes isolated, sometimes grouped together in hamlets. The cities, more like large market-towns, are known for the most part by their peculiar fences, which mark sometimes the remains of an ancient stronghold. These forests, "deep and dark," planted with oaks and beeches, centuries old, these rich pasture grounds, shelter and nourish innumerable herds of oxen, flocks of sheep, goats, and, above all, pigs, which constitute the chief riches of the country. There are few traces of cultivation. At long distances, in the neighbourhood of towns and villages, or along the course of rivers, some reclaimed spaces attest the proximity and work of man. There grow in abundance wheat, barley, and maize, the habitual food of the Servian peasant. The slopes which border the banks of the Danube to the confluence of the Morava are crowned with vineyards, which produce an excellent wine,

and plum-trees, whose distilled fruit furnish an eau-de-vie much sought after in commerce.

Blessed with a soft and temperate climate, Servia, with her panorama of mountains, which vary to infinitude their forms and colours, her verdant valleys, the innumerable water-courses which traverse her and carry their tribute to the Save and the Danube, revives, by her freshness and the picturesqueness of her aspect, the countenance of the traveller, saddened by the gloomy aridity of the mountains of Croatia and the Herzegovina, or fatigued by the monotony of the large plains of Hungary and Wallachia. The poetic description which Lamartine has traced in his "Voyage en Orient" does not exceed the reality:—"In traversing these solitudes, where, during so many days' march, the eye perceives, however distant its range, nothing but the uniform and sombre undulation of oak-leaves which covers the valleys and mountains—a veritable ocean of foliage, which is not pierced by even the sharp point of a minaret or a spire; in descending from time to time deep gorges where roars a river, where the forest retires a short way to give place to well-cultivated fields, to some pretty houses of new timber, to saw-mills and the like built on the banks of rivers; in seeing immense flocks, conducted by young and pretty girls, elegantly clad, issuing from colonnades of lofty trees, and returning in the evening to their homes, the children leaving school, the pope (village pastor) sitting at his house door, the old men entering the communal house to deliberate—I fancied myself amid the forests of North America, at the instant of the birth of a people or the establishment of a new colony."

Servia possesses few towns of importance. Its capital, Belgrade (*Beograd*, "the white city"), has barely more than 20,000 inhabitants. The population of the principal centres of districts—Semendria, Chabatz, Negotin, Kragouïvatz, Jagodina, Vatievo, Tchoupria—fluctuates between 12,000 and 6,000.

The total population of the principality is, according to the last census (1859), 1,105,645 souls, or 1,105 souls per square mile. In this number are about 1,086,000 Servians, 2,000 Israelites, and 15,000 Tsiganes or Bohemians. The Israelites inhabit Belgrade almost exclusively. The Bohemians are, for the most part, nomades, as in Hungary and Wallachia. Two-thirds call themselves Christians; the rest Mussulmans. In reality, they are all Pagans. The Mussulmans occupy, by virtue of treaties, the fortresses of Belgrade, Semendria, Chabatz, Feth-Islam.

Politically speaking, Servia forms a state tributary to, but not dependent on, the Ottoman Porte. Even the fortresses occupied by the Turks are reputed as Servian territory. It is not bound to furnish any contingent or war-subsidy. It preserves its national standard in tricolour stripes, and maintains, at Constantinople, a political agent accredited to the Porte.

The government is a hereditary monarchy. The sovereign has the title of *Kniaz*, and is styled His Serene Highness. The prince is chief of the executive power. He governs with the concurrence of responsible ministers. He promulgates the laws and ordinances, nominates to public employments, places his signature to conventions and treaties, and alone represents the nation before foreign powers. He concurs with the Senate in amending laws of lesser importance, and with the Senate and National Assembly in the amendment of fundamental laws.

The Senate is composed of *seventeen* members, named by the prince. No one can become a senator if he is not, at least, thirty-five years of age, and if he has not filled for ten years important State functions. The heir-presumptive to the throne sits by right in the Senate after the age of eighteen. He has a deliberative voice at one-and-twenty. The president and vice-president are nominated by the prince. The senators are nominated for life. They can, however, on demand, or according to the initiative of the prince, have a retiring pension.

The ordinary National Assembly (*skoupchtina*) is convoked every three years, or at shorter intervals if the prince deems it convenient. It deliberates on all questions which the Government submits to its examination, proposes *motu proprio* every measure which it thinks proper to augment the well-being and lighten the charges of the country, and names of its own body a committee or commission charged to audit the treasury accounts. No change can be introduced into the constitution, and no modification of taxes, no cession or change of a part of the territory can take place without its consent.

The Skoupchtina is composed of deputies from districts and towns, in the proportion of one deputy for every 2,000 electors. Every Servian citizen of full age and paying taxes is an elector. At the age of thirty he is eligible. Now, as every Servian pays taxes, it follows that every one is an elector, and consequently eligible. The deputies are inviolable and receive a salary during the whole duration of the session.

Another Assembly, called *extraordinary*, is convoked, in case of the vacancy of the throne, either for the purpose of electing a new prince from the survivors of the *kniaz*, or, in default of a male descendant of his house, to approve of the choice made by him of an heir-presumptive, or, in fine, to nominate the members of a Council of Regency. The number of members of this Assembly is four times that of the members of the ordinary Skoupchtina.

The ordinary Assembly is convoked by the prince. He can dissolve it, but must convoke a new one within three months at most. The prince nominates the president, vice-president, and the secretaries of the ordinary Assembly. The president, the vice-president, and secretaries of the extraordinary Assemblies are elected by the Assembly itself.

The Central Administration, regulated by the Law of the 5th of March, 1862, comprises seven ministers: Interior, Finance, Foreign Affairs, Justice, Public Instruction and Worship, War, Public Works. The ministers are named by

the prince, and are responsible. One of them, designated by the prince, presides in the Cabinet, and is its reputed chief. He countersigns, in this capacity, acts emanating from the princely prerogative. The ministers are present at the sittings, and take part in the labours of the Senate, but without a deliberate vote.

For purposes of administration, Servia is divided into districts (departments) to the number of 17 (18 with the city of Belgrade, which, of itself, forms a separate district), 61 cantons or arrondissements, and 1,066 communes, composed of 36 urban or city-towns, and 1,030 market-towns and villages.¹

At the head of Departments and of Arrondissements are prefects and sub-prefects, who have the supreme administration of the finances, public instruction, &c. The Commune is governed by a chief (*kmete, starechina*), whose functions partake at once of those of mayor, receiver of taxes, and justice of the peace. As administrator, he has care of the revenues of the commune, publishes the laws, and transmits the orders of the Government, of which he is informed by the sub-prefect of the arrondissement. As financial agent, he apports or levies the rates, with the help of the *scoupe* (a kind of council composed of the heads of houses and aldermen, *startsi*, of the village), and has them collected. As magistrate, with two aids or assessors, he forms the justice-of-peace court of the commune.

This organization of the commune, the germ of which is found in most of the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe, has nowhere appeared so complete and so fruitful of good consequences as in Servia. "Every Sunday," says a Servian publicist, "all the heads of houses unite to form the *scoupe*. "The meeting is held in open air, and lasts for four or five hours. In the centre sits the *starechina* of the village, surrounded by the *startsi*. "Assisted by these experienced old

¹ To make these divisions more intelligible, let us suppose, as in Great Britain, counties, divisions of counties, cities, boroughs, and united boroughs.

"men, and his two assessors, and controlled by the heads of houses, the *starechina* judges publicly the differences of the villagers, deliberates with them respecting the wants of the village, and reads the decrees of the Government, so that the head of the house may be able to communicate them to the persons who compose his household."

The *starechina* and his assessors are elected by the *s koupe*. All the other functionaries, administrative and judiciary, are nominated by the prince, on the proposal of the ministers, and cannot be dismissed save in virtue of a sentence of the tribunals.

The judicial hierarchy comprises 1,214 tribunals, or rural courts of the peace, composed of the *starechina* and his assessors, and judging without appeal for sums under 100 piastres, or 16s. 8d. sterling; besides eighteen principal courts (*tribunaux de première instance*)—one for the city of Belgrade, the others sitting at the head-quarters of the seventeen districts—and one High Court of Appeal and Cassation, divided into three chambers, two civil and one criminal. Hitherto the procedure and information has been in writing, except before the Justice of Peace Courts, where causes are introduced verbally and in a summary manner. The code of civil procedure, promulgated in 1860, has put an end to this anomaly, by giving publicity and hearing to all judicial proceedings and debates in every court. The new criminal code, dating from the same year, no longer retains in its procedure—borrowed for the most part from French and Prussian codes—any trace of the sometimes excessive rigour of the ancient Servian laws. The punishment of death is applied only to murder with premeditation. Penal service with hard labour cannot exceed the duration of twenty years. It is the same with regard to punishment for political offences. The criminal code, at present referred to the Senate, does not admit of any inquisitorial measure, and testifies a respect for common right and individual liberty

which the legislation of the most civilized nations does not always profess.

The Religion of the state is the Greek Orthodox. The Servian Church is *Autocephalous*—that is to say, while owning the supremacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople, she governs herself by her Metropolitan and his Synod, in complete independence of the œcumenical see. The metropolitan is nominated directly by the prince, and receives the canonical investiture of the patriarch. With the three diocesan bishops of Oujitzá, Chabatz, and Negotin, he forms the Synod, which has supreme direction of the affairs of the Church. The bishops are nominated by the Synod, with the sanction of the prince.

The four Servian dioceses (including that of Belgrade) comprise 361 churches or chapels, 43 monasteries, 668 secular priests, and 128 monks and nuns. The maintenance and repair of the churches are charged to the parishes. But the clergy, with the exception of the metropolitan and bishops, are unpaid. The monks live on the produce of the lands of the monasteries; the secular priests, by church fees, the tariff for which was fixed by the late Prince Milosh. Most of them besides have a small field which they cultivate, and which procures them the necessary surplus for their sustenance. They are slenderly educated, honest, laborious, and very patriotic. They possess all the masculine virtues of the people, with whom they live con-founded.

All religions are freely professed in Servia. Not only does the law tolerate, but the Government aids and encourages, in a manner, the worship of Dissenters. The Serbo-Catholic community of Belgrade, having been without the means of meeting the expenses of a church, the Government placed at its disposal a State edifice, which has been converted into a temporary chapel. The Protestant community has received a large piece of ground, in the centre of the town, on which they have built a church and a residence for the pastor. The pastor and the curé receive a salary fixed by the State.

It is the custom each year, on Christmas Eve, for the reigning princess to invite into her palace the poor children of the capital, and distribute to each a new dress, with cakes and a small sum of money. These gifts are given to all children without distinction of religion; and, last year, on the occasion of this touching ceremony, might have been seen, pressing around the charming Princess Julie, *pêle-mêle*, with her Catholic co-religionists, a swarm of little boys and girls, Greeks, Protestants, Jews, &c. The Mussulmans alone, whether through indifference or pride, refused to be present.

According to the annual reports published by the Department of Public Instruction and Worship, at the close of the scholastic year 1860-61, Serbia had 370 schools, in which *gratuitous education was given to all comers*. The primary schools, to the number of 359, are frequented by 12,079 pupils. These schools are distinguished as town or village schools, the first divided into four, the last into three classes. Secondary and professional instruction are attended by 1,100 pupils, six gymnasiums, and two practical schools, one of commerce, the other of arts and trades. Superior instruction is represented by the theological faculty (*bogoslovija*), and by the two faculties of philosophy and law, united under the designation of *Lyceum*. The Government besides undertakes the maintenance of a certain number of young men, whom it sends to finish their education in the great universities of Germany, France, and Italy.

Besides these establishments, depending on the Ministry of Public Instruction and Worship, there has existed, since 1849, a military school of artillery at Belgrade, and an agricultural school at Topchidar, depending, the first on the Ministry of War, the second on the Ministry of the Interior.

The schools are under the superintendence of a superior council of twelve members, instituted in 1851. This council has for its useful auxiliary the Servian Literary Society, founded in 1841, during the first reign and under the

auspices of Prince Michel. This institute, divided into five classes (Servian language and literature, history, philosophy, law, the natural sciences), and comprising in its body nearly all the political and literary notabilities not only in Serbia, but of southern Slavonia, publishes annually a collection of *Memoires*, which has now reached the twelfth volume.

To appreciate the progress made in public instruction in Serbia, we must report from the starting point. Primary schools do not date from more than half a century ago. Before 1804, there were not two men in the whole principality who could read. The two founders of the national independence—Karageorge, and Miloch, father of the present prince—could not write their names. In 1838 the number of children attending the public schools did not reach 3,000. That number has been quintupled in four-and-twenty years.

The *Oustaf*, the constitutional law of 1838, has not limited the number of men which Serbia has the right to call under arms. The figure of the standing army, however, has never exceeded, until lately, four or five thousand men, except during the Eastern war, when it was raised exceptionally to eight thousand men. This effective, augmented even by the reserve, was far from constituting a military force, in proportion either to the wants or the resources of Serbia. The Servian militia, established not so much for defence as for a territorial police, is inadequate to the ordinary services of garrisons in a country nearly double the extent of Belgium.

Nevertheless, no people in Europe unites in a higher degree the elements of a good military organization. Except that the Servian bends to discipline in time of peace with difficulty, and dislikes garrison service, he possesses all the qualities that constitute a soldier. Temperate, inured to fatigue, contented with little, intrepid to daring, war introduces no change into his ordinary habits. His ordinary life is that of a trooper. Winter and summer, he sleeps stretched on a rug or a sheepskin.

Travelling, he is armed as if for combat, the musket on his shoulder or slung by his side, pistols or the yataghan in his belt. Let the country be invaded or threatened, the entire nation rises at the first call of the prince, and runs of itself to form under the banner of its chiefs. It appears, from the report of the French officers sent to Belgrade in 1848 by General Aupick, ambassador at Constantinople, that Servia, at that time, could set on foot in three weeks 100,000 armed men, and 150,000 in case of extreme danger.

Precious in the crisis, and when the nation struggled with the Turks for its independence, these levies in mass became insufficient from the time when, free and independent, she sat herself down to regulate her new situation in Europe. The hour of battle might sound anew. It was under this necessity, and in prospect of the future, that there was promulgated, in August, 1861, the new law concerning the organization of the militia. By this law, which is at present in full force, a militia (distinct from the regular and permanent army) was instituted for the defence of the territory and the maintenance of the rights of the principality. All citizens aged from twenty to fifty made part of it. Clergymen and individuals incapable of military service alone were exempted.

The army, organized on the model of the standing army, is divided into two classes, like the Prussian *Landwehr*. The first *ban*, which can be mobilised instantaneously, is formed of a quarter of the citizens inscribed. It presents an effective of 50,498 men and 2,500 horses, divided into five grand military commands (*voivodies*), having their head-quarters at Valievo, Karanovatz, Zaitchar, Svilainatz, and Kragouievatz. Added to the number of the regular armed troops, this effective gives an army of 55,000 to 56,000 men, which the Servian, at the present hour, can present without fear in aid of his friends or against his enemies.

The revenue of Servia is, according to the budget of the last year (1862),

estimated at 7,539,074 francs (301,560*l.*), and the expenditure at 8,381,015 francs (335,240*l.*)—a deficit of about 33,680*l.*; shown for the first time in the budget, which hitherto has shown an annual excess of revenue over expenditure.¹ But account must be taken of the increase of receipts resulting from the new schedule of taxes, as decreed by the law of August, 1861. According to this law, which has been in operation since the 1st November 1862, the capitation tax, which consisted until that date of a fixed contribution of 25 francs (1*l.* sterling) for every married man, has been set aside for a proportional and progressive income-tax, whatever the nature of the income, imposed on all citizens without respect to rank or condition. It has been calculated that the tax thus modified will create a surplus of several millions by which the State will benefit, without the charge on the citizens being sensibly increased. In the meanwhile, there will be provided means for the deficit from a reserve fund formed from the excess of revenue over expenditure, which amounts at present to seven or eight millions.

The exports reach, in the mean, about 30,000,000 francs, or 1,200,000*l.* sterling, about a sixth of which is for goods *in transitu*. Goods pay a fixed duty of three per cent. *ad valorem*, imported or exported. The exports consist almost entirely in the sale of cattle, which gives a mean annual of from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 francs, or 400,000*l.* to 480,000*l.* sterling. Colonial goods form the highest figure in importations, with salt from the mines of Wallachia, and manufactures. With the exception of a cloth factory for the army stationed at Topchidar, in the neighbourhood of Belgrade, Servia possesses neither manufactures nor fabrics of any kind. In country places the women weave cloth for the use of themselves and their husbands. Moreover, Servia is tributary to foreign industry. It is chiefly the markets of

¹ In the new budget (1863) the revenue is estimated at 11,931,933 francs, and the expenditure at 11,694,933 francs—an excess of revenue over expenditure of 240,000 francs.

Pesth, Vienna, Trieste, and Leipsic which supply the Servian merchants. Goods are brought by the Danube, the Save, or by land by railway from Basiach.

Up to 1857 the value of the exports exceeded that of the imports. Since then the contrary has been the case. The difference, of slight consequence, merits none the less to be pointed out, as indicating a change in social manners and habits, and, consequently, in the economical conditions of the principality.

In fact, Servia, until recently, has remained a stranger and cut off, as it were, from the progress which has changed, little by little, the face of the East. Whilst all was changing around her—whilst Moldo-Wallachia, Greece, Hungary, aspired more and more to Western life—the country of Karageorge and Miloch continued to subsist in the conditions of its primitive organization. Such as appeared the Servian peasant under the Ottoman domination—or even at a more distant period—such we find here at the present day, after an interval of more than five centuries. From serf, in fact, he has become free, and from colonist proprietor. But, in changing his condition, he has neither changed his manners nor mode of life. The security which he enjoyed, his relative comfort (the scourge of pauperism is unknown in Servia), had not created within him the taste for material enjoyments, the necessity of modern society. He preserved his frugal habits and the severe economy of his ancestors. The enemy of superfluity, if at the end of the year he had saved a few ducats, he laid them out, not to embellish his dwelling, but to swell his savings.

But all wants, like all reforms, are linked into one another. The change which works on minds has passed by degrees into manners. In instructing and enlightening itself, the people has modified, by degrees, its former habits. If it has not yet tasted the refinements of civilization, it feels, at least, first wants, the aspiration towards the better in all things. Comfortable houses take more and more the place of thatched cottages and the huts which were seen everywhere forty years ago. At Belgrade, the new town, inhabited exclusively by Servians, has quite the aspect of a European city. Concentrated hitherto in the capital, these changes have gained ground bit by bit, and begin to find their way into the country. Everywhere town and country change in aspect. New roads have been opened, or are in course of execution; several lines of railway are proposed; a double service of steam navigation has been established on the Danube and the Save; the telegraphic network, which already counts seventeen stations, will be completely finished before the end of the present year; the mines of Maidan-Peck, conceded to a French company, are, at present, in full operation, and promise to dower the country with new industries. The navigation of the Danube and the Save, as well as the working of a coal-mine on the banks of the Danube, has been recently ceded to an English Company, which has been guaranteed five per cent. interest. The entire country, under the active impulsion of the Prince and his ministers, is roused from its sluggishness, and hastens with ardour in the ways of progress.

END OF VOL. VII.

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